Mar. 27, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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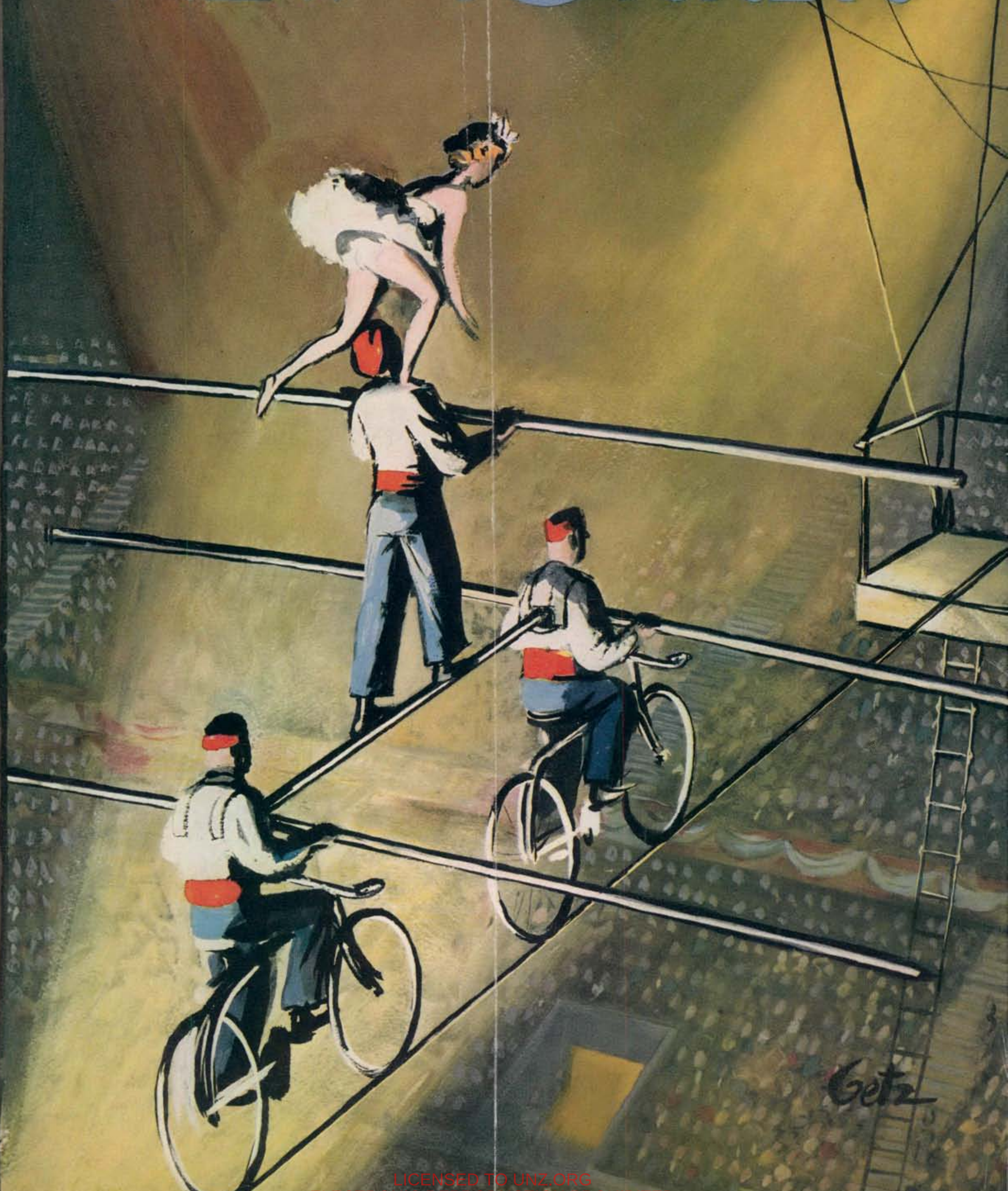

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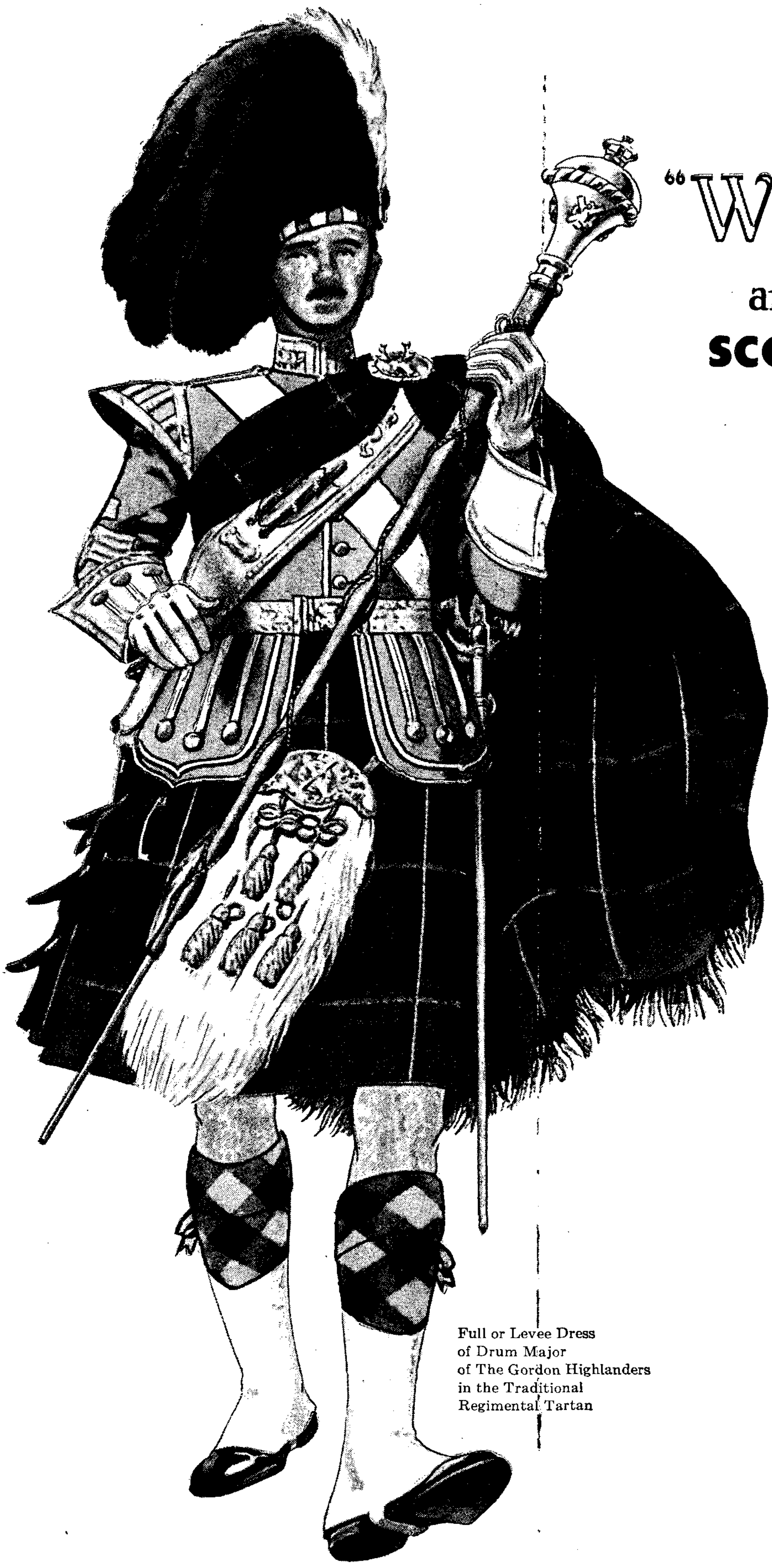

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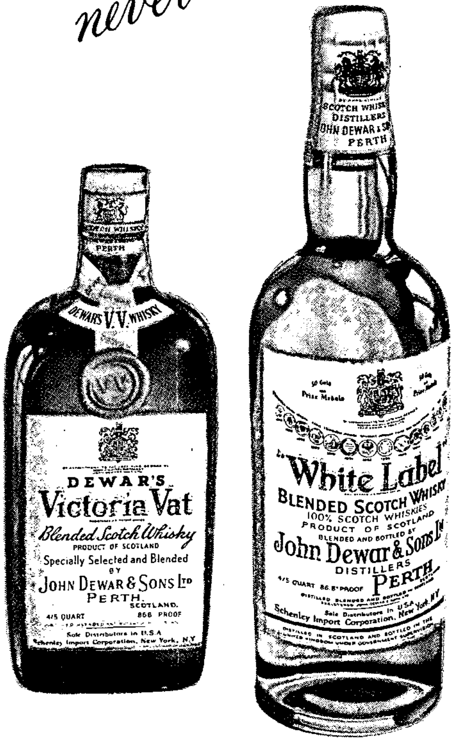
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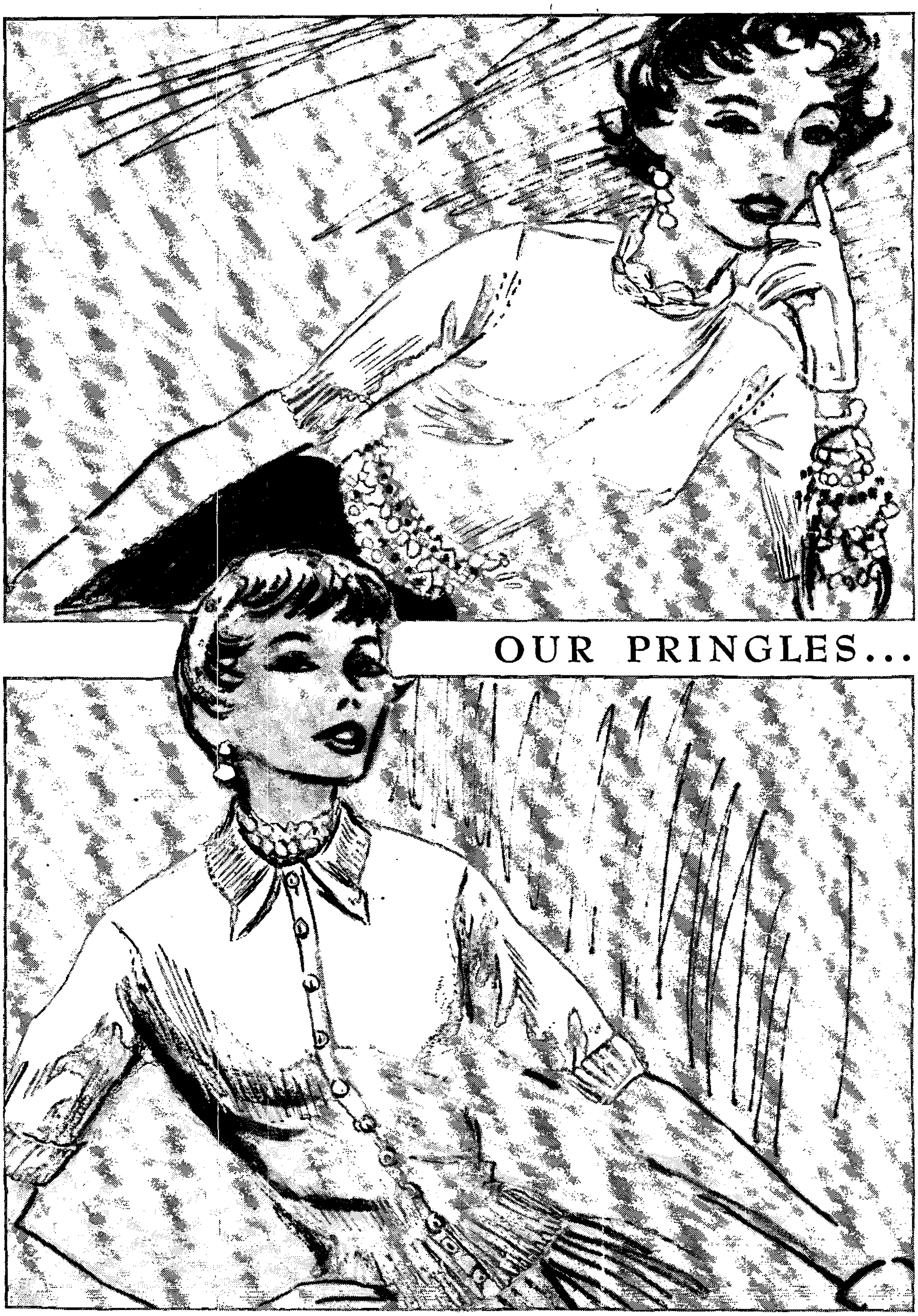

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Burning Glass—Charles Morgan's debate about the proper uses of modern scientific miracles is a curious mixture of popular fiction on the subject and old-fashioned melodrama. A good cast, including Cedric Hardwicke, Maria Riva, Isobel Elsom, and Walter Matthau, struggles heroically, but the odds are against them. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—In this dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, Lloyd Nolan turns in one of the year's best performances as Queeg, and he is ably abetted by John Hodiak and Henry Fonda, who portray the defendant and his lawyer. Directed by Charles Laughton, the play also includes in its estimable cast Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—An uneasy poetic drama by T. S. Eliot that ranges between the farcical and the mystical and winds up pretty much in midair. The cast, which is excellent, is led by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood. Directed by E. Martin Browne, the play has been impressively staged by Paul Morrison. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 28.)

The Immoralist—A worthy, if unsuccessful, attempt to project upon the stage André Gide's ideas about the homosexual's position in society. The adaptation of the Gide novel was written by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan play the couple afflicted by marital difficulties. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kind Sir—Although Mary Martin and Charles Boyer do their best with this empty-headed comedy about sex in exalted circles, nothing comes of it. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Douglas McLean. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's comedy concerning a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain trails away a little at the end, but it is extremely comic just the same. Franchot Tone is the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn takes her place as one of the most talented and enchanting actresses on the stage with her portrayal of a more-than-mortal girl in Maurice Valency's adaptation of Giraudoux's fantasy. The supporting performances, especially that of Mel Ferrer, are less distinguished and the text is occasionally a little cloudy and pretentious, but it is still a consequential event in the theatre. Alfred Lunt is the director and Virgil Thomson has furnished some nice incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Prescott Proposals—Katharine Cornell is her usual gracious self in this rather disappointing Lindsay-Crouse play about a crisis in the affairs of the United Nations. Felix Aylmer, Lorne Greene, Ben Astar, and Minoo Daver are in the cast, and Donald Oenslager designed the brilliant sets. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Liam O'Brien's jolly account of a wonderfully prolific bigamist whose life gets hopelessly mixed up when one of his wives, in Wilmington, learns about another one, in Philadelphia. Burgess Meredith plays the entangled hero, and Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager share in his diverting confusion. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, March 28.)

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan, as a chauffeur's daughter, and Joseph Cotten as a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins are in the helpful supporting cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who can do no wrong, in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors, and others in the irreproachable cast are Loring Smith, Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, while often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. The cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, also includes John McGovern and Dick York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other nice performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—the fifth season: Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **picnic:** Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with Sandra Church, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 10.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell is the man, and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—In this musical account of the adventures of a ballet outfit operating in New York when the town was young, Jeanmaire dances so superbly and sings and acts so engagingly that you almost forget the thinness of the material. The late Sigmund Romberg wrote the score; Leo Robin, the lyrics; and Jerome Chodoroy and Joseph Fields, the book. The nimble choreography was created by Agnes de Mille. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—A revue that includes some lively sketches in which Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe make merry, and songs and dances in which Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton are quite agreeable. There are other interludes that are not so pleasant, however, and at times things get downright tedious. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score

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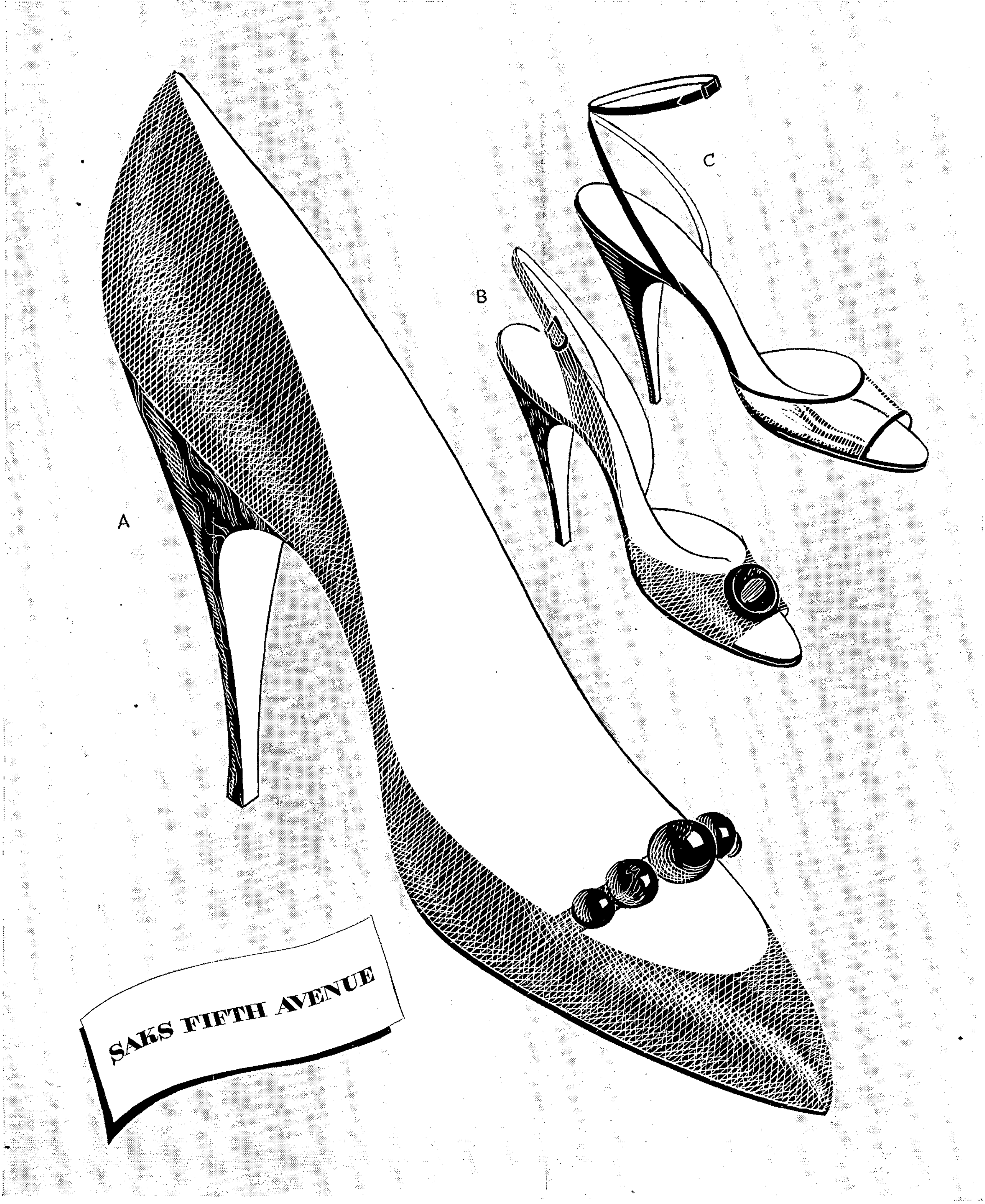

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, Richard Oneto, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, and Lilo and Gwen Verdon are in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ME AND JULIET:** Backstage life given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 3.) . . . **WONDERFUL TOWN:** "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein and with Rosalind Russell in the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

King of Hearts—A comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke, with Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman at the head of a cast directed by Walter F. Kerr. The producer is Elaine Perry. Opens Thursday, April 1. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, March 26-28: "The Barber of Seville" (in English). . . . ¶ Starting Friday, April 2: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Thursdays through Sundays: "The Wise Have Not Spoken," a play by Paul Vincent Carroll. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 31, and thereafter Mondays through Wednesdays: "A Sound of Hunting," by Harry Brown. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Evenings at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8.)

Circle in the Square—"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," an adaptation of Alfred Hayes' novel about an Italian girl who hates herself for loving one of her country's invaders, has some quality, but the central performance leaves a good deal to be desired. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"The Golden Apple," a cheerful but undistinguished musical that transports Ulysses, Paris, Helen, and all that clan to nineteenth-century America, is chiefly the work of John Latouche, who wrote the book, Jerome Moross, who furnished the music, and Hanya Holm, who staged the dances. With Kaye Ballard, Jack Whiting, Jonathan Lucas, Priscilla Gillette, Bibi Osterwald, Stephen Douglass, and Nola Day. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera" has an impressive score, but otherwise this version of Gay's classic of the London underworld is hardly likely to entertain you much. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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DANCE PROGRAMS

Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians—Twenty-five Japanese dancers and musicians in the final performances of a five-week engagement sponsored by S. Hurok, with the coöperation of Prince Takamatsu and the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Through Saturday, March 27.)

New Dance Group—A company of twenty-five, including Anna Sokolow, Sophie Maslow, and Donald McKayle, in a series of modern-dance programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday through Thursday, March 30-April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8:40; and Sunday, April 4, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Carola Goya and Matteo—In a recital of Spanish and other dances. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Iva Kitchell—Dance satirist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The American Savoyards, under the direction of Dorothy Raedler, in a ten-week repertory. Through Sunday, March 28: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, March 30-April 4: "The Pirates of Penzance." (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, May 30.)

The Circus—Here, amidst the skyscrapers, the most promising sign of spring. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Opening performance, Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30, for the benefit of the United Cerebral Palsy Fund of New York City; for tickets, call PL 3-3005. Thereafter, performances weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7, with matinées every day at 2:15, through Sunday, May 9. The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The circumspect dance music of Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band can be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin swoons at cocktail time. Silence in both rooms on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Dulcet music in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings eventually depart, but only because of chilly old daybreak. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The cast of a new ice show in the Terrace Room is diligently spattering the ringside guests with a fine foam of shavings. Steve Kisley's orchestra does the dance music. No show Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—June Havoc, who is statuesque and vocal, is having her pristine fling at night life. Frakson, who is a redoubtable magician, is having his hundredth fling at the same sport. As always, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. The locale is the Cotillion Room. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk has adopted the cool-as-a-cucumber approach to balladry, which is an excellent idea. In her green satin gown, she makes a handsome cucumber herself. She's in the Persian Room, where the eminent Ted Straeter plays piano and conducts an orchestra that is an irresistible invitation to the dance. Other music is provided by Mark Monte's group. On Thursday, April 1, Celeste Holm, a girl with a will and a way, will take charge of the cucumber stand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old *grand-luxe* way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Except Sundays, the Lombardo household unreels safe-and-sane family-style dance music in the Grill.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble play almost non-stop dance music. Shirl Conway shows up at dinner and supper to sing a few lovelorn laments. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Monday is the only day there's no afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

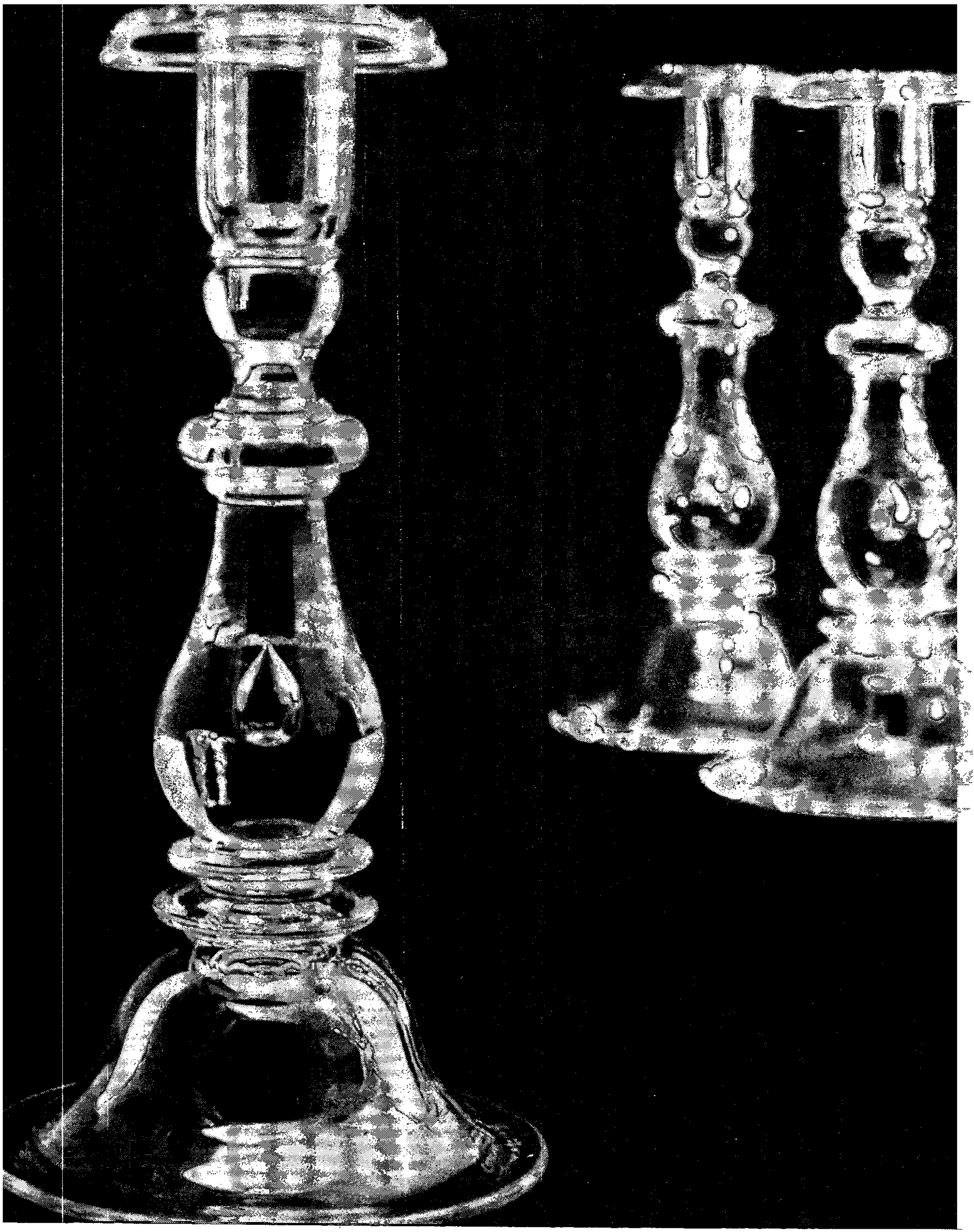
Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a small and jaunty triumph of the lily painter's art, has practically continuous dance music and a pervading air of calm well-being. On Thursday, April 1, Estelle Loring will start singing her pretty songs. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—It's quite a gypsy caravan Horace Heidt has brought into the Café Rouge. In his motley rout are yodellers, Swiss bell ringers, alligator wrestlers, champion cornhuskers, and even a couple of dance musicians. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An unofficial annex of the Junior League, with a rather late curfew and a large visitors' gallery. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make the music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The plot of George White's miniature musical comedy never deviates from the modern boy-meets-churl line, but the comedians (Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, Lou Nelson, and Don Liberto) and the décor (Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard) easily surmount this problem. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Martha Wright is the reigning beauty of the Empire Room. Since she sings like a little lark, she makes dinner and supper here a special occasion. Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano most of the evening, to say nothing of running one of the really good big hotel bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty, except Sundays, when another group does the honors.

Note—The Rainbow Room, lofty as a peak in Darien (Panama, that is), offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the dean of the coming-out-party boys, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): This convincing reminder of life in the underground during the Volstead era is hustle and bustle all evening. Old New York hands sit down front after midnight and listen to the intricate, suggestible, modern harmonics of Johnny Mehegan's piano and the evocative romantics of Ralph Strain's piano. Sunday is their holiday. Mr. M's final night is Thursday, April 1. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter's high-style offbeat piano sounds, if possible, better than ever. He's around this neat and fashionable buttery from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney, one of the best of the mood pianists, begins his quiet but eloquent recital. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey, now in his third year here, addresses his piano at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): For most of the evening, Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about his business. The rest of the amusement is minor Viennese schmalz. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The young ladies of the Copa kindergarten for ballerinas look more beautiful than ever as they wander through their you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go-mine maneuvers. They are industriously supported by the songs of the Ames Brothers and Beverlee Dennis, plus the dances of Blair and Dean. On Thursday, April 1, Sammy Davis, Jr., and the Will Mastin Trio will resume their celebrated song-and-dance act, and Mary Small will take on the singing chore. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Harry Belafonté will be doing his special collection of Americana songs through Wednesday, March 31. He arrives around midnight. Dancing when there's floor space.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The fine, furious *chansons d'amour* of Felicia Sanders put passion on a pedestal; the gin-and-tonic songs of Martha Davis indicate that passion has feet of clay. Jonathan Winters, a one-man off-Broadway theatre, is

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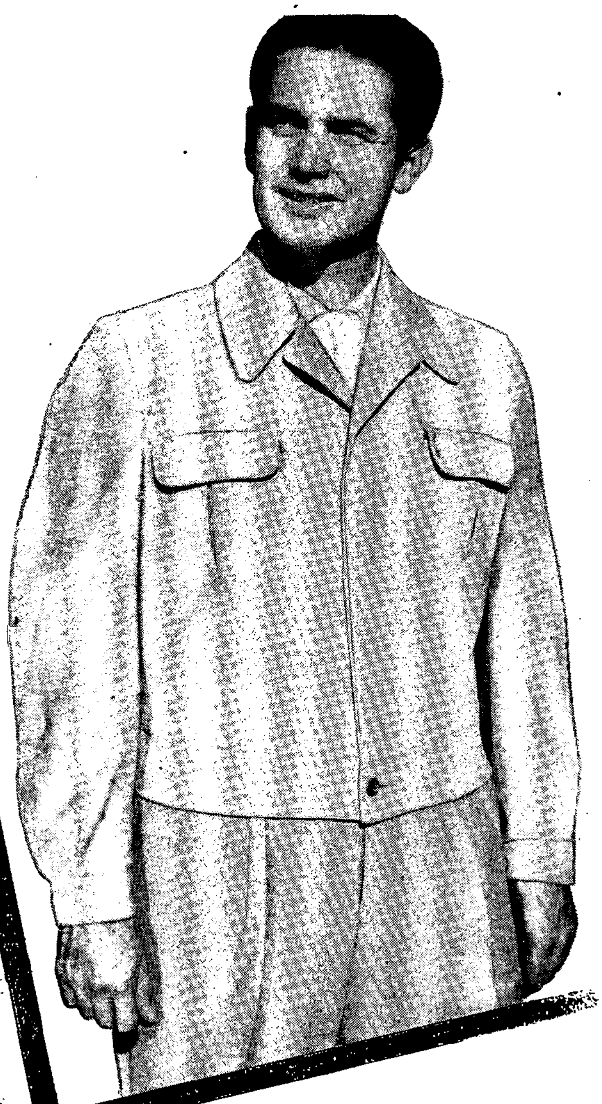

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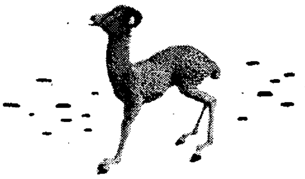


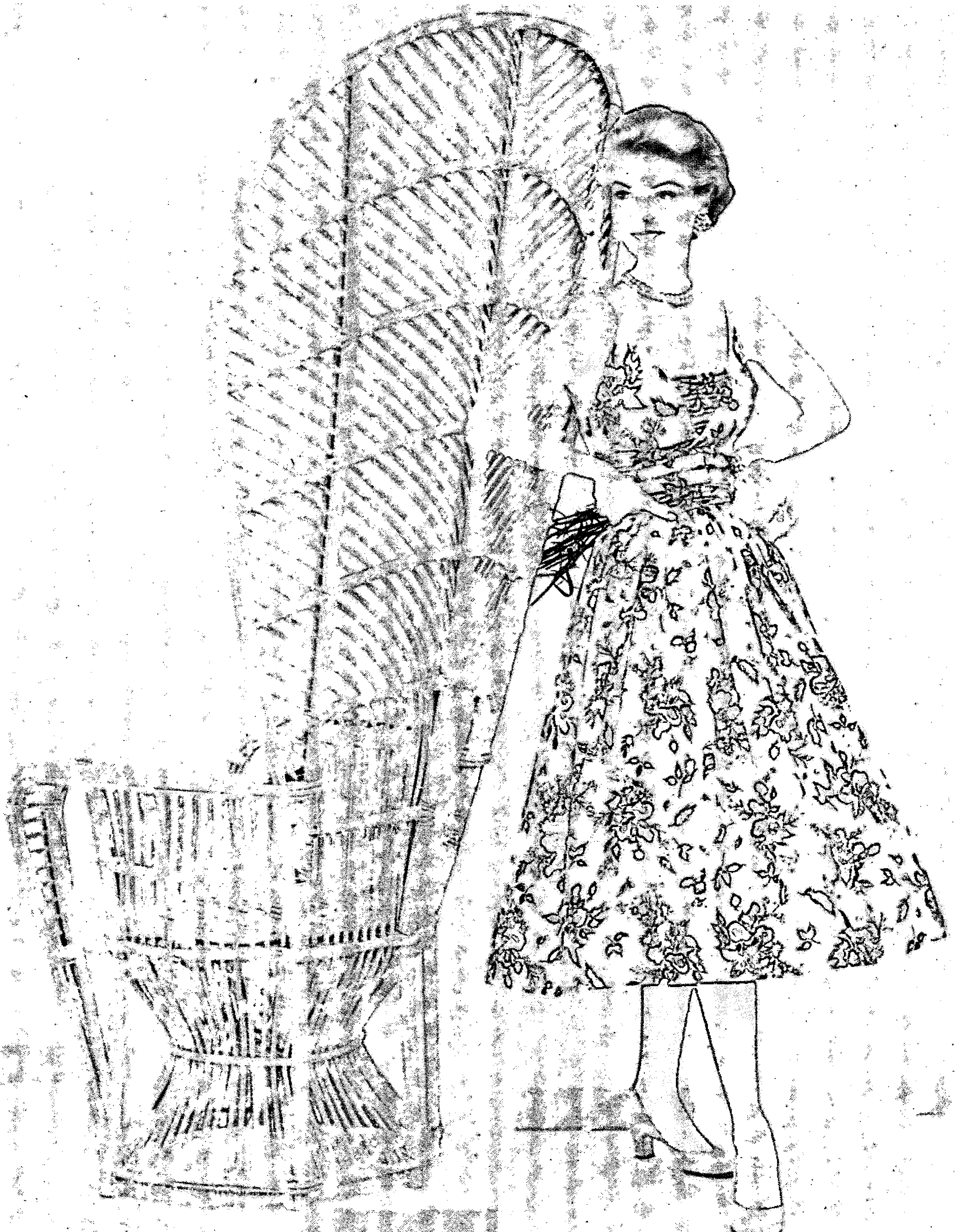
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one of the finds of the year. Marjane, one of the prettiest Parisiennes extant, sings about all sorts of things. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' vibrant trio are also in evidence.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, a bouquet of spring flowers, sings with warming sincerity and artless charm, and Arte Johnson, a mild but definite young wit, delivers himself of some original thoughts on cabbages and kings. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Some old (and good) friends are back at work here. Anything Kirkwood and Goodman have to say, which is plenty, is arrant nonsense; the songs of Dorothy Loudon, a decorative little daisy, are either brilliant burlesque or true-blue tenderness. Day, Dawn, and Dusk, absent these many years, are singing their crazy songs again. The sole newcomer is Leigh Roberts, who does siren songs with considerable vim. There is also the unique music of the Norman Paris trio and the piano of Julius Monk, the mentor of this establishment. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Komack's homemade, piping-hot calypsos deal mostly with Manhattan madnesses. He's off Mondays. Marion Harris, Jr., is in charge of the ballad department. She's off Sundays. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies are added on Sundays; amateur performers are added on Mondays.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Many of our best love songs first see the light of night in the tiny upstairs salon that is presided over by Mabel Mercer, the voice of experience. The lyrics are often special and always literate. Sam Hamilton is at the piano all evening. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—Kaye Ballard's open-throttle, free-associational vaporings, Oliver Wakefield's merciless dissection of after-dinner speakers, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), the sardonically nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, the dizzying conversations of Dana and Wood, and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. Closed Mondays.... **BEAUX ARTS**, 186 W. 4th St. (OR 5-9852): A faithful replica of the Village in the carefree days before it became Sutton Place. The rumpus is headed by Stella Brooks, whose ad-lib lyrics are always barbed. All's quiet on Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with rich Early American support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Through these portals pass many of our greatest pianists. Weekdays, from nine to three, Erroll Garner, a veteran stylist, heads up a trio that alternates with Alex Kallao's all evening. Sunday, March 28, will probably mark the final appearance this season of Barbara Carroll, a slim strand of black satin and jewels, whose imaginative modern piano drifts constantly from shadow to substance and back again. Her trio keeps the same hours.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Zutty Singleton, Sidney de Paris, and Omer Simeon, believes that the jazz that was good enough for Dad is good enough for you, and there's merit in their presentation of the argument. Bob



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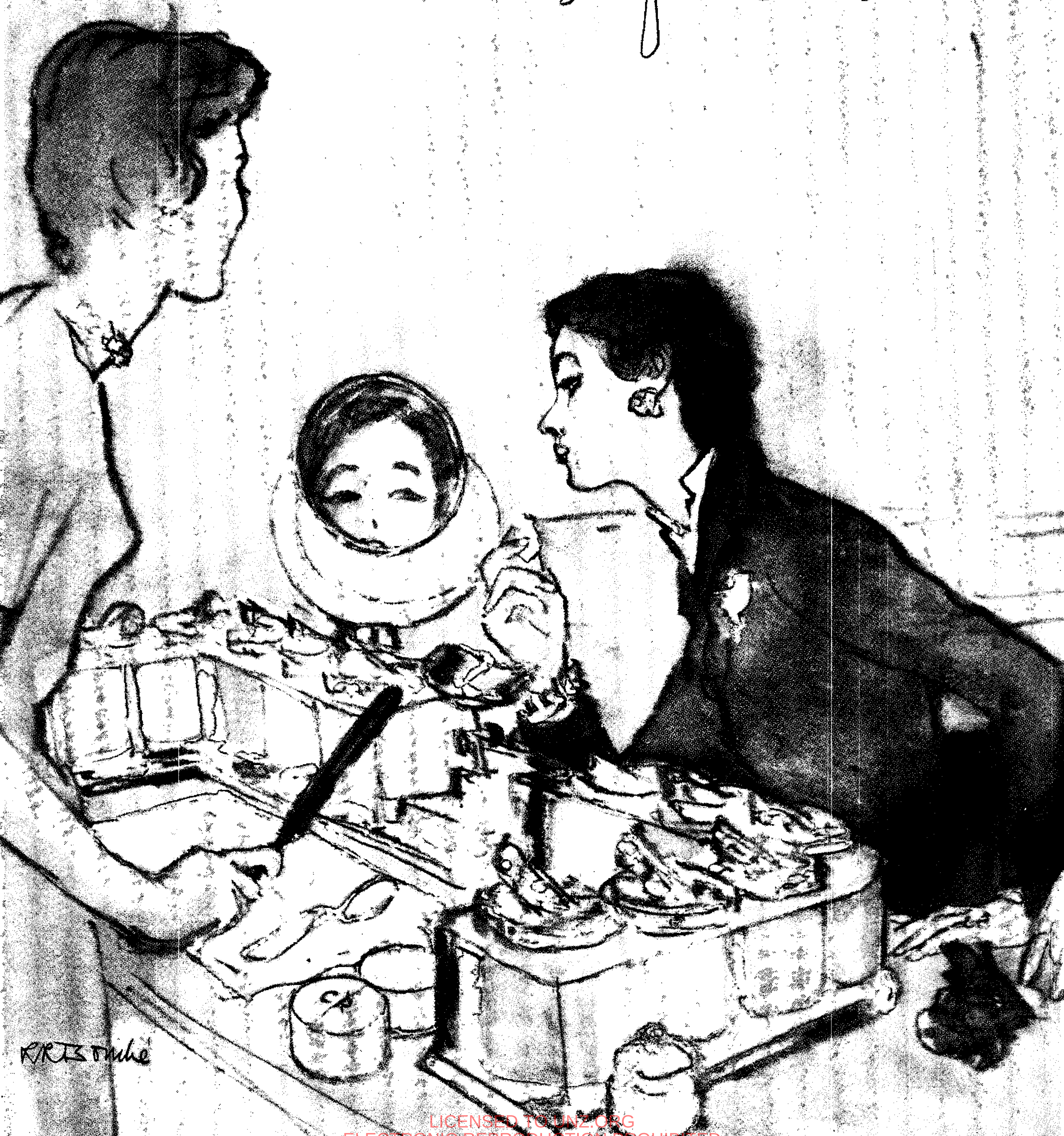


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wilber's sextet will take over on Monday, March 29. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A turbulent aviary often full of nothing but birds of unexpected passage. There's a distinct possibility, though, that right now Sarah Vaughan is singing her glorious head off and that Benny Green's band and Johnny Smith's quartet are blowing hot and heavy. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The music is strictly on the level here. Louis Armstrong's band (Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, Kenny John, and Milt Hinton) is the reason. Velma Middleton sings now and then with the boys, and Paul Bley's trio is also around. They start at nine, and they are all off Mondays, when there are jam sessions. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis's tail-gaters are responsible. On Sunday, March 28, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Willie the Lion Smith and his boys will supply first aid to the local group. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Marian McPartland plays very pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio. . . . **BONFIRE,** Lexington Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-2440): It may look as if Jack London slept here, but in the neat little back room, Sylvia Syms, the Big Ben of jazz singers, is doing her customary artful job late every evening but Sunday. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, this ancient *Brauhaus* expects to be host to Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Cozy Cole, Max Kaminsky, Wild Bill Davison, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Pop Foster, Lou McGarity, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Jackson, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, there'll be an invitation tournament, undoubtedly involving Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, Herb Fleming, Buster Bailey, Sonny Greer, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—A set of new abstract sculptures and reliefs, smooth and sinuous as always, by one of the early masters of the movement; through Saturday, March 27. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOHN BAXTER—His first one-man showing of sculptures in New York, a little varied in style but tasteful and well-balanced in design; through Saturday, March 27. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

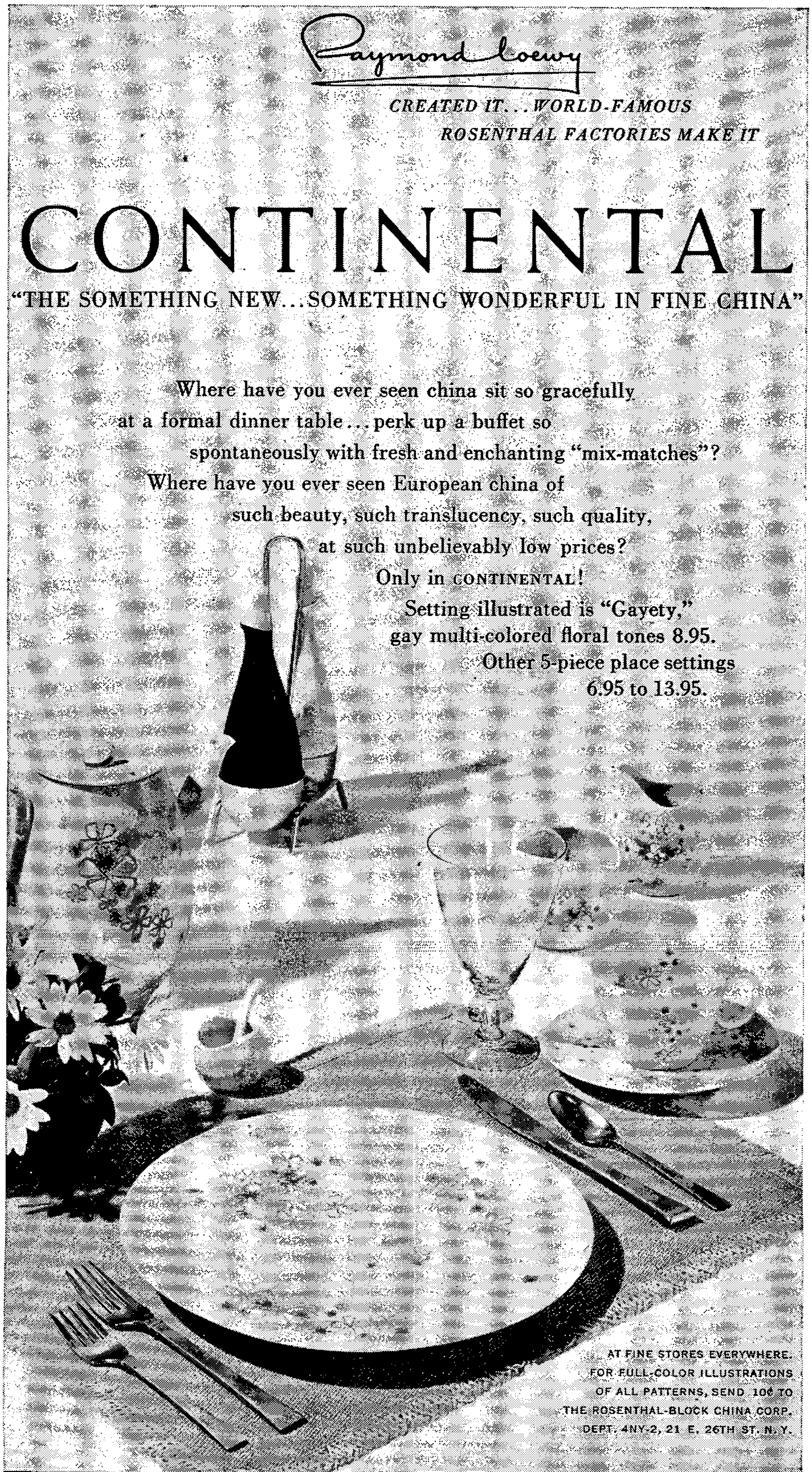
HYMAN BLOOM—Recent paintings and drawings that, while skillfully executed, have an over-insistent flavor of the dissecting room and the slaughterhouse; through Saturday, April 3. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Delicately handled, invariably thoughtful abstract paintings, done in fine dottings of color that make them look somewhat like mosaics; through April 17. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

STUART DAVIS—The first full-scale exhibit in close to a decade of current works by one of the foremost American abstractionists; through Saturday, March 27. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

FRITZ GLARNER AND GEORGE VANTONGERLOO—Abstract oils by the former and transparent plastic sculptures by the latter, in an exhibit of their latest work; through Saturday, March 27. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LILI, IRENE, AND ALICE GROSS—Earnest work, and quite capable, too, by three sisters—the first two of them painters and the third a sculptor;



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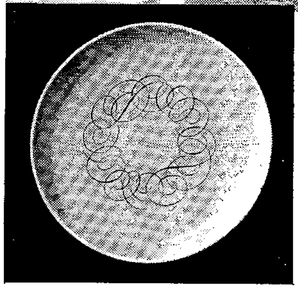

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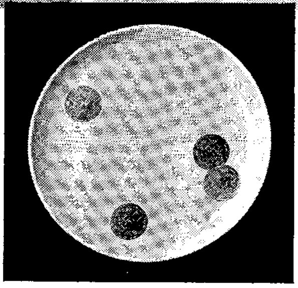

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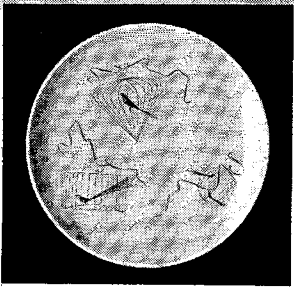

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through Saturday, March 27. (Wellons, 70 E. 56th St.)

Raymond Kanelba—Some agreeable studies of children, mixed with lightly stylized paintings of Majorca and other places; through Saturday, March 27. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Paul Klee—A small retrospective of paintings and drawings that date from 1912 to his death in 1940; through April 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Georges Mathieu—The *dernier cri* in Paris shows some splashy but occasionally effective new abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 3. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Walter Murch—Low-keyed, carefully handled paintings of bits of strange mechanical contrivances that, in spite of their meticulousness, have an odd suggestion of fantasy; through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Renoir—Seventeen paintings, all done in the last twenty years of his life and many of them little known, in a distinguished loan exhibit; through Saturday, April 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Rood—New sculptures, a bit reminiscent of Lipchitz in manner yet done with a good deal of sound feeling for structure; through Saturday, April 3. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Rouault—A fairly choice, although small, exhibition of his paintings, plus a portfolio of prints; through Saturday, March 27. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Abstract-Expressionist paintings, predominantly gray in tonality and tending a little toward the tenuous in composition; through April 10. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.: An amalgam of pieces by twenty-nine candidates for the 1954 grants from the National Institute of Arts and Letters; through Sunday, March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . **JACKSON**, 22 E. 66th St.: A varied and interesting exhibition of works by five young artists, most of them new to New York; through Saturday, March 27. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: The first section of a two-part exhibit of paintings, never before shown in New York, by such modern French masters as Braque, Dufy, Chagall, and Picasso; through April 10. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Plastic, bronze, stone, and steel are only a few of the mediums used by the twenty artists represented here; through April 15. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Jonah Kinigstein; through April 17. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Sabro Hasegawa; through April 10. . . . **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: Lelia Caetani; through April 10. . . . **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Jane Freilicher; through April 10. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Antonio Frasconi; through April 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Bernard Lorjou; through April 17. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 1. **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th, St.; through April 6. **NEWTON**, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 17.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibit from Bogotá, Colombia, comprising eighty objects of art by pre-Hispanic goldsmiths, including a complete set of adornments for a Calima chieftain, a life-size conch shell made from sheet gold, and Quimbaya cinerary urns; through April 11. . . . ¶ Over two hundred paintings by James McNeill Whistler, John Singer Sargent, and Mary Cassatt. Among them are the picture popularly called "Whistler's Mother," portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Pulitzer, and Cassatt's familiar women and children. A loan show that has been supplemented by items from the Museum's collection. Starts Friday, March 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, puppets, and papier-mâché sculptures by children from twenty countries who study at the United Nations International School; through May 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's biennial exhibit of oils, sculptures, water colors, and graphics by Brooklyn artists—almost a hundred of them this time; through April 4. . . . ¶ Color lithographs of Brooklyn Bridge at the time of its opening, in 1883, and of Brooklyn amusement centers during the nineteenth century, along with etchings of Brooklyn Heights in the nineteen-twenties; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters; through April 18. . . . ¶ Calder mobiles and a painting each by Cézanne, van Doesburg, and Larionov, which the Museum has recently acquired, plus a selection from the regular collection; starting Wednesday, March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-five oils, temperas, and drawings based on religious motifs by Meyer F. Lieberman, a thirty-year-old New York artist; through April 15. . . . ¶ Drawings and etchings from the Abbo Ostrowsky collection by former students of the Art School of the Educational Alliance, including Philip Evergood, Iver Rose, and Joseph Kaplan; through April 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The American Abstract Artists' eighteenth annual, this one enlivened by a group of twenty-odd paintings and sculptures by some contemporary Japanese abstractionists; through Sunday, March 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Their annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, drawings, and water colors, a little mixed in both quality and styles but, as usual, generally interesting; through April 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

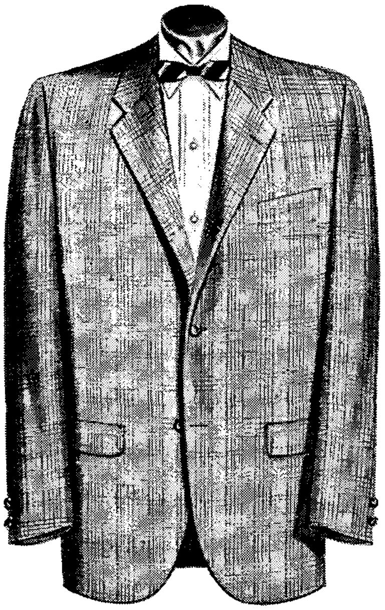
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 25, at 8:15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Charles Kullman, George London, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, Gino Penno, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:30: Scenes from "La Traviata," "Don Carlo," and "Rigoletto," with Licia Albanese, Roberta Peters, Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Jan Peerce, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, Hans Hotter, and Leonard Warren; and ballets from "La Gioconda" and "Samson and Delilah," with Janet Collins and the corps de ballet. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Aïda," with Herva Nelli, Blanche Thebom, Gino Penno, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Astrid Varnay, Mildred Miller, and Kurt Baum; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Victoria de los Angeles, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines.

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 2—Thursday evening, March 25: "Salome." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 28: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 28: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Thursday evening,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 1: The première of Aaron Copland's "The Tender Land," with a libretto by Horace Everett; and "Amahl and the Night Visitors."... ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English).... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English).... ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "La Cenerentola." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 8:45. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, March 25, at 8:45, and Friday, March 26, at 2:30 (all-Tchaikovsky programs; both with Zino Francescatti, violin); Saturday, March 27, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello); and Sunday, March 28, at 2:30 (with Zino Francescatti, violin). Following these performances, the orchestra will go on tour for two weeks. The regular series of concerts here will be resumed on Thursday, April 15.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf directing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and excerpts from "Boris Godunov," with Irene Jordan, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Walter Fredericks, tenor; Mack Harrell, baritone; Luis Pichardo, bass-baritone; and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:45.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

NORWEGIAN MUSIC—Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra, with Oivin Fjeldstad as guest conductor and with Robert Riefling, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting a Schubert-Mahler concert, with Elsa Cavelti, contralto, and David Lloyd, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR AND BOWDOIN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Frederic Tilletson directing a program that will include Brahms' Requiem. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR OF NEW YORK—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

HENRI DEERING—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

MYRA HESS—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 3.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391).

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE CIRCLE—A program of contemporary music performed by the Budapest String Quartet; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; David Oppenheim, clarinet; Alexander Schneider, violin; and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. The fifth in a series of six concerts. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

WILHELM BACKHAUS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8:40.)

MIKLOS SCHWALB—Piano, in a program called "The Etude as Art and Craft." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Gustav Scholz vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, March 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

INDOOR POLO—A semifinal match in the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Sunday, March 28, at 3:30.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, April 1, through Saturday, April 24. The Paumonok Handicap, Thursday, April 1, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 3. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **LAUREL,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Saturday, April 10.

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

BALLET—The Merry-Go-Rounders presenting three story ballets: "Forest Adventure," "The Goops," and "Tyrolean Wedding." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 28, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

MISCELLANY—"The Emperor's Nightingale," by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a variety of other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 3, at 3.) . . . ¶ Roland Travers, in a program of magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 3, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.)

OTHER EVENTS

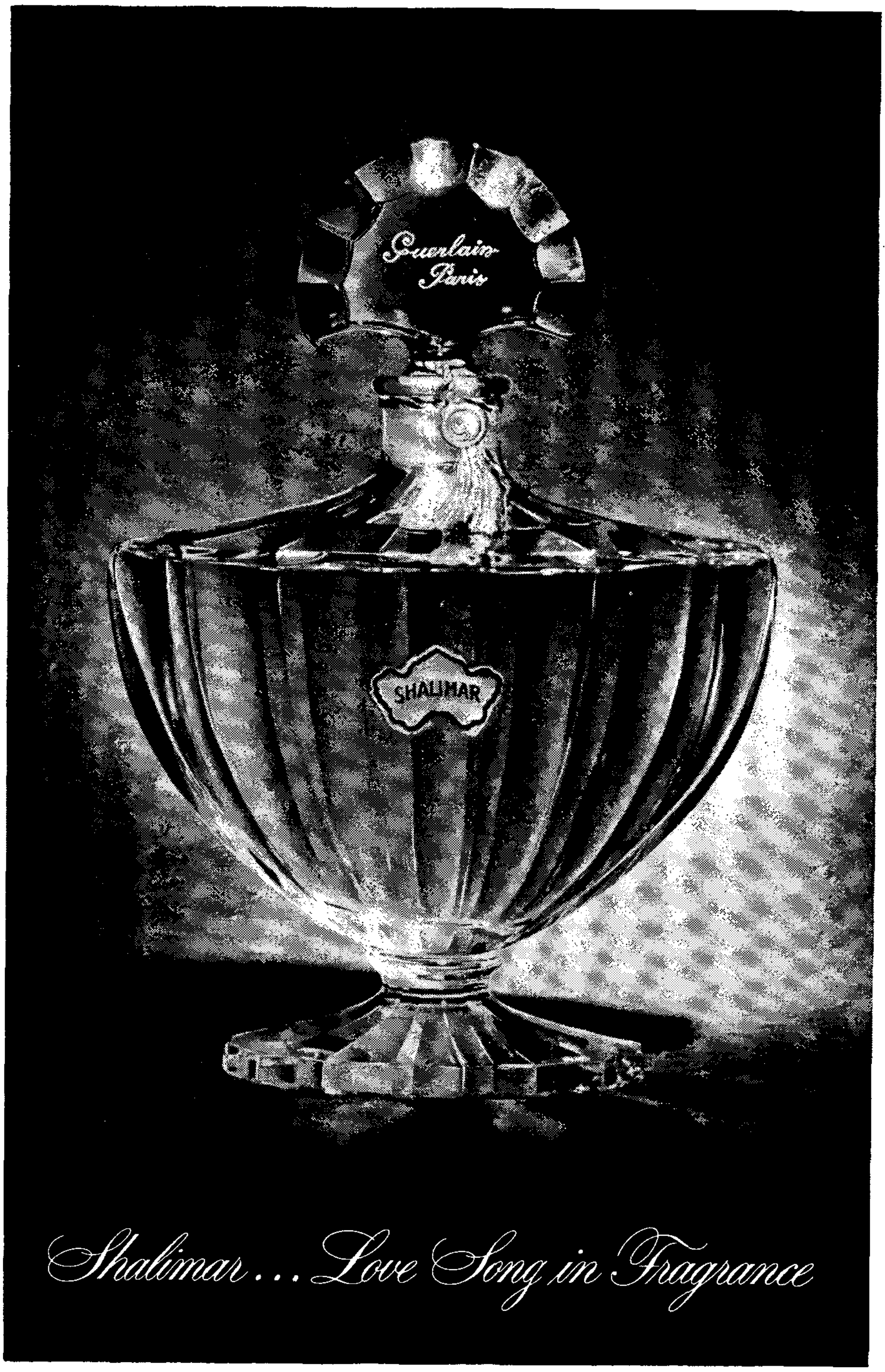
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors will be admitted to the periodic sessions of the Security Council, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council, which will reconvene on Tuesday, March 30, and of various commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

GERMAN BOOK ILLUSTRATION—About fifty books containing illuminations, miniatures, engravings, and the like that trace the last six centuries of art work in German literature. Included are a monastic prayer book written in 1459, Dürer's woodcuts for the "Life of the Virgin," and the first illustrated edition of Goethe's collected works. Through June 16. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

HOW EXHIBITS ARE MADE—A step-by-step explanation of what goes into a Museum show, with maps and charts of expeditions, photographs of laboratory and field research, display cases of the processes of taxidermy, and so on; through May 31. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Our Neighbor Worlds," deals with Mars, Venus, and Mercury. Starting Thursday, April 1, there will be a new program, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the advent of spring, Passover, and Easter. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 27, at 1:45: Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and other English furniture; a Chinese eight-fold lacquer screen, Georgian crystal chandeliers and silver; nineteenth-century British paintings; sporting pictures; and other art objects. Owned by M. Comer of London, Inc.



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MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Beat the Devil—A dishevelled, hilarious description of the antics of a gang of lunatic crooks who are out to get control of a big uranium field in Africa. Written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter, the film is fortunate in its cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, Ivor Barnard, and such handsome ladies as Gina Lollobrigida and Jennifer Jones. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 27-30. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 31, tentative.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness again, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Cease Fire!—A report on one small segment of the fighting in Korea. Very realistic, as well it should be, since the cast is entirely made up of combat soldiers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting March 30.)

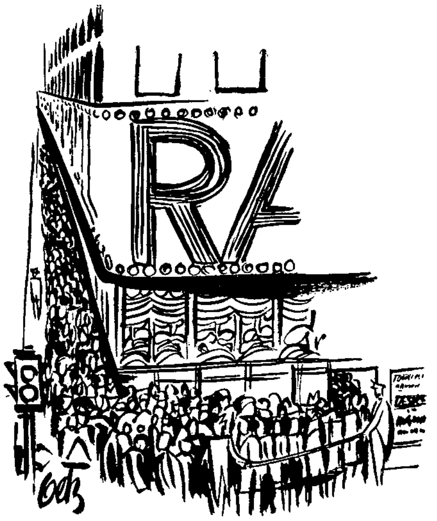
Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers into all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general hilarity. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—A fresh, colorful, and amusing view of the careers of the Victorian light-opera experts. As poet and composer, respectively, Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are convincing, and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, as might be expected, does elegantly by the songs and lyrics. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320)

Martin Luther—An engrossing account of the life and times of the priest (played by Niall Mac Ginnis) whose theological speculations resulted in the establishment of the Protestant Church. The production is the work of the Louis de Rochemont Associates. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 30. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 31.)

Roman Holiday—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is bewitching as the princess, and Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert are in it, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 30.)



REVIVALS

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Shirley Booth in the adaptation of the play built around the misfortunes of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 26.)

An Evening Alone (1938)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 31, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 30-31.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 31.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 31.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; from March 31, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—More Guinness, this time purloining the assets of the Bank of England, with the connivance of Stanley Holloway. An English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through March 30, tentative.)

Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard da Silva. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 31.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 27.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 31, tentative.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G. B. S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 31.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 31.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 30.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 27.)

The Tramp (1915)—A Chaplin one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 31, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 28: "In the Street" (1953), directed by James Agee, Helen Levitt, and Janice Loeb; "And Now—Miguel" (1953), directed by Jo Krumgold; and "Puerto Rico" (1947), directed by John Ferno for the Puerto Rico Office of Information. . . . ¶ Starting March 29: "Steps of Age" (1951), directed by Ben Maddow for the Mental Health Film Board; "Who's Boss" (1952), directed by Alexander Hammid for McGraw-Hill; and "Benjy" (1951), directed by Fred Zinnemann for the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
March 25: "Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin.
From March 26: "Red Garters," Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"La Ronde" (in French), Anton Walbrook, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 31 (tentative): "Riders to the Stars," William Lundigan, Herbert Marshall.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through March 31: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (in 3-D), Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
LOST WEEKEND, revival.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Night People" (in CinemaScope), Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Make Haste to Live," Dorothy McGuire, Stephen McNally.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 30: "The Final Test," Robert Morley, Jack Warner.
From March 31: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through March 28: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
March 29-30: "The Man from Cairo," George Raft; and "Bad Blonde," Barbara Payton, Frederick Valk.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 30: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.
From March 31: **MARTIN LUTHER.**

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through March 27: **THE 39 STEPS,** revival; and "Flesh and Fantasy," revival, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson.
March 28-30: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "Where's Charley?," revival, Ray Bolger, Allyn McLerie.
From March 31: **HOLIDAY,** revival; and **PYGMALION,** revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 28: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
March 29-30: "The Man from Cairo," George Raft; and "Bad Blonde," Barbara Payton, Frederick Valk.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Beauties of the Night" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through March 30 (tentative): **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival.
From March 31 (tentative): **LAST HOLIDAY,** revival.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 26: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 27: "The 49th Man," John Ireland, Richard Denning; and "The Story of Three Loves," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Pier Angeli.
March 28-29: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
March 30-31: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "The Village," John Justin.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 30: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.
From March 31 (tentative): "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 31: "Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 31 (tentative): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival; **AN EVENING ALONE,** revival; and **THE TRAMP** (silent), revival.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 31: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 26: **COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA,** revival.
March 27-30: **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
From March 31: "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 28: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
March 29-30: "The Man from Cairo," George Raft; and "Bad Blonde," Barbara Payton, Frederick Valk.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 27: **THE MOON IS BLUE,** revival; and "Hundred Hour Hunt," revival, Anthony Steel, Jack Warner.
March 28-29: "The Eddie Cantor Story," Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine; and "Lure of the Sila," Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman.
From March 30: **CEASE FIRE!;** and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 30: "Guilt Is My Shadow," Patrick Holt, Elizabeth Sellars.
From March 31 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL.**

Gorgeous
TECHNICOLOR

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 27: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi; and "The Titfield Thunderbolt," Stanley Holloway.
March 28-30: "Phone Call from a Stranger," revival, Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "The Model and the Marriage Broker," revival, Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady.
From March 31: **THE MALTESE FALCON,** revival; and **SHADOW OF A DOUBT,** revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 28: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
March 29-30: "The Man from Cairo," George Raft; and "Bad Blonde," Barbara Payton, Frederick Valk.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 27: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.
March 28-29: "Sea of Lost Ships," John Derek, Wanda Hendrix; and "Champ for a Day," Alex Nicol, Audrey Totter.
From March 30: **CEASE FIRE!;** and "Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 26: "April 1, 2000" (in German), Hilda Krahl, Josef Meinrad.
From March 27: "The Lonely Night," a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Saadia," Cornel Wilde, Mel Ferrer, Rita Gam.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 30: **MARTIN LUTHER.**
From March 31: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Justice Is Done" (in French), revival, Claude Nollier.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through March 30: "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 29: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz; and "Tennessee Champ," Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY;** and **SHANE,** revival.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through March 30: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 28: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
March 29-30: "The Man from Cairo," George Raft; and "Bad Blonde," Barbara Payton, Frederick Valk.
From March 31: "Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

THE PLEASURE OF WEARING "DACRON"

Slacks should allow you to feel at ease, act at ease and look at ease—but not disheveled. That's why the well-dressed week-ender has taken to slacks made with "Dacron" wrinkle-resistant fiber.

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To keep you neat when you're casual, this fiber has chemical properties that give it remarkable resilience. That means not only greater resistance to wrinkling, but also quicker shedding of wrinkles. "Dacron" means lasting neatness, fewer pressings.

"Dacron" complements fine tailoring to produce slacks that are a pleasure to wear . . . with free-fitting comfort, an impeccably casual look. You'll find slacks like these (and sport shirts, too) made entirely of "Dacron"* polyester fiber, or "Dacron" blended with other fine fibers. Either way, "Dacron" will help you look presentable through your most active week ends.

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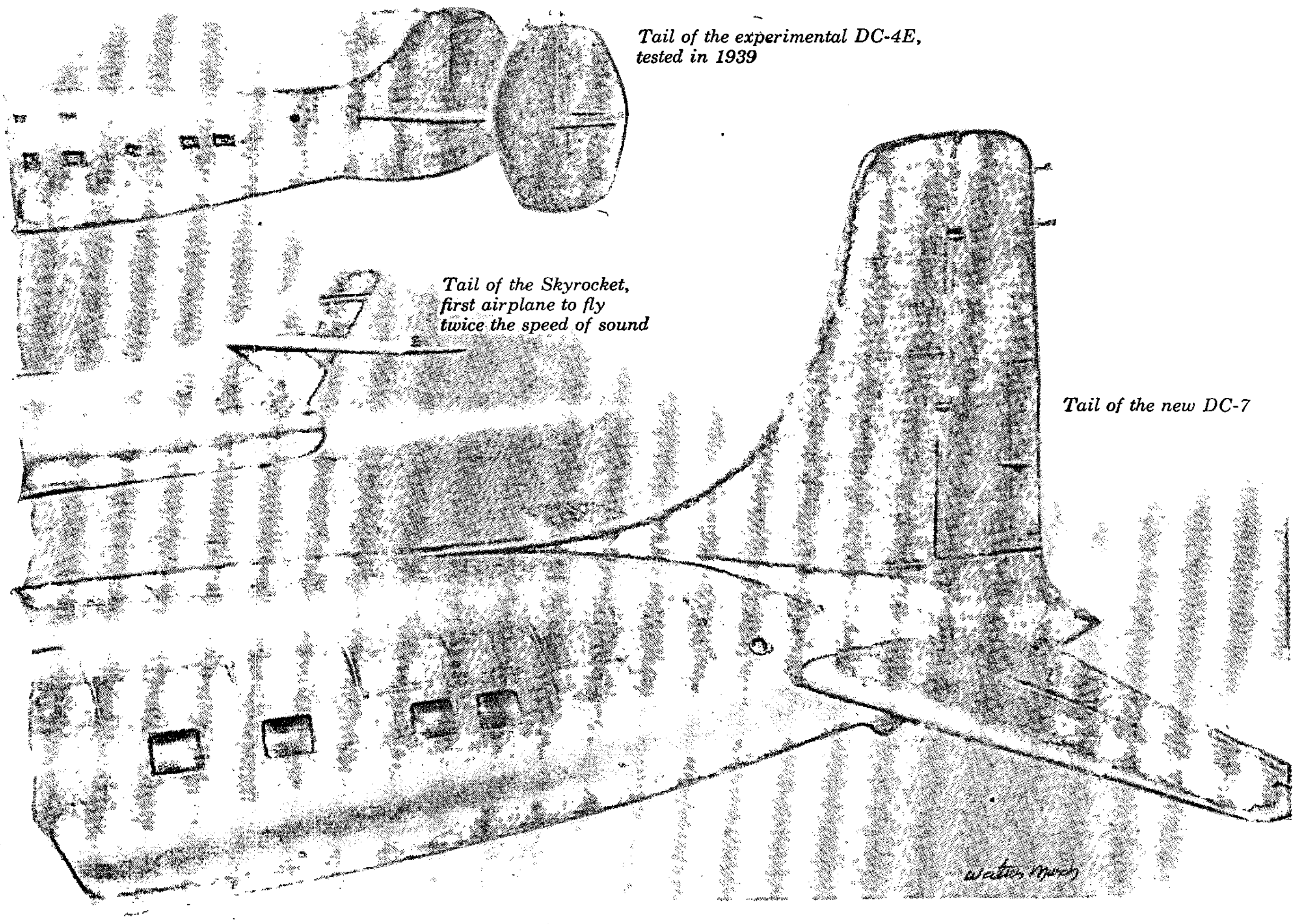
Tail of the experimental DC-4E, tested in 1939
Tail of the Skyrocket, first airplane to fly twice the speed of sound
Tail of the new DC-7

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UAT *French* • UNITED *U. S.* • WESTERN *U. S.*

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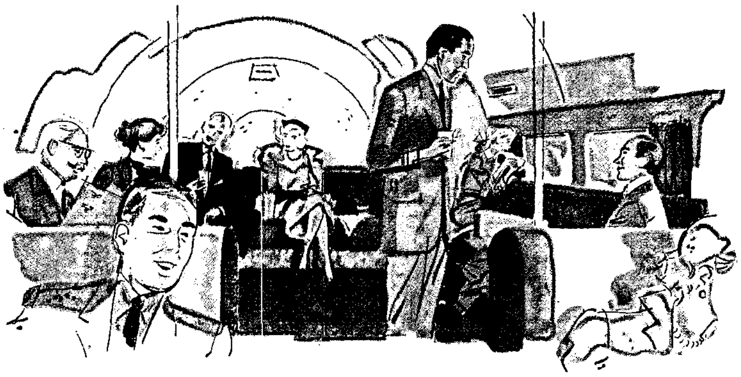

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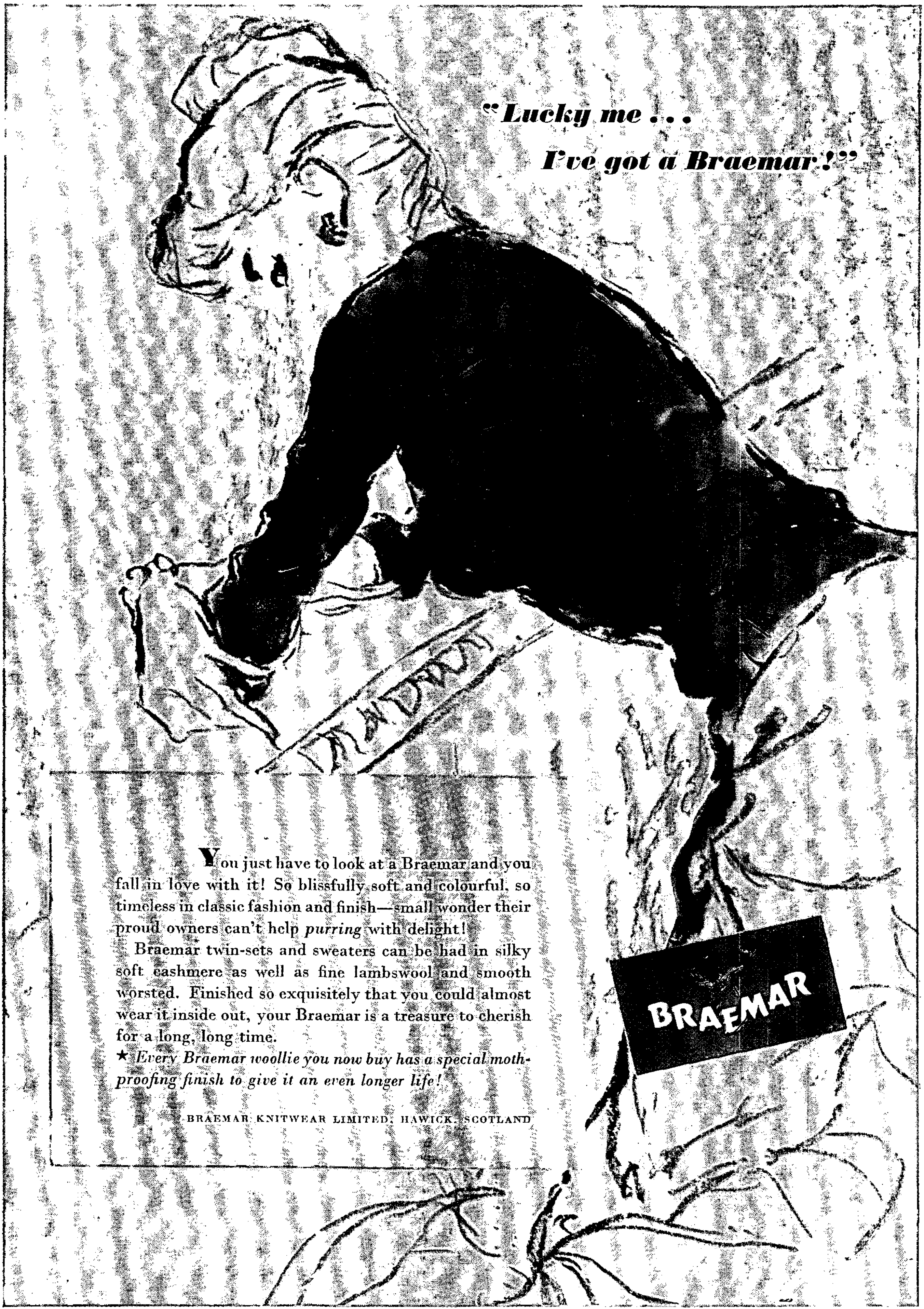

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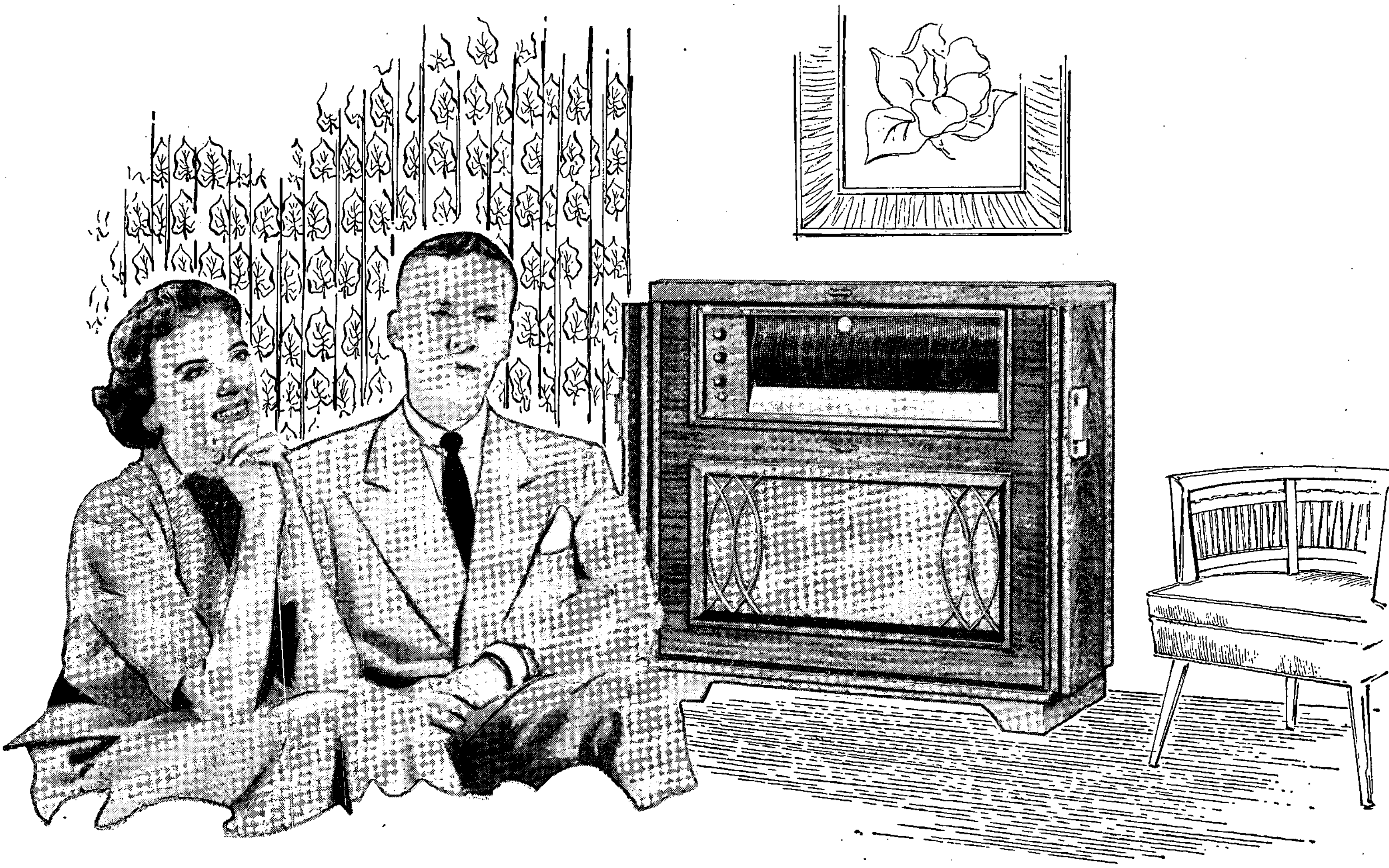

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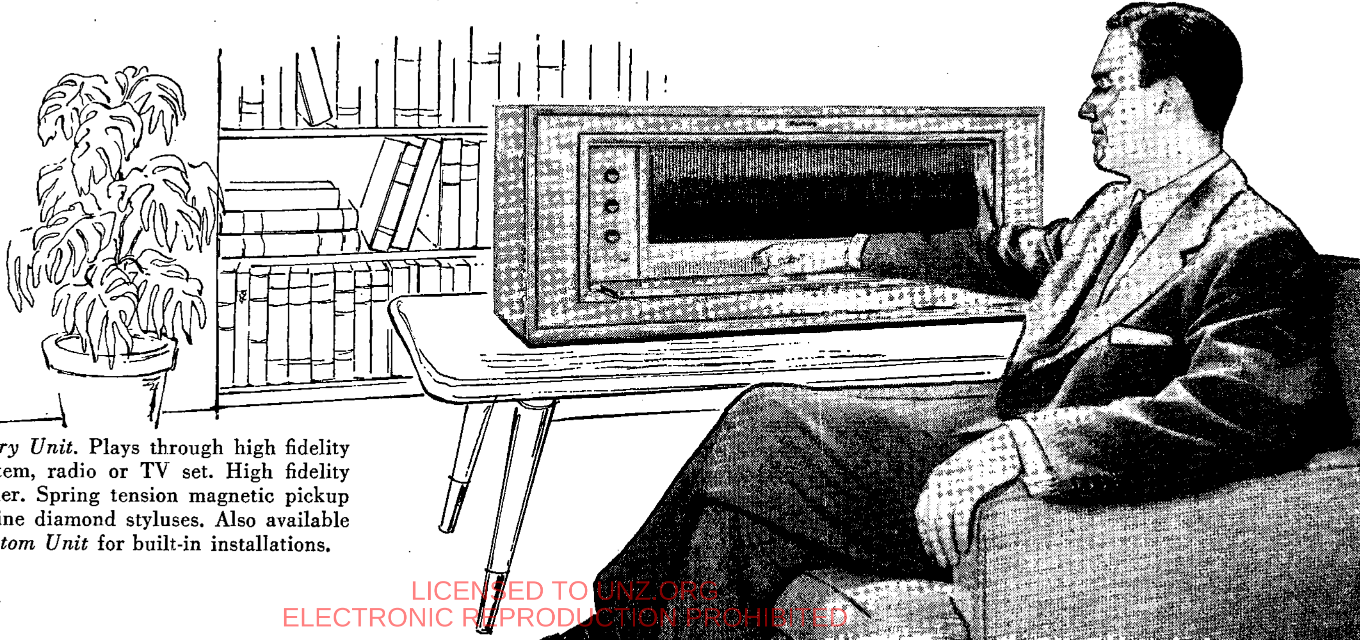

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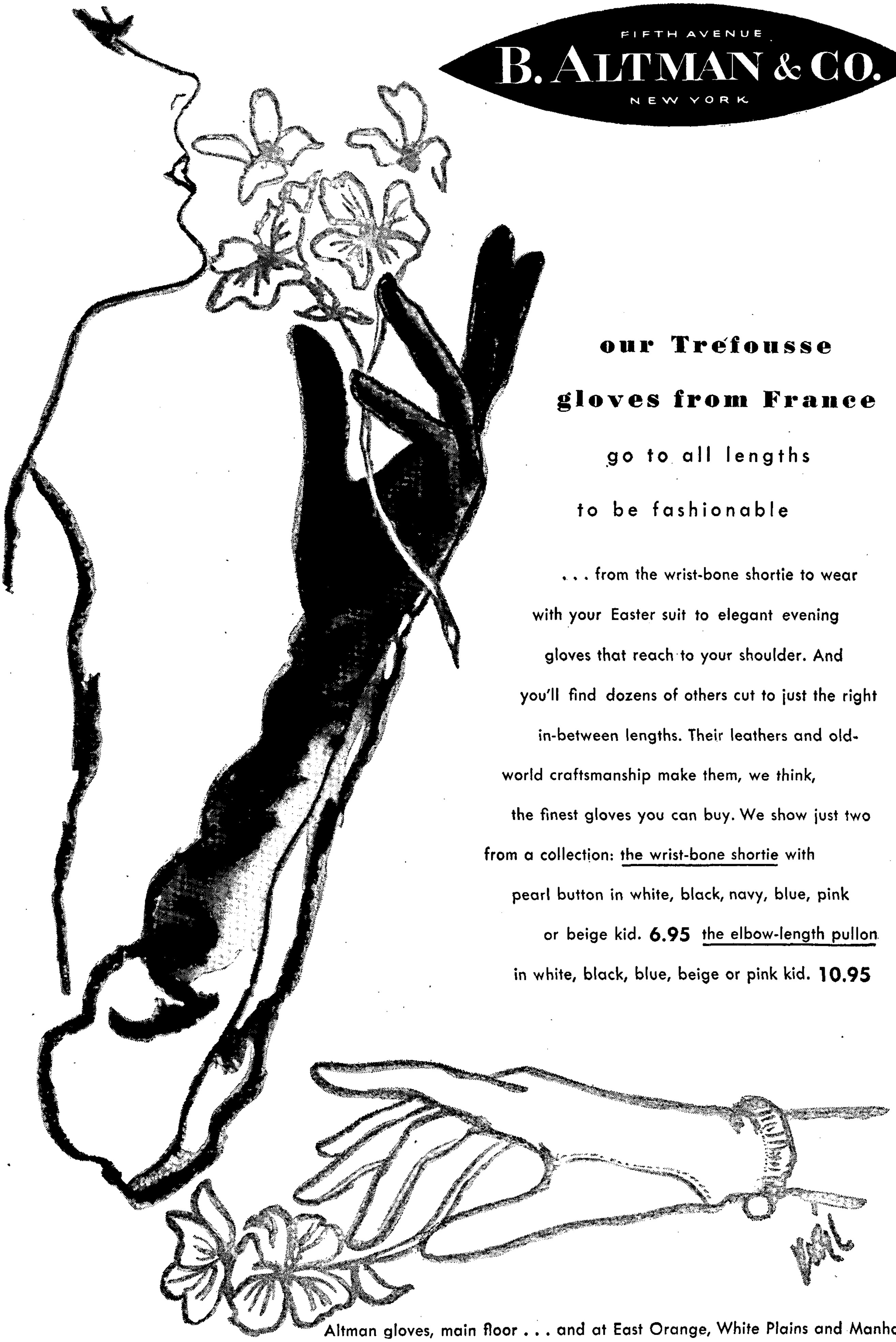

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WALKING through midtown at night, among the darkened office buildings, when the last of the charwomen's lights have winked out (the million motes raised by their feather dusters settling slowly down, unseen, ghostlike, on desk, typewriter, and chair), we have often weighed the hazards of an adventure we have never actually experienced—being locked inside one of those darkened buildings, alone, with no apparent way of getting out. We've wondered how many people have been caught in such a fix and what they have done about it and what *we* would do about it. It happens that in our office building a couple of men are on duty throughout the night, so our ingenious feats of derring-do—the escape along the window ledge, the dizzy leap onto the parapet of an adjacent roof—have been performed only in imagination. Recently, though, a friend of ours found himself in the very predicament we have reflected on, and we think his rather spooky tale is worth recounting. The young man's name is Henry Gardiner, and he is a graphic designer with the industrial-design and architectural firm of George Nelson & Associates, which has offices on the seventh floor of the building at 30 West Fifty-seventh Street.

On the night in question, Gardiner was working late. He had worked late before and was aware that the one elevator in the building stopped running shortly after six and that the lobby doors were locked a couple of hours later. Once the lobby doors were locked, the way out was through a door leading from the lobby into the bar of the Hicks Restaurant, which occupies the ground floor of the building. Gardiner went out for supper around six, returned around eight, climbed the stairs to his office, worked until eleven, and trudged downstairs. To his astonishment, he found the door to Hicks locked. He peered through a porthole in the door; the restaurant was dark. (He learned afterward that Hicks had only that week adopted a policy of closing at eight-thirty instead of at midnight.) Gardiner tried the two big glass doors giving onto Fifty-seventh Street. Locked, of course. He remembered that a stairway at the rear of the lobby led to the basement. He hurried down the stairs and ran smack into a door, also locked. No escape through the basement. He went back to the lobby and, with no real hope of success, tried the three keys he had in his pocket in the lock of the glass doors. One key was for his apartment, one was for his office, and the third was for an office in which he had previously worked. Naturally, they were useless.

Gardiner waited at the doors until a man walked by outside. He called to the man through the narrow slit between the glass doors. There's a street light fairly close to the entrance of the building, and Gardiner figured that the passerby would be able to make him out and not suspect a trick. Nevertheless, the man was wary about approaching the doors. Gardiner explained what had happened, and the man said, "There must be a building directory on the wall in there. Look for the name of the building manager and telephone him." Gardiner turned to the directory and, reasoning that the building manager would be listed at either the top or the bottom, looked nowhere else. At the bottom, he came on something called the Tablet & Ticket Company. In his excitement, he was sure that Tablet & Ticket would be able to set him free. (He didn't know then that the agency merely supplies and maintains building directories.) He hated to let the stranger go but was embarrassed to keep him waiting while he climbed to his office and telephoned the company; he went to the doors and called out his thanks, and the man wished him good luck. Then they stood there awhile, grinning at each other.

Gardiner climbed to his office and rang the Tablet & Ticket people. No answer. He thought next of calling his office colleagues but rejected the notion, on the ground that they wouldn't be able to help him without a key to the lobby doors and that probably, like him, they had never bothered to ask for one. He therefore looked up and dialled the number of the nearest police station—the West Fifty-fourth Street precinct house. The desk sergeant who answered the telephone sounded sympathetic and amused and promised to send a prowl car right over. Gardiner thanked him and dashed down the six flights of stairs to the lobby. As he stood waiting for the policemen at the glass doors, a dozen people went by; some of them saw him standing there in the dark lobby, but they seemed not in the least surprised. When the prowl car arrived, its powerful searchlight played on the glass doors for several seconds, making Gardiner feel as if he had committed some horrendous crime. Two policemen at last got out of the car and came up to the door. One of them asked Gardiner his name.

"Henry Gardiner," he said.

"Can't hear you," the policeman said. "Speak into the crack."

"Henry Gardiner."

"What are you doing in there?"

"I was working late and got caught."

"Who do you work for?"

"George Nelson."

"Call him up."

"He's out of town."

Gardiner then explained that he had called the Tablet & Ticket Company, and the policemen, who must have known as little about T. & T. as Gardiner did, appeared much impressed by his resourcefulness. One of them fetched a large crowbar from the prowl car, thrust its point under the metal apron at the base of the glass doors, and started to bear down with his full weight against the end of the bar. Gardiner, fearing that the doors would splinter into a hundred jagged pieces, begged the policemen to lay off the doors until he had taken another look at the directory. This time, he scanned every name. The likeliest was one David Adams, listed simply as General Manager. He reported his discovery to the policemen, then climbed again to the seventh floor. He found two David Adamses in the Manhattan telephone book. One of them didn't answer; the other knew nothing about the building but was remarkably cordial, considering that it was getting on toward midnight and Gardiner had probably awakened him. Gardiner now suddenly wished that the policemen would go away. He was disillusioned with them for not having a master key. He had thought all policemen had master keys. He opened a window and yelled down to the policemen that he had decided to spend the night on a day bed in the office. "Good night!" he shouted, and the two policemen shouted back, "Good night!" (Gardiner, though a flier in the war, has always had a fear of heights, and leaning out of the open window and staring down at the policemen in the pool of light below him was, he felt afterward, the most frightening part of the whole adventure.) Next, he telephoned his wife, at their apartment on East Ninety-sixth Street, and informed her that he was going to sleep in the office. The call woke the Gardiners' three-year-old son. Gardiner could hear the baby crying and his wife saying, "Hush! It's only Daddy. He has to spend the night at the office." It occurred to him as he put down the telephone that he didn't have enough money on him to buy breakfast.

A minute later, he recalled that an open fire escape ran down the back of the building. He went to the window again, hoping that if the policemen were still there he could persuade them to go around to Fifty-sixth Street and try, one way or another, to light him down the fire escape. (It turned out next day that the fire escape ends in a courtyard, and Gardiner doubts whether he would have been able to scale its high walls.) The policemen not only were still standing outside the building but had been joined by a third policeman. All three yelled to Gardiner to come down at once, and down he went, sensing good news. The policemen told him through the crack in the doors that they had been in touch with the Holmes Electric Protection Company and had learned that the Holmes people had a customer in the building—a fur concern on the third floor. Holmes had agreed to send a man to the building, but just to be on the safe side the policemen suggested that Gardiner go up to the third floor and rattle the fur company's door, thus possibly setting off an alarm. Gardiner obediently did so. When he got back to the lobby, a Holmes man was at the door. The Holmes man took out a small key and unlocked the door, and Gardiner stepped outside. He felt too self-conscious to show any pleasure at his escape, but he thanked the policemen for their help. They were so busy exchanging identifications that they paid very little attention to him. Gardiner and the Holmes man walked away from the building together. Gardiner told the Holmes man about his fears that the policeman would cut himself to ribbons jimmying the glass doors, and the Holmes man said that he was talking nonsense; the glass of the doors was tempered, and would simply crumble when the surface was cracked. Gardiner took a bus home. It was half past twelve when he put his key in the lock of his front door. The latch turned, but the door failed to swing all the way open. Alone with the baby, his wife had chain-bolted the door. Gardiner stood thinking what to do for a full minute, then rang the bell. He felt bad about waking his wife, but he just *had* to get inside.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The slogan of Dodd, Mead & Co., book publishers, is "Books to Read."

The Old Touch

SINCE there are specialists in practically everything else, why shouldn't there be specialists in the solicitation of proxies? Well, there are, and when Robert R. Young recently accused the New York Central Railroad of wasting its stockholders' money, he specified as one of the railroad's extravagances that grieved him the employment of Georgeson & Co., proxy solicitors, to line up shares against him in his fight for control. Before long, we were on our way down to Georgeson & Co., at 52 Wall Street. We found the firm comfortably ensconced on the twelfth floor, in a suite with several executive offices, a bull pen full of steady-looking middle-aged men at telephones, and a view of the Upper Bay. We stated our business, were ushered promptly into the presence of a Georgeson partner named Edward C. Potter—a dignified man with a white mustache—and mentioned the Central situation to him. "A classic proxy contest," Mr. Potter said, gazing at us unbelligerently. "The Central management has engaged us to rally stockholder opposition to Mr. Young, but actually we're only a small cog in the machinery. They've got batteries of lawyers, public-relations men, ad men—heaven knows what. Dick Nye, my partner, went uptown to a Central strategy meeting the other day. They could spare him only a few minutes, they had so many other things to worry about. Let's see—the Central's meeting is May 26th, so that means we'll kick off the proxy drive before the end of April. We have to get our campaign material cleared with the Securities and Exchange Commission before we can begin. Furthermore, a man's last proxy, like his last will, is the one that counts, so it doesn't do to begin too early."

A man with mussed-up hair and a distraught expression entered Mr. Potter's office. "Fights!" he exclaimed. "The American Woolen fight! The New Haven fight! The Central fight! I'm sick of hearing about fights!" The man left abruptly, and Mr. Potter identified him as Mr. Nye. "Dick's right," Mr. Potter remarked equably. "It's true that just at present we're involved in the contests he mentioned, but taking part in contests for control is only a minor part of our work. Last year, for example, we served a hundred and sixty-six companies and in only twelve cases was there any contest. For the most part, our job is to *prevent* trouble. We feel you should try to talk to a stockholder once a year. Keeps him from feeling ostracized. When things are going well in client companies, our men call up stockholders and say, 'Did you get the annual report? Send in your proxy? Anything I can do?' Half the time, the reply is 'My God, you mean the company really cares?' "

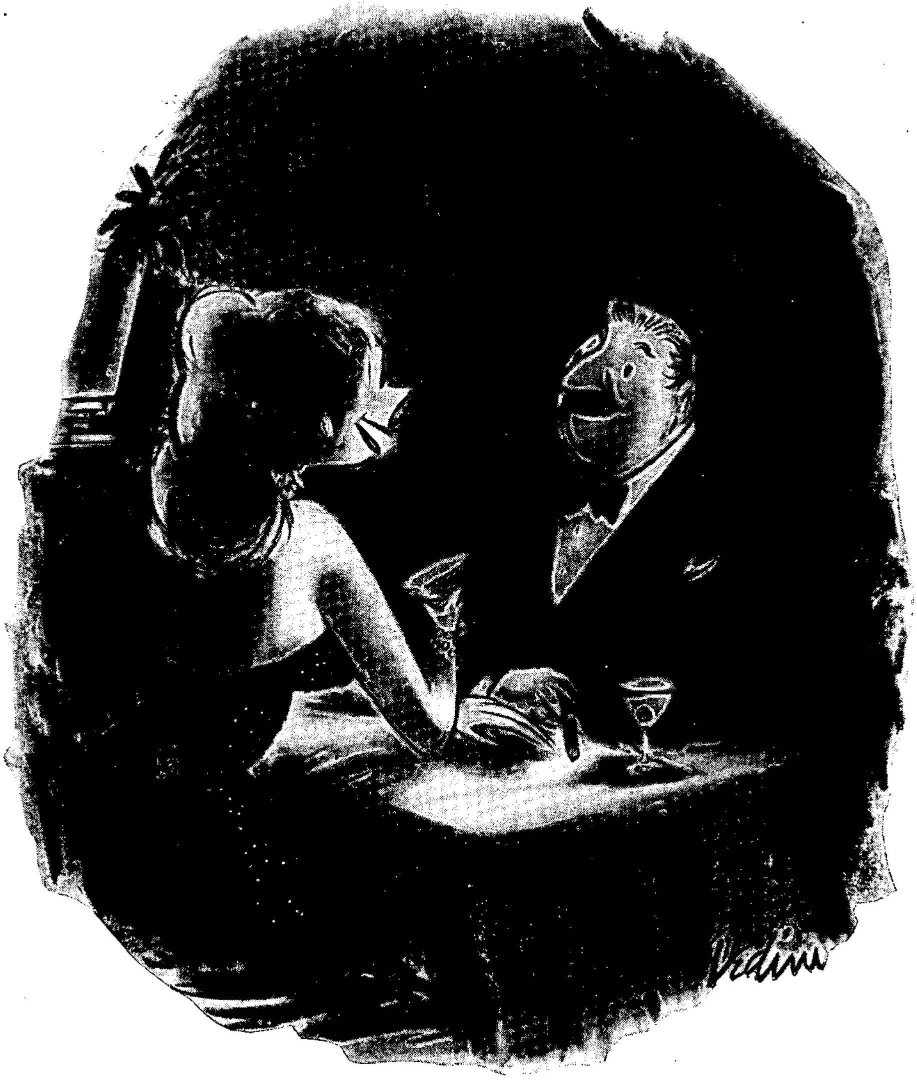
Mr. Potter lighted a large cigar and told us that Georgeson has seven branches scattered around the country; employs over a hundred solicitors in the peak, or annual-meeting, season, which runs from March through May; was started in 1939 by a former bond salesman, Lloyd Georgeson, who died in 1945; and is by far the largest firm in its field. Proxy solicitation as a business came into being during the early thirties, when company managements began to become conscious of small stockholders. We asked Mr. Potter about his solicitors and their technique. He replied that their soliciting is nearly all done by telephone and their pitch is sober and restrained. "No baby kissing. No high pressure," he said. "Stockholders love a quiet, calm voice. Even in a contest, when people are swayed by emotion, we try to keep emotional appeal within bounds—a crack at the opposition, a slogan or two. Then there are prejudices to deal with. Some stockholders are dead set against options, others against mergers. Our solicitors become familiar with their stockholder contacts. They know better than to antagonize a dyed-in-the-wool option hater by asking him to vote for an option."

On our way out, Mr. Potter took us into the bull pen full of men at telephones and explained that they were solicitors at work. Pausing at a solicitor's desk, we listened for a moment. With a minimum of emotional appeal, he urged a stockholder to send in his proxy favoring a merger of Nash-Kelvinator and Hudson Motor Car. "The merger would improve chances of competing with the auto industry's Big Three," said the solicitor, as a clincher.

"Much as we deplore contests, we've managed to bat well over ninety per cent in the ones we've been in," Mr. Potter said as we left. "By and large, when it comes to proxies, big companies just don't have the old touch. We do."

Horse Trader

LAD in the fourth grade who can't seem to get the hang of long division left all the answer spaces blank on a recent test paper but printed in neat, square letters across the bottom of the sheet, "I can spell chrysanthemum."



"Oh, are you labor? Funny, but I always thought of you as management."

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Pursuit of Spring

WE had a call from a Pan American World Airways drum beater the other morning inviting us to cruise by thunderbird down the Shenandoah Valley. He told us lyrically that we could preview spring rolling greenly north, wine and dine superbly in the clouds, and learn something of the workings of a fancy airplane. We told him we'd think it over, and presently passed the suggestion along to our man Stanley. "I'll go home and get my helmet," he said briskly. "I'm happy to have this date with the little blue lady up in the sky." Six hours later he was back in our office, wearing a demented expression. We asked what was wrong. "Nothing," he said. "This is the look of eagles. And here," he added, tossing his notes on our desk, "is the reconnaissance report on Operation Spring from your flyboy."

"Mustered," said the notes, "with about thirty-five other spring seekers at Pan American desk at Idlewild. Time: 1145 hours. Fell in with lady representing *Fortune*. Knowledgeable type. Said trip would be made in Boeing Strato Clipper, a two-deck affair able to roar along at over 300 m.p.h.; that it would be operated by crew of four (steward and three hostesses not included); and that first greenery would appear, probably, somewhere around Charlottesville, Va. At this point, received marching orders from John A. Creedy, Pan Am operative in charge of trip. Stepped onto field into teeth of nor'wester. Thought of loved ones. Thought of Lindbergh. Leaned on the wind and staggered through portal of Strato Clipper called Seven Seas. Roomy affair, with small kitchen to rear. Sat down beside sandy-haired gentleman, who asked me what I thought of LeMay's Strategic Air Command. Said I was wild about it. Conversation lagged. Loudspeaker boomed greeting in English, French, and German. As plane took off, steward announced that cocktails would be served as soon as we got above storm winds. Lady across aisle remarked loudly, 'This is the plane Greta Garbo uses. She gets special handling.' At 8,000 feet, plane stopped heaving about and levelled off. Pilot's voice came over loudspeaker with information that we would tour Manhattan before heading south. Steward and hostesses got busy with cocktails. Some striking views of Manhattan now available on all sides, and freeloaders beginning to wander about Strato Clipper. One man leaned over me and my seatmate to get a better look at skyline. 'Dull would he be of soul who could fly by a sight so touching in its majesty,' he muttered. 'Now, that's a simple-minded observation,' said seatmate. 'How you going to see it if you don't fly by it?' 'I mean,' said the mutterer, 'you'd be dull of soul if you flew by it and didn't appreciate it.' 'Give us a rest,' said seatmate, who was plainly not too cheerful a fellow. This became even more evident when plane veered inland a bit north of Sandy Hook and passed over Mon-mouth Park race track, a small tan oval far below. 'I'd like to get this big baby flying right into the tails of some of the nags I've been on down there,' he said.

"While steward and girls went about setting up trays for lunch, the pilot, Captain Wanless, joined us. 'Ought to be coming on some greenery any minute now,' he observed. Traveller a few seats in front of me suddenly shouted, 'Spring! Spring!' My seatmate peered through porthole. 'That knothead is looking at the Jersey Pine Barrens,' he said. 'They're *always* green.' Landscape beautiful even in winter dress. Handed menu by steward that was headed 'Maxim's . . . Paris in the sky . . . *en plein ciel.*' Offered choice of *filet mignon Rossini*, *perdreau rôti*, *demi-homard froid*. Steward informed me steak was fine stuff, particularly with sauce made of truffles and goose-liver pâté. Personally, thought partridge more suitable to situation. Dishes on Seven Seas specially designed by Raymond Loewy. As I attacked partridge, a Captain Jimmy Walker, who is in charge of passenger accommodations for Pan American, was introduced over loudspeaker. 'This plane,' he said, 'is a replica of the ones flying to London, Paris, Rome, and Beirut. I have seen the competition, and I can safely say this is the most de-luxe passenger plane in existence. The staterooms have washbasins, shaving outlets, small bars, and only two people are assigned to them.'

"Loudspeaker started to sputter, so I started to look for signs of spring again. Earth below still didn't seem very germinal. 'I hear they're having snow in Florida,' seatmate said. 'We've got a sweet chance of seeing buds and stuff on this outing.' Loudspeaker began working finally, and Captain Wanless told us we were approaching Charlottesville. 'Can't seem to find any greenery, though,' he said. 'We're going to head back to Idlewild by way of Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia.' '*Niente primavera, niente primavera*,' carolled one of the ladies aboard. 'Throw her a fish,' said my seatmate. Decided to go below to lounge deck. Came upon Mr. Creedy. Had a long, inconclusive talk about spring with Mr. Creedy. Went back up above. Manhattan now looming on horizon. By pond in Central Park spotted what looked like grove of trees beginning to bud. Said nothing about it."

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OVERHEARD at the edge of the Shelton pool, one teen-age girl to another: "Mimi could have her pick of men, but she wants them all."

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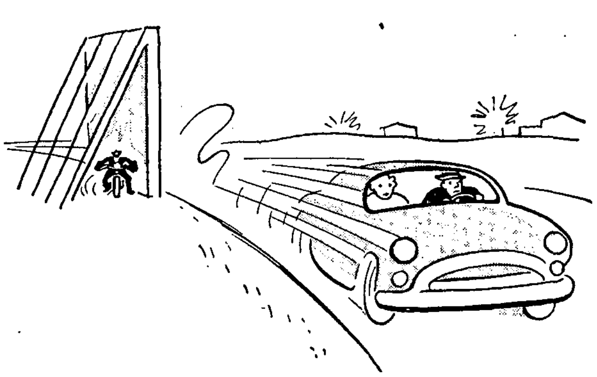


4.

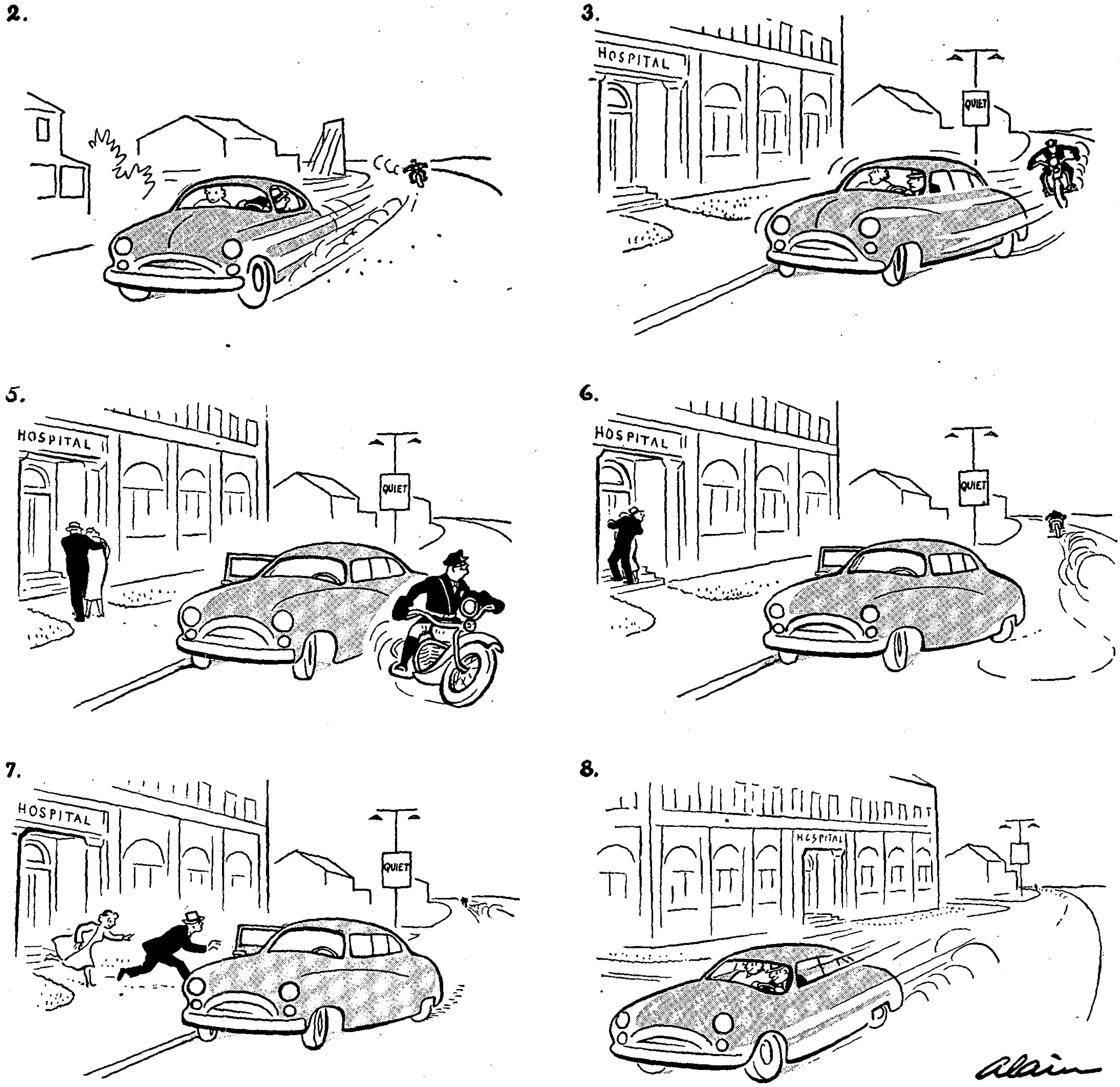
HOSPITAL
QUIET

Clean Sweep

IN a recent article in the *Tribune*, Walter Kerr argued that it's nowhere near as hard to get theatre tickets as most people claim, and here's a lady to prove that Kerr is absolutely right—Mrs. Nicholas Beadles, of Asheville, North Carolina, who spends a few weeks in town each year and manages to take in every show that's running, as well as a sizable number of operatic and ballet performances and such movies as she fears may never reach the Smokies. Having heard through a friend that Mrs. Beadles was here and had knocked off thirty shows without the least sign of faltering, we called her at her hotel in midtown and asked if we might have a talk with her. "Mercy, child!" she exclaimed in a voice that, though the accent was Southern, had no more drawl than a machine gun. "I'm going to a matinée this afternoon. 'Ondine.' Can't wait to see Miss Hepburn—having a quick lunch first. Why don't you meet me at Sardi's in fifteen minutes?"

Fifteen minutes later, we were seated with Mrs. Beadles at a table in Sardi's. A bright, merry-faced, and vigorous woman—"Sixty-five my next birthday and, Lord, I feel like a girl. Where have the years gone to?"—she fixed a monocle in her left eye, studied the bill of fare, tossed it aside, let the monocle drop into her lap, and asked the waiter for a grilled cheese on toast and a bottle of Coca-Cola. "And I'd like that Coca-Cola poured right at the table," she said. "Don't want to lose a particle of carbonation." When the waiter had gone, she explained that her late husband had been one of the founders of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Asheville and that she still likes to do what she can to help the beverage along. "I always sing out 'Coca-Cola' and not 'Coke,' " she said. "It's a right nice drink. I notice you ordered coffee. Well, no mind!"

We asked Mrs. Beadles to tell us something about her theatrical practices. Did she, for example, write to the box offices weeks in advance? Did she make use of ticket agents? "Neither," said she, attacking her cheese and Coca-Cola. "I declare, I can't be bothered making plans more than a few minutes ahead. When I want to do a thing—! Anyhow, I just come up from Asheville, check into my hotel, stuff some money in my purse, take a subway to Times Square, and start walking. The theatres being bunched together the way they are, I can sashay back and forth from one to the next. This trip, the very first day I picked up tickets to six or eight shows. I ask for any seat in the house, front or back, high or low—nothing the matter with my ears and I don't get vertigo. The sooner the better, I tell them, but no pet day, and so far this year I haven't been turned away once without a seat. The longest I've had to wait to see a show has been two weeks—that's for this 'Ondine.' In my first seventeen days here, I saw seventeen shows, two movies, an opera, and a TV broadcast. Fact is I saw six shows in three days. Couldn't have done it but for a special matinée on Washington's Birthday. Didn't tire me a bit and I got all the shows clear in my head. If I can, I like to see the bad shows before the good ones. That's because they're apt



to close so fast. If I think a show is going to be just simply *awful*, I try to get tickets to the opening. I nearly missed 'Mademoiselle Colombe,' thinking it would run through spring. My, that Julie Harris! She just has to look at you! I don't care how bad a play is, there's bound to be something I like in it."

At the time of our lunch, Mrs. B. had seen thirty-one shows. Five of them she had seen on her previous visit and had liked well enough to see again. When she sees a play for the second or third time, she prefers to go with friends; when she sees a play for the first time, she prefers to solo. Her total investment for tickets had been $70.20, or an average of $2.26 per ticket. Her favorite shows had been "The Teahouse of the August Moon," "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," and Victor Borge. "Can't remember when I wasn't crazy about the theatre," she said. "Never wanted to be an actress, just wanted to see all the shows. Maybe you read in the papers a while back that the actress Mabel Paige had died in California? Fifty years ago, she had her own travelling stock company, and every year it came to Asheville and played in the old opera house, on Patton Avenue. What a pretty little thing she was! And now she's dead and she was an old lady. Doesn't seem possible!" Mrs. B. found her monocle, fixed it in her eye, glanced at her watch, and scrambled to her feet. "My land!" she said. "Curtain time!"

Stratagem

ANXIOUS to reach her husband in New York before he left for his train, a Connecticut housewife on a party line made several unsuccessful attempts to get the operator while the line was being monopolized by two local ladies for an interminable chat. Finally, desperate but resourceful, she gently lifted the receiver off the hook, listened in on the conversation until there was a pause, and then said, "Well, goodbye." Thereupon, two receivers clicked, and she put through her call without a moment's delay.

SLICE OF LIFE

WHEN the elevator in which I had been mounting to my thirtieth-floor office after lunch stopped between the eleventh and twelfth floors, it stopped cold. The operator shoved his lever back and forth several times, but the car wouldn't go up or down. "Broke," he announced to me and my four fellow-passengers.

There followed fifteen minutes of diagnostic bawling up and down the shaft between the operator and some unseen colleagues, and then certain rumblings and clankings commenced overhead and underneath, which I took to be remedial. The operator folded a stick of Juicy Fruit into his mouth and said, "It looks as if we'll be here for a while."

"How long?" demanded a rectangular woman of forty, in snuff-colored tweeds and a brown corduroy hat of Alpine extraction.

"That's hard to say. They've got to rimify the bandelage that goes around the grims, then marinate the horpels on the rebrifuge," the operator said—or words to that effect.

"*Damn!*" said a thickset man, clearly an executive type, who was clutching a briefcase. I seemed to remember seeing pictures of him in the business sections of the metropolitan dailies. His name was Babcock or Shotwell or something. He and Tweeds were duplicates of impatience; she consulted a wristwatch in an absolute fume. "How long do you *think* it might be?" she inquired of the operator. "Hours?"

He shrugged and smiled.

"Or days," threw in a tall youth, grinning. He leaned, hatless and negligent, against a wall of the car, reading an obscure quarterly.

"Well, it might as well be days if it's anything more than"—Tweeds shot back a cuff and glared anew at the watch—"than half an hour."

"Me, too," said the executive. "I've got a conference starting in ten minutes that *positively cannot be postponed.*"

"I have a lecture audience gathering two blocks away this very minute," Tweeds said. "Oh, why did I have to pop in here first? Are they doing all they can?"

"Probably," said a handsome woman, brushing from her shoulder a pinch of rust that had sifted down through the ventilation louvers in the ceiling of the car. She was wearing a black suit and what seemed like a series of scarves. The operator had offered her his seat, on which she sat with her legs primly crossed.

Such, then, was our cast of characters: a big shot, a lady lecturer, a casual youth, an enigmatic woman in black, an elevator operator, and myself, an office worker. In other words, what you always get in a group thrown together in a snowbound train or a marooned cabin or a petrified forest—a slice of life.

As the minutes passed into an hour and the hour became two, I marked the rate of attrition on each of my co-victims. I knew that in a slice of life the crisis into which the characters are suddenly thrust affects each according to his inner self, which he thereafter faces with a new, and deeper, understanding. His whole life will be changed by the experience. But first he must be broken open.

Shotwell or Babcock was the first to give. After watching him fidget for some minutes, I went over to him and said, "Why are you in such a stew to get to this meeting?"

"I have to," he said. "When I'm out of the office, everything goes to—"

"That's what you like to *think.*" I smiled cannily.

"What do you mean?" he asked, avoiding my eyes.

"In how many years haven't you taken a vacation?"

"Fourteen," he said, momentarily squaring his shoulders.

"Fourteen years you haven't dared to leave town for fear everything would go on running as smooth as—"

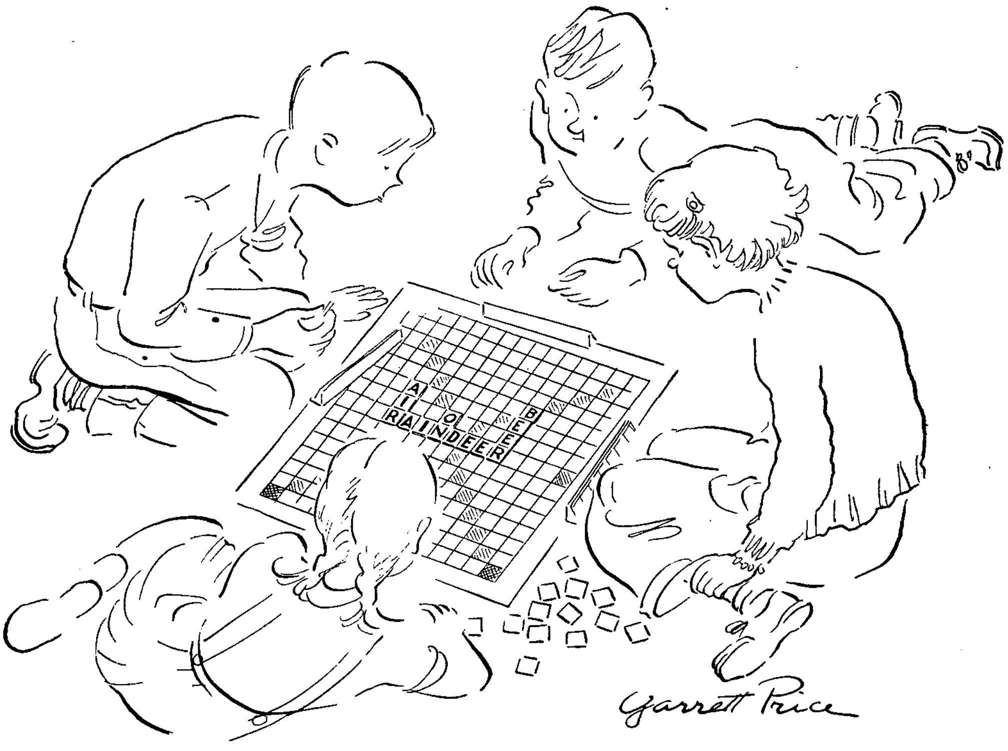
"That's a lie!"

"—as silk. It wasn't the other way around, as you've always tried to make everybody believe, *especially yourself.* Oh, everything's going all right up there," I said, following his panicky glance upward.

"It isn't, either! It's not true!" he said. Dropping his briefcase, he seized the bars of the car door in both hands and, rattling it like a caged beast, bellowed to be let out.

I sprang swiftly into action. Swinging him around by the coat collar, I slapped him smartly across the chops several times. This brought shocked stares from the rest, but they must instantly have realized my action to be the attested one for staunching hysteria in situations of this kind, for no one spoke. "It is the irony of power that those who wield it become its victims, dependent on it themselves," I told the magnate when I had brought him back to his senses. "If this experience helps you put away false pride, it will have proved a blessing in disguise. Learn that no one is indispensable—and find an enriching sense of the value of others."

I LEFT the executive slumped on the floor, dazedly pondering my counsel, and slipped over to have a word with Tweeds. She was sitting on the floor herself. "I wonder how long they'll wait for me," she asked herself aloud.



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"I'll bet you didn't complain to *them* *about the coffee."*

• •

"Forget it. They've gone home," I said. "It's two hours."

"They can't have gone. It was to be my most important lecture of the year."

"Important to whom?" I said, letting myself down beside her with the expression of stolid yet sensitive understanding of one from whom strength naturally flows. In low, confidential tones, I went on, "What hurts is the thought of their going home, or maybe off to a movie, without feeling they've missed much—idle women who came to hear you because they had nothing better to do. So it's *they* who are important to *you.*"

"Of all the unmitigated—"

"That's the discovery you get out of this," I said. "Take that chastening thought home with you and rebuild your life on its hard, firm knowledge—a knowledge without illusions but capable of giving you wider horizons. *Egotism is the pup tent that shuts out the sky.*"

I slid a bit away from Tweeds, who had raised her fist as if to ward off an inclement truth, and now paused in my ministrations to smoke a cigarette. I did not, however, relax my lookout for fissures in the composure of my remaining companions. I puzzled a moment over the aloof air maintained by the slender woman in black. Then I had it. Of course. Every slice of life has a prostitute, or at least a woman of easy virtue, and she, in turn, would not be complete as a character if she did not live this one hour behind a mask of cool propriety. Well, her secret was safe with me. Extinguishing my cigarette on the sole of my shoe, I rose from the floor and drifted unobtrusively to her side.

"Crisis is the great leveller," I observed, in a cordial undertone. "You, of all of us, may depart in peace."

"Go boil a banana," she said.

The acidity of her retort only proved to me that my message had gone home; naturally, I did not forget that such a hard shell as hers concealed the more a heart of gold. No, it was the youth I had to worry about—for his insouciance had not fooled me for a second. It was the calm of profound fear. His secret came to me in a flash. He had to prove he wasn't a coward. How could I have missed it until now? In any case, I admired his game—to appear cool as a cucumber while the implacable hammers flattened our brains and the corrosive minutes wore away—but I knew it couldn't last. It was time I gave *him* a bit of myself.

"Would you like to talk about it?" I said, inviting his confidence with a sympathetic smile. "Go back as far as you like—to your childhood, to how it all got started. For the crust is never so hard that it can't be beaten back into a batter *if we have the will.*"

He gave me a look and, pocketing the quarterly (in which he had all this time affected to remain immersed!), drew out a document typewritten in a language I did not recognize.

"Ah, the intellectual, with his Sanskrit, Phoenician, and the dialects of the Ozarks," I said. "Well, that's all right. Each of us has his defense against the world. Student?"

"I'm writing my doctor's thesis," he said.

"Why can't your doctor write his own thesis?" I said, beaming at the others, for it was time for some comedy relief. The uniform grimness of their faces told me how long past due this relief was, and I redoubled my efforts.

"Seems there were these two Swedes," I said, "who went out fishing on this lake in this rowboat. So they pulled in fish like they never had before. Soon the whole boat was full of fish, and the first Swede said to the second, 'Say, Olie, we sure got goot place today. By Yiminy, we ought to remember this spot in the lake, so we can come hair next time, 'cause this yim-dandy—' "

Here the youth cracked. "How much are flesh and blood supposed to stand!" he yelled, rattling the door of the car even more furiously than the executive had. "Are we going to stay in this godforsaken trap forever?"

Wrenching him back from the door, I pinned him against the side of the car and continued rapidly, "And the second Swede said, 'By Yeorge, you right, Sven. We yust got to remember this hair spot. Lucky thing Ay got piece of chalk in my pocket. Ay make mark so we can tell this place next time.' And he reached over and drew a line on the outside of the rowboat."

Clawing free of my grasp, the youth put his hands to my throat in an apparent attempt to throttle me. The

THE DOLL HOUSE

After the children left it, after it stood
For a while in the attic,
Along with the badminton set, and the skis too good
To be given away, and the Peerless Automatic
Popcorn Machine that used to fly into rages,
And the Dr. Dolittle books, and the hamsters' cages,
She brought it down once more
To a bedroom, empty now, on the second floor
And put the furniture in.
There was nothing much
That couldn't be used again with a bit of repair.
It was all there,
Perfect and little and inviolate.
So, with the delicate touch
A jeweller learns, she mended the rocking chair,
Meticulously laundered
The gossamer parlor curtains, dusted the grate,
Glued the glazed turkey to the flowered plate,
And polished the Lilliput writing desk.
She squandered
One bold October day and half the night
Binding the carpets round with a ribbon border;
Till, to her grave delight
(With the kettle upon the stove, the mirror's face
Scoured, the formal sofa set in its place),
She saw the dwelling decorous and in order.

It was a good house. It had been artfully built
By an idle carpenter once, when the times were duller.
The windows opened and closed. The knocker was gilt.
And every room was painted a suitable color
Or papered to scale
For the sake of the miniature Adam and Chippendale.
And there were proper hallways,
Closets, lights, and a staircase. (What had always
Pleased her most
Was the tiny, exact mahogany newel post.)
And always, too, wryly she thought to herself,
Absently pinning
A drapery's pleat, smoothing a cupboard shelf—
Always, from the beginning,
This outcome had been clear. Ah! She had known
Since the first clapboard was fitted, first rafter hung
(Yet not till now had known that she had known),
This was no daughters' fortune but her own—
Something cautiously lent to the careless young
To dazzle their cronies with for a handful of years
Till the season came
When their toys diminished to programs and souvenirs,
To tousled orchids, diaries well in arrears,
Anonymous snapshots stuck round a mirror frame,
Or letters locked away.
Now seed of the past
Had fearfully flowered. Wholly her gift at last,
Here was her private estate, a peculiar treasure
Cut to her fancy's measure.
Now there was none to trespass, no one to mock
The extravagance of her sewing or her spending
(The tablecloth stitched out of lace, the grandfather's clock,
Stately upon the landing,
With its hands eternally pointing to ten past five).

Now all would thrive.

Over this house, most tranquil and complete,
Where no storm ever beat,
Whose innocent stair
No messenger ever climbed on quickened feet
With tidings of either rapture or despair,
She was sole mistress. Through the panes she was able
To peer at her world reduced to the size of dream
But pure and unaltering.
There stood the dinner table,
Invincibly agleam
With the undishevelled candles, the flowers that bloomed
Forever and forever,
The wine that never
Spilled on the cloth or sickened or was consumed.

The *Times* lay at the doorsill, but it told
Daily the same unstirring report. The fire
Painted upon the hearth would not turn cold,
Or the constant hour change, or the heart tire
Of what it must pursue,
Or the guest depart, or anything here be old.

"Nor ever," she whispered, "bid the spring adieu."

And caught into this web of quietnesses
Where there was neither After nor Before,
She reached her hand to stroke the unwithering grasses
Beside the small and incorruptible door.

—Phyllis McGinley

• •

situation was more serious than I had thought. Flinging him back against the wall again with all my strength, I planted my knee in his stomach and panted, "And the first Swede said, 'Olie, how can you be so dumb? What good it bane do us to make a mark on the rowboat? What if we don't get the same rowboat next time?' "

I RELEASED the youth, and we stood a moment straightening our clothes, breathing heavily. There was a cascade of malediction from above, and a large clump of matter struck the ventilation louvers in such a way as to baptize the majority of us with dark silt. Events were moving swiftly to their climax. I gave the youth a grin of new understanding, and then, shaking a cigarette out of a pack, hung it in his mouth. I extended a light to him, striking the match on my thumbnail. "It's no crime to be afraid," I said, for everyone's benefit.

The woman in black dropped her head in her hand and said, "God."

I stepped over and addressed her softly. "I know. The snow of the apple blossoms in the spring, the white rose of winter snows—to think you will never see these again. But you will. We'll get out of this, and everything out there will seem dearer. That's the great value of an experience like this. We come out of it better able—to use the words with which the poet exhorts us—to love that well which we must leave ere long."

The elevator operator was circling the car, swivelling a fist against his palm. "Judas priest," he muttered under his breath. Was he going next? I saw him wet his lips and heard him shout rather shrilly up the shaft, "When are you guys ever going to get done?"

"Done now," the answer floated down. "See if she works."

She worked.

And now, the passengers having stirred from their several funks and lethargies, and readied themselves for restoration to the normal world, we resumed our interrupted journey. The woman in black and the youth got off at the same floor, one occupied largely by dentists' offices. The two of them struck up a conversation as the elevator door closed behind them, the woman glancing momentarily back at me. A springing acquaintance? New beginnings . . . ? Tweeds and the tycoon got off at their respective stops. And all, on leaving, thanked me (there was no other way of interpreting their parting looks and indistinguishable murmurs as they went past me) for my firm and masterly handling of the situation.

WELL, the incident of the stalled car was the talk of the building for some days. Few mentioned it to me directly, but this I laid to their assumption that I might not like to talk about it. However, I did not doubt that some note of my role in the matter would be taken in my office.

I was right. My next salary check was three times its regular size. I had not expected to be rewarded on that scale! There was a brief communication accompanying it, which I unfolded and read: "The recent incident with regard to the broken elevator has come to our attention. The report shows the elevator to have become stalled at 1:07 o'clock, and you were known to have left the building on your lunch hour at a quarter to twelve. This office takes the term 'lunch hour' to mean precisely that—sixty minutes—but you apparently prefer to regard it as any length of time suitable to yourself. Since this has been a continuing offense in your case, we suggest you look for a corporation less interested than we in how you spend the middle of the day. Your services are no longer required, effective today. We are enclosing with your salary two weeks' severance pay."

And that's how *my* whole life was changed by the experience.

—Peter De Vries

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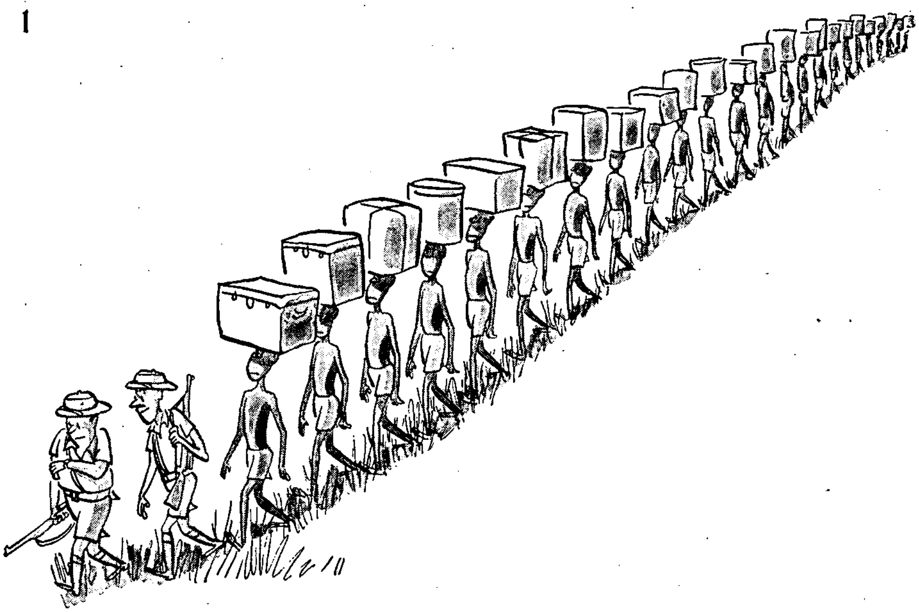

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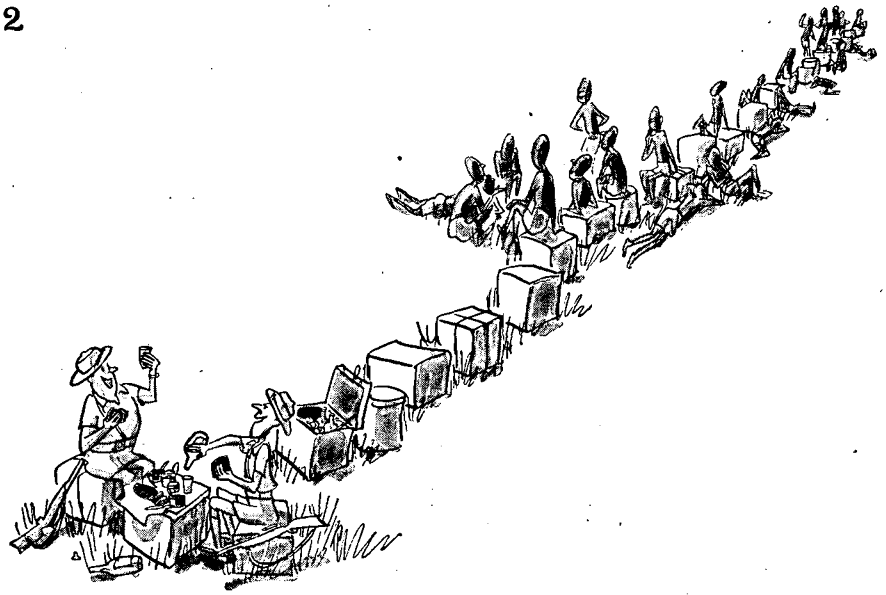

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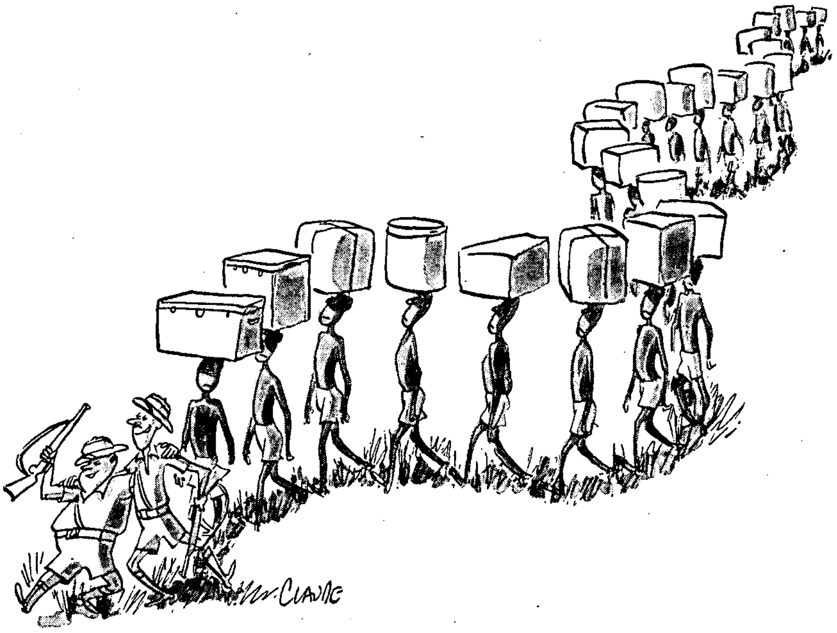
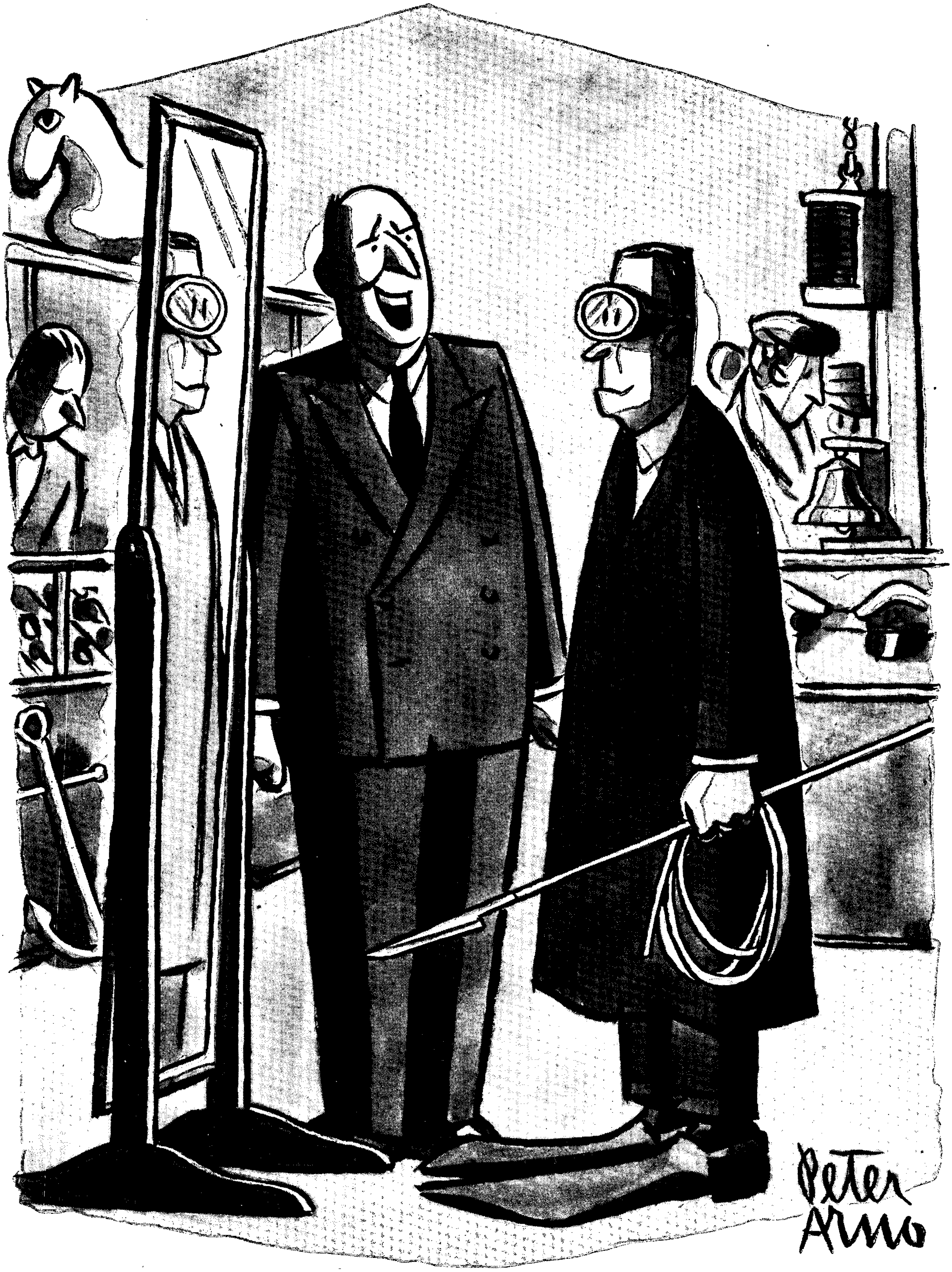




"Bermuda, here we come, eh, Mr. Stanton?"

THE GHOST IN THE GARDEN

IN India you can always recognize a ghost by his feet, which are attached to his ankles the wrong way around, with the heels in front and the toes pointing backward. The rest of his appearance may be entirely normal, and, of course, since a ghost doesn't wish to be recognized, he usually takes the trouble to hide his feet. Indian clothes are particularly well suited to this purpose. The loose pajamas of a northern Indian man, the southern man's *mundu* (a sort of long sarong), a woman's sari, and the robes of a holy man—a *sanyasi*—are all floor-length, all excellent disguises.

The problem of recognizing a ghost by somehow persuading him to expose his feet occupied a great deal of my time the spring I was ten. My mother, my sister, and I spent some months in my mother's family home, just outside Allahabad, while my father travelled in south India, and I learned a few days after we arrived that the house—or, rather, the garden—was haunted.

It wasn't a particularly big house, but it was full of people. My great-grandmother was alive at that time, very old, incredibly frail, almost deaf, and quite blind. In the late afternoons, she used to sit cross-legged on a wooden platform out in the courtyard behind the house, her white hair turned luminous and pink by the declining sun, her maid beside her, from time to time wrapping her special concoction of tobacco and lime in betel leaves and handing her the little bright-green packages.

The platform—platforms are the chief items of furniture in Indian homes—was about the size of a low double bed, and was the only thing to sit on in the courtyard. Occasionally, my grandfather would join my great-grandmother on it, but since he was very jolly and loved to talk, he soon became bored with so remote an audience, and would call the children to him. My four cousins, my sister, and I—or as many of us as were in the courtyard—would then collect around him and listen while, accompanied by the gentle bubbling of his hookah, he told us stories of kings and battles, or fragments of his childhood, or bits of family history. One of his favorites, I remember, concerned an ancestor of ours, a man who was deplored by his family and mocked by his acquaintances because he would never work. He would only sit in his garden, watch the brilliant flights of birds, and write poetry. This was in the early eighteenth century, during the days of the Mogul rule of India, and one day, when the court of the Great Mogul announced a poetry competition, our family wastrel decided to travel to the capital and read his poems to the Emperor. When he arrived, the Muslim courtiers laughed at the impudence of a Hindu who thought he could compete with the great Persian tradition of poetry, and declared that he should be the last of the contestants to appear before the Mogul.

"It was well known," my grandfather used to say, "that Hindus could not hear the song that lies within the simplest words of our daily language. But *he* had studied the music of the birds, he had listened to the leaves in his trees, and had heard the fall of the dew. His poetry was far more beautiful than anything the Mogul court could write. The Emperor was so deeply moved that at the end of the reading he exclaimed, 'I cannot simply say that you are the best poet, for you are the king, the Shah, of poets!' "

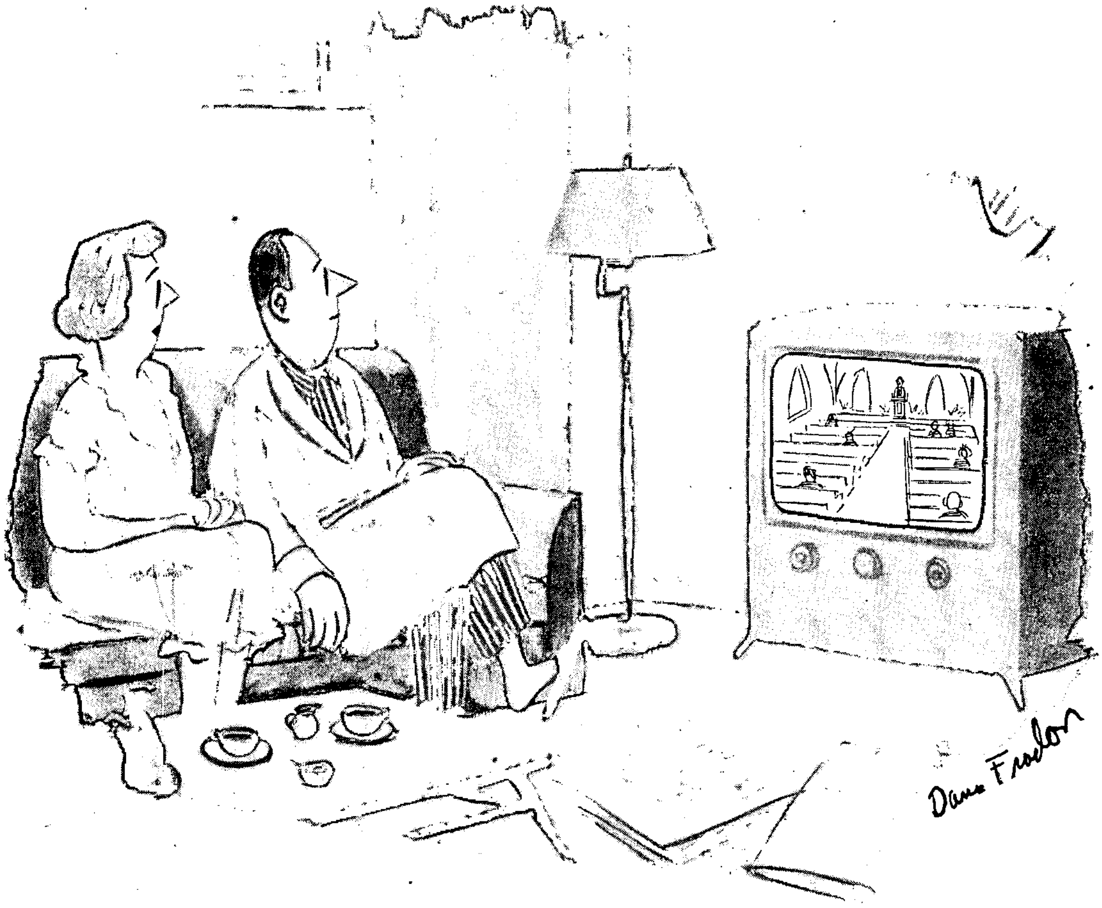
From that time on, our ancestor was called Shah. "Your second cousins," my grandfather would invariably conclude, "are still named Shah. Has it never struck you as strange that there should be a *Muslim* name in our family?"

If I hadn't been worried about the ghost, those last couple of hours before sunset would have been a pleasant time of day, with the great violet shadows moving across the courtyard and the old lady sitting, nodding in silence. Back and forth, from the storerooms to the kitchen—a separate building, opening off the courtyard—my grandmother and one or another of my aunts would go, busy about their household duties. On the kitchen doorstep, the servants would be squatting with shallow brass pans before them, cleaning the rice and vegetables for the evening meal. My oldest cousin, Radha, would return from her classes at the Allahabad University. Another of my cousins, Mohan, younger than Radha but also at the university, would wheel in later on his bicycle, sweaty from playing tennis with his friends. My grandfather would pause for a second to greet each new arrival, and then continue with his stories.

MOST of the time, I only half listened to my grandfather, because this was also the time of the day when my anxiety about the ghost began to intensify. Actually, the story of the ghost was a good deal more banal than most of my grandfather's stories. All of us had been forbidden to talk about it—not so much because the family disapproved of superstition as because the story was not considered suitable for young children.

It concerned a gardener who had worked in the family's compound a generation before. He was a widower, but in the last years of his life he decided to marry again. He had saved enough money, he felt, to command the best, and, in fact, he did secure as his wife the prettiest girl in his native village, a few miles the other side of Allahabad, and brought her to live in his house near the compound. I don't suppose he was in love with her—I don't suppose he thought in such terms—but she was undeniably his most cherished possession. She was a beautiful ornament, and even if she wasn't a particularly talented or economical housekeeper, still, he didn't seem to mind, although he made quite a point of chiding or disparaging her in public.

She, it later turned out, was resentful of her old and bossy husband, and rather repelled by him, but most of all, she felt lonely and homesick, for her husband's friends were old and her own seemed far away. So, when a distant relative of hers, a young man, found a job (through her husband's recommendation) in a neighboring compound, she saw a lot of him, and inevitably they became lovers. For some months, they managed their affair with



"In closing, I wish to announce that, for obvious reasons, these regular Sunday-morning broadcasts will be discontinued."

remarkable discretion, but nothing is secret very long in India, and eventually the gardener heard about it. He was angry, of course, at his wife's ingratitude, and jealous of her beauty, and he returned home unexpectedly one afternoon when he was supposed to be working in the orchards, and discovered the lovers together. He hadn't, the story goes, expected to find so great a fury in himself—an old man, past the age for such emotions.

His wife saw his face and ran screaming from the house. He followed her, waving the long stick with a hooked knife on the end that he used in cleaning the springy undergrowth from around the fruit trees. He caught her as she reached the well just outside the courtyard of our house. He tried to hold her—or did he try to push her? Anyway, in the confusion of his anger and her fear, she fell down the well—a huge, old-fashioned well, bricked on the inside, with an old wooden scaffold above it, a rope, and a winding handle—and was drowned.

The gardener went back to his house, bewildered and in despair. He never went to work again but merely sat in his one room staring at the mud walls, the uneven floor, the litter of cooking pans and discarded clothes. The wives of the other servants brought him food every day, and sometimes he ate it and sometimes he didn't. But he needed something more than food to keep him alive, and he never recaptured it. He died a few months later, alone and still bewildered, without having talked to anyone after his wife's death.

As for the lover, he fled, and was never seen again. My cousins and I believed, for some reason, that he had been in a ghastly accident soon afterward, and that, although nobody had ever seen his ghost, it lurked in the branches of the huge neem tree that shaded our courtyard. The wife was a less cautious ghost, and several people had seen her. Mohan, for instance, claimed, with entirely convincing detail, that he had watched her wandering disconsolately under the mango trees beyond the well—searching, he assumed, for her lover. (Her husband, to whom we assigned no guilt, wasn't driven to return by the traditional restlessness of ghosts.) Mohan said he had come home after dark from the house of one of his college friends and was getting off his bicycle just outside the courtyard when he saw her, a faint, fugitive figure in the deep shadows. He assured us that the starlight caught an occasional gleam of silver from her sari or her jewelry—and why, he demanded, would she be wearing her wedding finery except to delight her lover? Certainly she had never worn it for her husband after the day of her ceremonial arrival at his house.

We might have doubted Mohan's unsupported word. He loved to tease us. He would tell us to rush out to the garden and see an airplane—one of our greatest excitements at that time—when there was nothing in the sky but the high, hovering hawks and the mist of dust over the town. Once he made us crouch for a long time staring into the eye of a cobra that had been killed in the garden and watching for a picture of the man who had killed him to form. This, Mohan told us, was how the mate of the cobra would know whom to strike for her revenge. But in the case of the ghost, a couple of the servants corroborated Mohan's story. They, too, had glimpsed the mysterious white figure, and there was much agitated discussion among them of why, after so many years, the ghost had chosen this time to appear. Was it a portent? A warning? Should they, perhaps, be less confident of the fidelity of their wives? And then a friend who came to call on the family after dinner one evening asked casually if it wasn't rather late for one of the girls to be walking alone in the garden. My grandmother quickly and sternly said that it was probably just the sweeper's wife returning home. The friend began to protest that she was too well dressed, but he dropped the matter in the face of my grandmother's obvious annoyance.

MY youngest cousin, Gita—Mohan's sister—and I talked endlessly about what we would do if we should happen to meet the ghost. Gita, who was eleven, was both braver and more skeptical than I was, and felt very strongly that it would be silly and rude to assume that any mysterious woman in the garden after dark was a ghost until we had made sure by looking at her feet. Suppose, Gita said, it really *was* the sweeper's wife. She would think we had gone off our heads if we ran away from her without even a word of greeting.

In the slow, hot hours of the afternoon, when the grownups were resting indoors and the house was closed tight against the sun, Gita and I used to walk down to the guava orchard, each carrying a small package of salt. There we would lie in the dusty shade of the trees, eating unripe guavas dipped in the salt and making pleased, sour faces at the taste. Daily we discussed the ghost. We had several ingenious schemes for getting her to show her feet. We thought, for instance, of suggesting that she come with us to a mosque or temple, where she would have to remove her shoes before she entered. That would undoubtedly give us an opportunity to look at her feet. But there were flaws in this plan. A ghost would be sure to refuse to go with us in the first place. Besides, there were no mosques or temples closer than the town itself, and neither of us really had the courage to walk for nearly an hour with a possible ghost.

We thought of trying to find her footprints, too. Most of the garden was too dry, and the ground baked too hard, at that time of year, to hold a print, but there was always a muddy patch near the well, where water was spilled or the damp seeped up from below. Conveniently enough, this was the part of the garden where the servants said the ghost liked to walk, but so many other people came to the well in the course of the day that we were sure we would never be able to distinguish her footprints from the hundreds of others, especially since—it occurred to us—they would probably look like natural ones.

We even considered the possibility of using mice. Were ghosts afraid of them, we wondered. If we released one suddenly, would she, without thinking, raise her sari in alarm? We thought she probably would, but we would have the inconvenience of going around every evening of our lives armed with a mouse for the emergency.

It was all very complicated, and usually, after some time, we would revert to our other major topic of conversation—whom our cousin Radha would marry when she graduated from college. He would have to be a Brahmin, and preferably a Kashmiri Brahmin, because that was the community to which we all belonged. It was a large, very cliquish minority in the town; all its members were descended from the Brahmins who had fled into voluntary exile when Kashmir was invaded by the Muslims, and had settled in Allahabad. Almost all of them were related, in one way or another, so Radha's match had to be carefully planned; the man must be one whose connection with our family was distant enough to be religiously acceptable but who was still within the community.

Radha's should have been an extremely easy marriage to arrange, because she was very beautiful in a way that is much admired by Kashmiris. She was tall and slender, with wavy reddish hair, a white skin, and rather startling gray eyes set with a slight tilt up toward her temples. In every way, she was most eligible, but Radha herself said disdainfully that she had no intention of getting married, that she wanted to get a job, and that people could think what they wished but she wasn't going to discuss the matter further.

None of the family took this announcement seriously. My grandmother didn't believe the part about the job at all, but she was, on the whole, rather pleased that Radha could afford to be so offhand about her marriage. Too great an eagerness for a husband was scarcely becoming in a girl, and, besides, having a marriageable daughter sought after rather than seeking put the family in a strong position.

Gita and I knew that negotiations had already been begun. The parents of various young men had, in the conventional way, sent the horoscopes of their sons for the family priest and astrologer to compare with Radha's horoscope and see if the combination augured well for the young couple. Actually, the main purpose of this practice was to give the girl's family a graceful way of refusing proposals and selecting the most desirable suitor.

Gita and I had already chosen our favorite. We had borrowed the horoscopes from their hiding place in my grandmother's big metal trunk, which contained the household linen, and had decided on the one whose owner would be "a leader of men" whose fame was to spread beyond the province. We interpreted this to mean that he would somehow become a prince, and we were very taken with the idea of a real shah in the family, instead of only the namesakes of the old poet. It was a great relief, in the long afternoons, to forget the ghost for a while and daydream about visiting Radha in her palace after she became a queen.

Mohan, typically, used to tease Radha to a fury about her admirers in college, the students who sat and stared at her during lectures, when they should have been taking notes. "Ridiculous!" Radha would say. "What nonsense you talk!"

But Mohan would go on, in his plaging sing-song, and talk about Radha's "special"—a most unsuitable admirer, wrong in both caste and community, who was so much in

love with her that his college work had gone to pot and nobody thought he would pass his final examinations.

Radha, caught between anger and tears, once shouted, "You fool! What do *you* know about anything? It's because of politics. He spends all his time on *politics!*" And she ran weeping from the room. My grandmother scolded Mohan, and afterward Radha was more scornful than ever about the proposals and suggestions for her marriage.

This mention of politics worried my grandmother. At that time, the Indian independence movement had caught fire all across the country, and we heard a lot about *Swaraj* and civil disobedience. In the colleges, particularly, groups of fervent nationalists were forming, ready to lead strikes, carry flags bearing anti-British slogans, or go to jail, like Gandhi. My grandmother forbade Radha to meddle in such things, and Radha was sulky and silent, but she defiantly had the borders of her white muslin saris dyed orange and green, and so went to college every day wearing the nationalist colors.

Gita and I were generally on Radha's side, but, talking lazily in the shade of the guava trees, we worried a good deal lest she remain stubborn for so long that her chances might slide away until she had grown too old to be desirable. Eventually, the salt and the sour guavas would make us so thirsty that we'd wander back to the courtyard to get a drink from the big terra-cotta jar that stood in one corner, in the shade. The water in it always tasted of the smell of earth after rain. Soon tea would be served, my great-grandmother would take up her place on the platform, my grandfather would emerge with his hookah, and the evening would begin.

AT night, the servants carried the family's beds—light wooden frames crisscrossed with a webbing of tape—out into the courtyard, put the thin mattresses and the bedclothes on them, and set mosquito nets over them. The whole family slept outdoors, in a long column of beds, in the tepid darkness. Gita and I usually went to bed only a little while before the grownups. From within our white cubes of netting, we whispered to each other, identifying the members of the family as they passed us—indistinct shapes accompanied by the soft flapping of sandals. After they had all been accounted for, we often stayed awake a little longer to be sure that no additional figure was moving about the courtyard—that the ghost had in fact stayed safely outside the wall.

THE MORNING TRACK

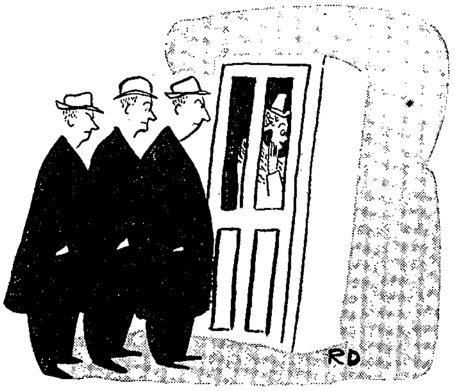
Beginning in half darkness,
The horses up for hours with the men,
The quick slush of riding hoofs comes easily
Sounding around the muddy track, distantly
Fading into nearness and out of it again.
The high hum of singing from the gangling grooms
Beats a morning blues harmony, modified for years
By the endless running hoofs.
In the green morning—with the light
Mist of dawn rolling with the horse's breath
And the drifting ground smoke of fires
Built for water- and hand-warming—
Moving under the young sun,
The horse with his quick slush comes sounding
Easily off the track, snorting at the groom's
Caressing, cool hand.
Easy, easy, baby boy—
He loves the dumb horse with the dumbness
Of his cool hands upon him, rubbing down
The hard-veined animal powered by slim,
Brainy legs, poised delicately under the heaving body,
Like mobiles of bones and tendon, wired beautifully,
Just this side of stillness and of death.

—Edward Parone

• •

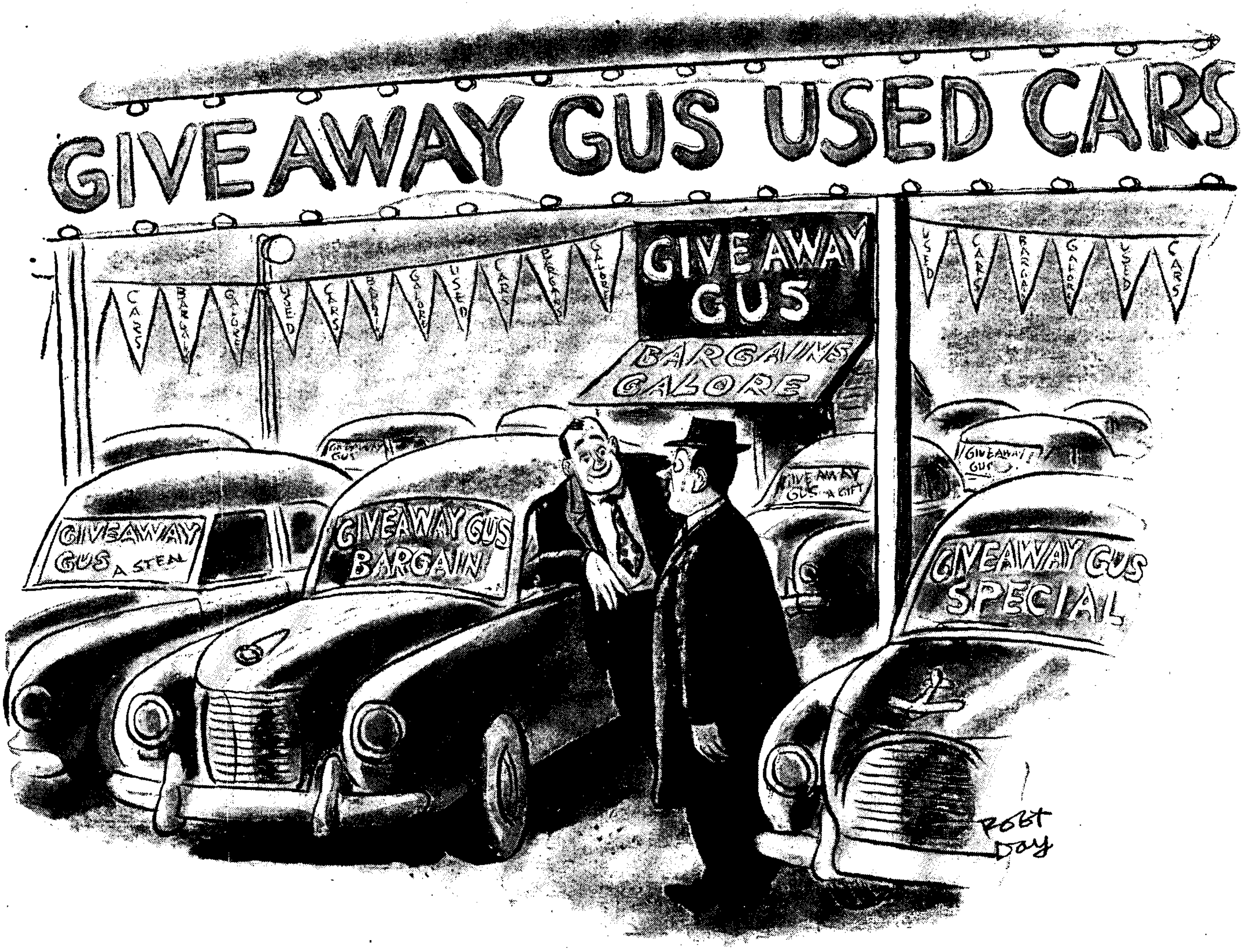
We would wake, in the sweet chill of the early morning, to the sound of my grandmother singing hymns in her prayer room, to the smell of the first wood smoke from the kitchen fire, and to the creaking of the winding rope of the well, where two blindfold oxen with painted foreheads and silver-tipped horns were walking round and round, turning the wheel and raising the day's supply of water. The only reminder of the ghost came when we broke off twigs of the neem tree to brush our teeth with. I used to wonder briefly then about the man that haunted its branches, and decide that I needn't think about it until evening came again.

THE night I saw the ghost must have been at the end of April. I remember that the first mangoes had arrived, and that the corroding heat of the last two months before the monsoon had already set in. Those nights, we dined later and stayed up later than we had been doing, not wanting to lose the few comfortable hours of the day. On one such evening, when the grownups were deep in uninteresting family talk, when Radha had gone indoors saying she had to study for her examinations, and Mohan and my other cousins were playing a complicated card game, which they told us we were too young for, Gita and I decided to watch the moonrise.



We climbed the courtyard wall and seated ourselves precariously on top of it, looking over the dusty fruit trees beyond the well to the paleness on the horizon where the moon would appear. We had a theory that if we could catch the exact moment when the rim of the moon was level with the rim of the earth, we would see a vivid green flash leap from the horizon. We had never actually managed to prove this, either because we blinked or because something distracted us, but still we hopefully watched the moonrise from time to time. That night, we missed the green flash once more, because we both turned at the same instant, aware of some slight stirring under the mango trees. We couldn't see anything there, but by the time we turned back, the edge of the moon was already showing, and it was rising, in the way of the Indian moon, almost visibly.

Again there was a stirring in the shadows, this time more distinct, and



"Pardon me, but am I talking to Giveaway himself?"

• •

when we stared, we could make out a pale figure walking away from us and see the first, slanting glitter of moonlight on the silver at her wrists.

I think I must have made a movement to get down from the wall, for something just then loosened a piece of the old mortar, which fell whispering down the bricks and landed with an alarmingly loud noise on the ground. The ghost must have heard it. At once, she vanished into the deeper darkness. Then Gita and I, still staring, saw that the taller figure of a man was still standing, entirely motionless and all in white, under the trees where we had seen the other.

We scrambled down the inside of the wall and stood breathless in the courtyard. It had not, of course, occurred to either of us to check on the figures' feet. We held on to each other, unable to speak, for what must, I suppose, have been several minutes. It was only after we had got back to the family, still sitting and talking in an ordinary way, to the security of the oil lamp with the big, stupid moths bumping into it, to the quarrels of the cardplayers, that our excitement exploded and we gabbled the story over and over. My cousins dropped their cards, the grownups began to protest. We had made it all up, they said, or we were dreaming.

Radha came out of the house looking flushed and worried.

"We *saw* them! We *saw* them!" Gita shouted. "We were—"

"Shut *up!*" Radha said, her face tense with anger.

"But it's true! We saw the ghosts—*both* of them!"

"Ghosts?" Radha said, and then, with a sudden change of tone, "Oh, ghosts." Almost vaguely she added, "You foolish children, can't you ever think of anything but that boring old ghost? I thought the world was coming to an end the way you were yelling out here." She shook back her bangles, gleaming silver in the lamplight, glanced out into the dark reaches of the courtyard, and went back indoors.

"She's studying too hard," her mother said. "She's nervous."

But my grandmother was looking very thoughtful. Slowly she got to her feet and followed Radha into the house.

—SANTHA RAMA RAU

•

According to Dr. Jellinek the subway may, however, have its good side.

"I believe that perhaps the average New Yorker has been conditioned to the rough-and-tumble of the trains," she said. "Maybe the experience has fortified him against other tensions, but there is no data on the subject and therefore it is only an opinion."

She thinks it would be interesting to interview and test riders before and after rush-hour experience.

"I am sure it would show a rise in general anxiety if nothing more," she said.

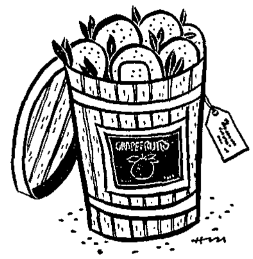
Why did Marilyn Monroe marry Joe DiMaggio anyway?—*The Post.*

Part of the rough-and-tumble?

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE MARTYRDOM OF BILL THE BUTCHER—II

AMERICANISM—the kind of Americanism that claims exclusive rights to the name, and does what it can, generally speaking, to keep the country from making a broad-minded chump of itself by recognizing other claims—had one of its strongest pre-twentieth-century booms in the years between, roughly, 1830 and 1860. During that time, the advocates of a certain form of this kind of Americanism called themselves, and were called, Native Americans, or just Americans. They were represented politically by the Know-Nothing Party, which elected a number of governors, mayors, and lesser public officers, and in 1856 nominated a Presidential candidate, Millard Fillmore, who polled 874,534 votes, or a little more than a fifth of the national total. The main, and practically the only, doctrine of Native Americanism was that there were too many foreign-born people—particularly too many foreign-born Catholics from Ireland—in the United States. On the constructive side, the Americans held that (1) these people ought to go back where they came from, and (2) if they stayed here, they ought to be kept in their place, or they would seize the government and sell us out to the Pope in Rome.



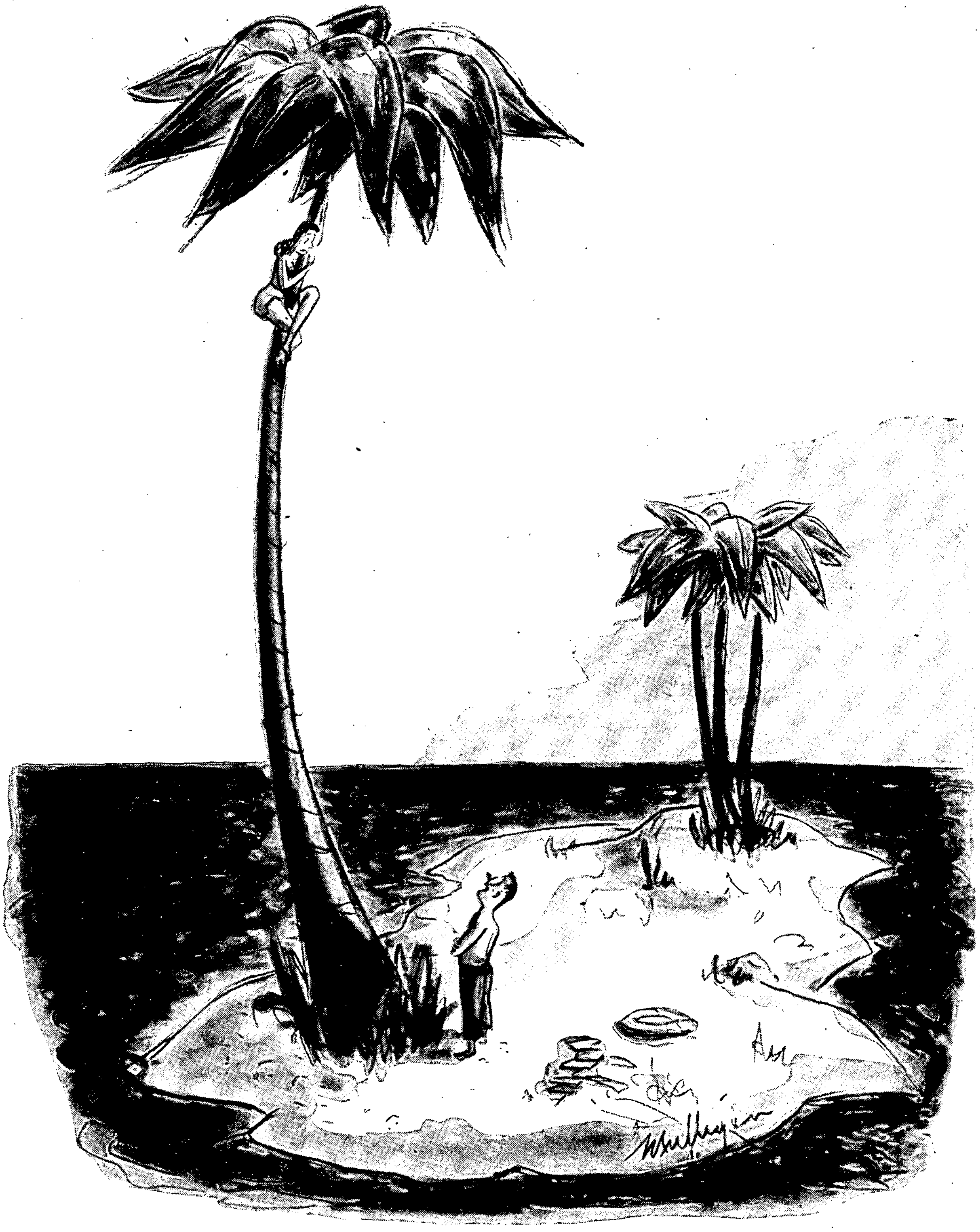
The chief center of Know-Nothing sentiment was New York City, where Americanism played a lively, and sometimes a violent, part in the town's life from 1830 on. Inflammatory handbills circulated by Native American politicians had a good deal to do with the Astor Place riots, in 1849, in which twenty-two people were either killed by the militia or trampled to death during a demonstration against an English actor, William Macready, who was trying to play his un-American Macbeth in competition with the Macbeth of a home-grown actor, Edwin Forrest. These riots were as bloody a single performance as alien-baiting ever produced in New York, but to Know-Nothing connoisseurs neither the cause nor the result counted full points. Macready was foreign-born, but he wasn't an Irish Catholic; twenty-two Americans had been martyred, but none of them were well known. On both these scores, Americanism's great moment came six years later—at twelve-forty-five on the morning of Sunday, February 25, 1855—when Bill Poole was fatally shot at Stanwix Hall, at Broadway and Houston Street, the newest of the city's twenty-three hundred saloons. Poole was a butcher, a barkeeper, a hoodlum, and a man of modest means. But he was also a famous Native American figure, who had defied Pius IX in nearly every bar on Broadway and, to show he meant business, had beaten up more Irishmen than anyone else in town, his victims having included John Morrissey, an Irish-born politician who was widely considered the champion prizefighter of America. Lewis Baker, the man who shot Poole, and who was later captured at sea while trying to escape to the Canary Islands, happened to be Welsh by birth. But he was a crony of Morrissey's, and Morrissey was Poole's worst enemy. Know-Nothing newspapers therefore lost no time in proclaiming that Poole had been done in at the order of "Irish plotters," who had paid Baker and another immigrant, Patrick McLaughlin—generally called just Paudeen—a hundred dollars to do the job. Poole himself, as he lay dying in his home, at the west end of Christopher Street, added, or is said to have added, a touch that made his martyrdom a completely successful package, as a modern phrase has it. "I die a true American," he is reported to have said. At any rate, the statement was passed along carefully by friends at the bedside to newspapermen who were keeping a deathwatch in and around Poole's house. It was quoted in nearly every paper in the city.

Poole's resistance was prodigious; he lived for eleven days after the shooting, with a bullet in his pericardium, the outer sheath of the heart. By the time he died, early in the morning of Thursday, March 8th, a colorful account of the events at Stanwix Hall, interpreting them as a pitched battle with an Irish invasion army, had been supplied by friends of his in Jefferson Market Court and had become semi-official. Poole had a wife and a young son—useful equipment for a martyr. Mrs. Poole wept freely and sincerely at his bedside, along with several of his admirers, including Tom Hyer, who had been the first generally recognized prizefight champion of America, and who was now a practicing Know-Nothing, referred to by one and all in his set as the Chief. It is not certain at just what point in his last hours Poole said, "I die a true American." There is no sound nonpartisan evidence that he did say it. But there seems to be no reason he shouldn't have said it. He was an intelligent man, and a smooth phrase-maker for most practical purposes, although on the martial occasions that did the most to make him famous when his health was good he seldom bothered to go beyond "You're a meat-fearing Irish son of a bitch" and "Do you want a taste of my mutton, old man?" While dying, Poole repeatedly showed a keen awareness of the political and emotional possibilities of his position. In discussing the shooting, he picked and chose among his enemies, naming Baker as the man who had fired the fatal shot but laying "the true blame" on those who were to become, as it turned out, the most powerful politically, Morrissey among them. He thought that the ball in his chest might have a symbolic value, and told a Dr. Putnam, who attended him at the end, "I want you to find that bullet if you have to cut me into inch pieces."

The bullet was found and removed, as a part of the routine medicolegal procedure, a day or two after Poole died, but its use as a symbol would have been redundant, for the promoters of Poole's martyrdom had a hatful of other raw material available for the funeral, which was set for the following Sunday, March 11th. In one Know-Nothing publication, a poet who signed himself "Americus" wrote of Poole, in part:

> By foreign bravo's hired band
> The murderous shaft was cast,
> The Champion of his native land
> A Martyr fell at last.

This central theme—that Poole had been "shot down by a gang of foreigners merely for the crime of being born in this land," as another writer put it—was expanded in print on March 9th and 10th. On the ninth, also, a group of patriots met at the City Hotel, across Broadway from Poole's saloon, which was called the Bank Exchange and stood on the corner of Howard Street, and formed the Poole Association, to handle the funeral arrangements. Among the organizations represented at the meeting were the Hancock Chapter of the Order of United Americans (the O.U.A. was a secret society that cultivated Native Americanism socially and fraternally), several pro-Poole fire-engine companies (fire was fought in New York in those days by amateur detachments that specialized in politics and picnics between gulps of smoke), and the Poole Guards, a semimilitary brigade of Poole henchmen, who had for some years made a practice of putting on special uniforms at very slight provocation and marching from one place to another behind their leader. The Poole Association began its work by borrowing the nattiest American flag in town. This banner had been woven of silk in New Jersey, Poole's native state, and was the property of the Crystal Palace Association, the organization that had built the Crystal Palace for the New York World's Fair of 1853. The planners found it a little harder to line up a clergyman to conduct the funeral service and deliver a eulogy. A team of phrenologists who had examined Poole's head for historical purposes shortly after his death noted that "veneration" was "the smallest organ in the moral lobe." Poole had, in fact, led an exceptionally profane life, and none of the city's ministers were anxious to try to reroute him to Heaven at this late stage. However, Poole's older sister, Mrs. Charley Lozier, was a parishioner in good standing at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Jane Street, and she persuaded the Reverend Joseph B. Wakeley, the rector there, to take the assignment. Once Wakeley had consented, he threw himself into the job so wholeheartedly, and, from a Native American point of view, so satisfactorily, that High Church publications around town jumped on him with both feet as soon as they could get to press after the funeral. Even the calculated "hedge" in his eulogy—"I come to bury William Poole, not to praise him"—was taken by the *Churchman*, a medium of Episcopalian opinion, as an insult to Shakespeare and to the memory of Julius Caesar. The ecclesiastical row went on for months after Poole had been buried. The *Churchman* accused Wakeley of "connecting Christianity with a profane bully," "pandering to rowdies," and "prostituting his sacred office." The New York *Evening Post* took a secular hand in the fight by reproving the *Churchman*, in an editorial headed "Judge Not That Ye Be Not Judged." Wakeley himself, deciding that the future of all evangelical religion was at stake in the Poole case, roared back with a pamphlet entitled


"After all, Miss Weems, we may be here for years and years."

"Try not to worry about it, Mrs. Taylor. We have many seven-year-olds with the mentality of a seven-year-old."

• •

"The Ethics of Funerals," in which he hinted that High Episcopalianism contained popish elements, and called Methodism "the great obstacle to the progress of Popery."

SUNDAY, March 11th, was a bright, sunny day. The weather and the American Party combined to produce a good show, and the city's natural interest in politics, racial issues, and violent death did the rest to bring out crowds that broke all New York funeral-attendance records and set a mark to shoot at—locally, at least—until 1926, when Rudolph Valentino was put away. The roofs, porches, and pavements around Poole's house were "crowded to suffocation," the *Times* reported, by people waiting for the service to end and the funeral march to begin. A stairway outside a house across from Poole's, belonging to a carpenter named Onderdonk, collapsed at about two o'clock under the weight of funeral fans, of whom four were killed and thirty injured. Poole, visible in his coffin while the service lasted, was dressed in black. His head was surrounded by white rosebuds, and he had a sprig of spring flowers in one hand. The Crystal Palace flag was draped across his torso. At the head of the coffin was a large, gilt spread eagle. When the coffin was closed, the flag and the eagle were transferred to the top of the lid. A little after three, the coffin was put into a hearse, which was girdled by a wide band of black velvet lettered in silver with the words "I die a true American." The early members of the procession, which consisted of five thousand official mourners by the time everyone got marching room, filed past the hearse to line up in front of it. According to a Know-Nothing reporter, they clenched their fists and growled as they read the banner in passing. "Verily," the reporter continued, "the end is not yet." An editorial writer for the New York *Express* was sure there were three times as many men along the route of march that day as France and England between them had sent out the summer before to besiege Sevastopol. The most conservative observers estimated the number of onlookers at more than two hundred thousand. And the *Times* noted thoughtfully that the popular demonstration at Poole's last journey was easily equal "to that witnessed at the obsequies of Jackson, Clay, or Webster."

The procession moved east on Christopher Street to Bleecker, along Bleecker to Broadway, and then down Broadway to South Ferry. Policemen went in front of it to clear the way. After the police marched Dodworth's Band, with fifty-two performers. Next in line was a flag-bearer, with an American flag trimmed in crape, and after him came the grand marshal, a Captain James M. Turner, and his aides. Posterity has Native American pamphlet writers to thank for the following score card, listing the other marchers: Poole Guards, James Bannon, commandant; Poole Association, two thousand strong, including delegations from Albany, Philadelphia, and Boston, each man wearing a badge with the inscription "Tho' lost to sight, To memory dear. Wm. Poole Association;" Howard Engine Company, No. 34 (this outfit, better known as the Red Rovers, was Poole's own fire-engine company); Live Oak Engine Company, No. 44 (named for George Law, the city's richest Know-Nothing, whose nickname was Live Oak George); Shiffler Hose, of Philadelphia, one thousand members; Mash Markey Hose, of Baltimore; Forest Light Guard; Maurice Light Guard; Washington Association, seven hundred and fifty persons; Citizens of the Ninth Ward; Rynders Battalion; Rynders Guard (Captain Isaiah Rynders, who rated a battalion and a guard, was one of the most flexible thugs and most tireless marchers of his day. He ended up as a power in Tammany and a United States marshal, but he worked at Native Americanism from time to time and had helped to chase Macready and his British Macbeth out of Astor Place in 1849); United Americans, with crape scarves, including Hancock Chapter in full and delegations from twelve other chapters in the East (Ironsides Chapter, Bunker Hill Chapter, Columbia Chapter, etc.); carriage with chaplain; hearse drawn by black horses; carriage with wife and near relatives; Shelton's Band; Alert Guard; Munroe Guard; and about four hundred Americans known as the Bowery Association. At the corner of Broadway and Grand Street, five hundred butchers, former colleagues of Poole's, in their working clothes, saluted the hearse by kneeling on the sidewalk as it passed. Then they fell into line behind it.

All in all, it was a notable display

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of resistance to Irish treachery and aggression—so much so that by nightfall certain Irish-Americans, or at any rate certain anti-Pooleists, had begun to feel aggressive all over again. The funeral procession split up at South Ferry, at about six o'clock. Poole's family and the Hancock Chapter crossed with the hearse to Brooklyn, where secret O.U.A. rites were administered in Greenwood Cemetery and Bill the Butcher was buried in relative peace. The other mourners headed for home, cherishing Bill's memory and collecting funeral items; they were gratified, for instance, to hear that the Hudson River ferryboats had contributed to the spirit of the occasion by flying their flags at half-mast all day. The Poole Guards were marching back toward their base in the Village when, at the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, a strong anti-Poole force launched an attack from an ambuscade behind the beams and bricks of a house that was being torn down. The attacking party, which was led by the Thirty-Sixth Engine Company, also known as the Original Hounds, and included members of a couple of gangs called the Buttenders and the Short Boys, broke into the Poole Guards' sad thoughts with a barrage of stones and dornicks. A woman bystander was killed in the scrimmage that followed. The 7th Regiment of the National Guard, which had its headquarters in rooms above the New York & New Haven Railroad depot at Canal and Broadway, came downstairs and prodded the contestants with bayonets until they stopped fighting. The Poole Guards carried their wounded home to the Village. That night, they went downtown again and rammed open the door of the Original Hounds' enginehouse with a wooden beam. The Hounds escaped through the windows, and the Poole Guards set fire to the enginehouse, gutting it.

Within a few days after Poole's death, Know-Nothing members of the city's Board of Councilmen introduced a resolution directing the Mayor—Fernando Wood, a Democrat—to offer a five-thousand-dollar reward for the arrest of Baker, who was thought to be hiding in Jersey City. A coroner's jury, which included an alderman who had been a pallbearer at Poole's funeral, sprayed out murder verdicts right and left, naming Baker as the actual killer, and Morrissey, McLaughlin, and, loosely speaking, nearly every other non-Native American who had been in Stanwix Hall on the night of the shooting as accessories. A Know-Nothing judge,

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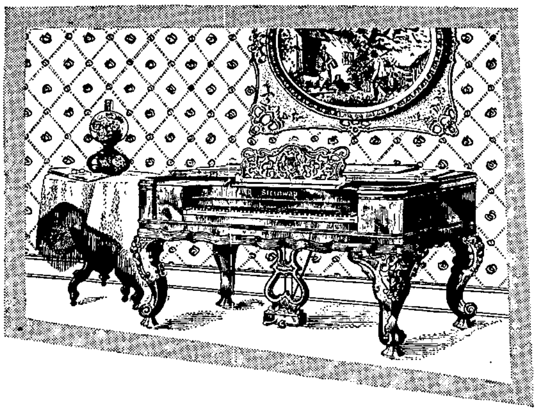

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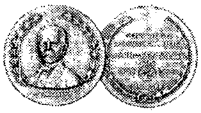

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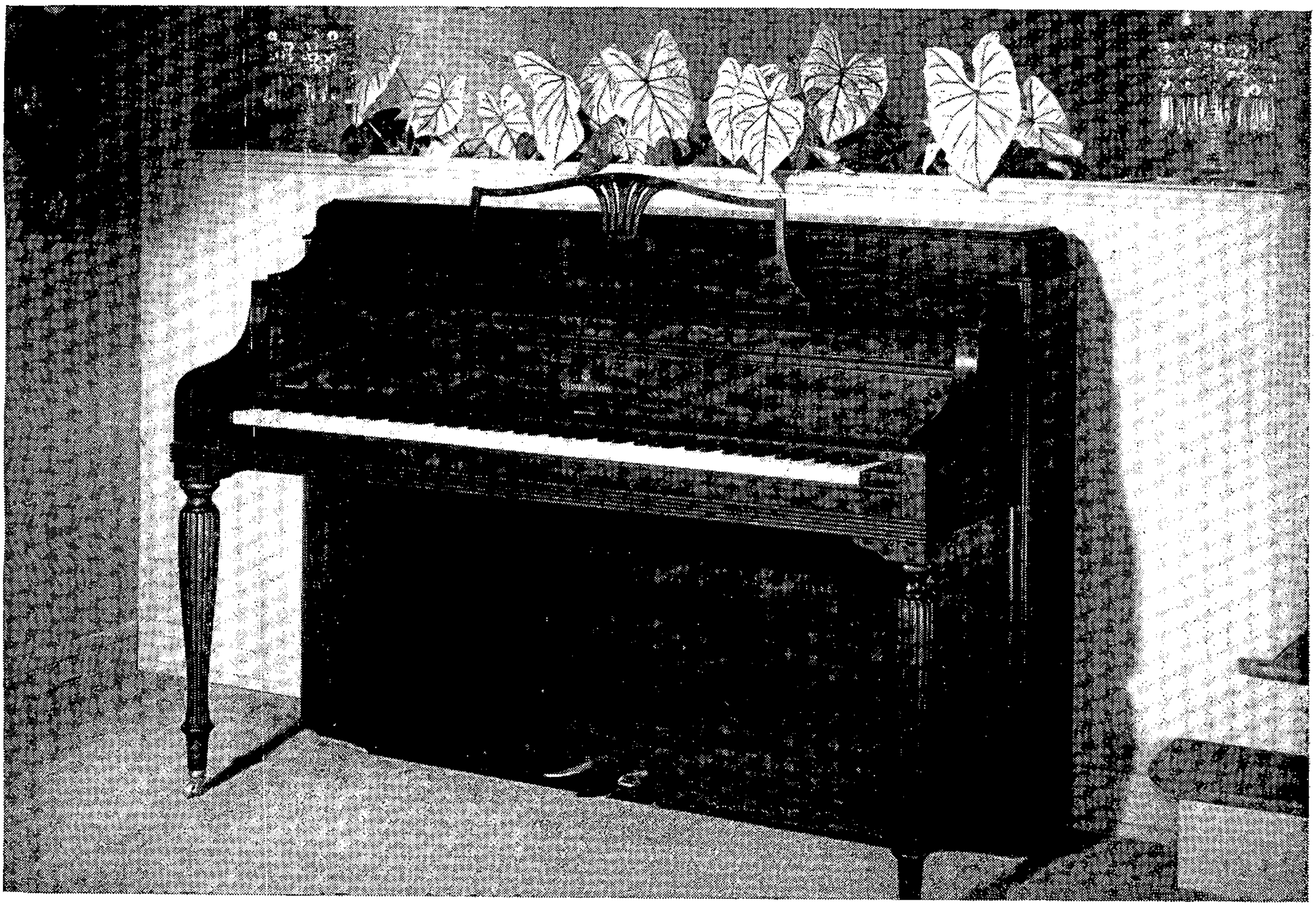

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Sidney H. Stuart, zestfully jailed Councilman Kerrigan—"an Irish city father from the bloody Sixth Ward," as the Native American press called him—because (according to somebody's affidavit) he had been seen helping Baker to escape; the Councilman sat in the Tombs for several days, shouting for a reduction of his ten-thousand-dollar bail. A Know-Nothing committee of the Board of Aldermen, aware that Baker had once been a city policeman and annoyed that the Democratic administration had so far failed to catch him—or, as they suspected, even to look for him—ordered the chief of police to prepare a list that would show (1) the original nationality of every member of the force, (2) how many of the foreign-born policemen had been naturalized, and (3) how many members of any description had ever been in jail. The list was produced eventually. It showed that out of eleven hundred and fifty men, seven hundred and eighteen had been born in the United States, three hundred and five in Ireland, fifty-one in Germany, twenty-six in England, ten in Scotland, and one or two in each of several other countries. Fourteen cops prudently refused to say where they came from. No one admitted to having been in jail. There is no record that the aldermen drew any conclusions from this form chart, or that they even read it.

As for Baker, even before Poole died civic excitement was such that he decided the town was too hot to hold him. Actually, as the evidence at Baker's trial later showed, the affair at Stanwix Hall had been a scrambled, wild-shooting free-for-all. Poole himself had been armed. Men—gunfighters and ballot-box stuffers—of both the Know-Nothing and the Irish-Tammany factions had been present. Baker's lawyer argued in court that it "was preposterous, in an affray between two parties, to have one party accused as murderers and the other produced as witnesses." But that was not the way most New Yorkers looked at it in the days just after Poole was shot. The Know-Nothings made free use of the word "assassination," and even unprejudiced citizens and newspapers had an idea that it was a case of planned, brutal murder. It does seem to be true that Baker had conferred with Morrissey, who when in liquor tended to thirst openly for Poole's blood, a couple of hours before the shooting, and that a troop of pro-Morrissey barflies that Baker led into the Stanwix at about twelve-thirty on the Sunday morning

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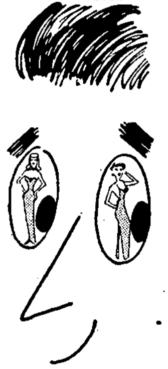

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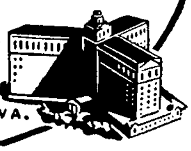

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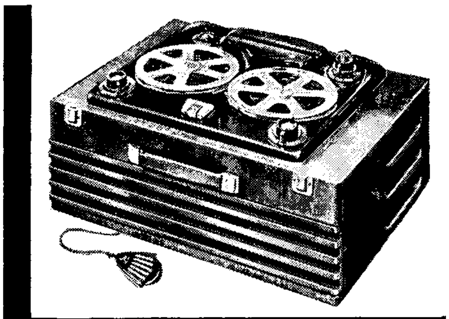
Poole was shot had been in a truculent mood. It was certainly true that Poole had tried two years earlier, in one of the fits of playful thuggery to which he was subject, to remove Baker's eyes from their sockets with his thumbs. Obviously, in killing Poole, Baker could have been motivated by revenge, factional loyalty, or money, or all three—and, no matter to what extent Poole's death was really the chancy outcome of a hit-or-miss brawl, the plump ex-policeman was a badly scared man when he realized what had happened. After the shooting, he hurried down Broadway to the corner of Canal and took refuge in the Sportsman's Headquarters, a bar and gambling place run by Johnny Lyng, who was a close friend of Baker's and Morrissey's. When a doctor was summoned to Lyng's to treat other members of the expeditionary force who had been wounded in battle, Baker urgently showed him a place on the side of his head where a bullet had grazed him. Then he tore off his black coat and his muslin shirt and unbuttoned his red flannel underwear to call the doctor's attention to a spot on his abdomen where another bullet, a spent one, had broken the skin. Lyng, when he was later called as a defense witness, described Baker as being, in his general nature and especially in his small gambling activities, a "sucker." (The word was used in its present sense a hundred years ago.) But Baker knew enough about New York City law in the eighteen-fifties, from having once been paid to enforce it, to appreciate what a monumental sucker he would be if, having shot the town's most popular Native American fighter and drinker, he lost a moment in starting to build up a defense case. He realized that it would be equally silly to linger in the neighborhood of the scene of the crime. Steered by Dan Linn, a policeman on the Emigrant Squad, to which he himself had belonged, Baker went from hiding place to hiding place in Manhattan in the next few days. On March 4th, or thereabouts, disguised as a milkman, complete with horse and wagon, he took a ferryboat to Jersey City. There he holed up in a boarding house operated by a Mrs. Scott.

On the evening of the Sunday Poole was buried, Hyer, the fighter, and Stuart, the judge, who were the leading spirits in a Know-Nothing crusade to avenge his death, tried to make a clean sweep of the case. They had learned where Baker's hideout was, and, taking three policemen with them, they went over to Jersey City and swooped



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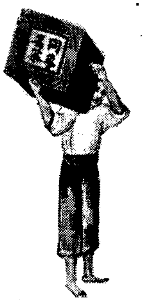

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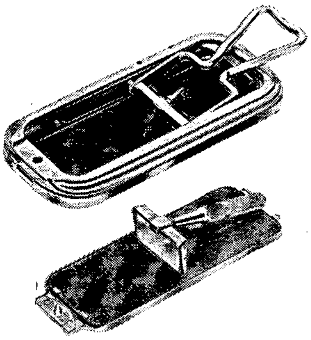

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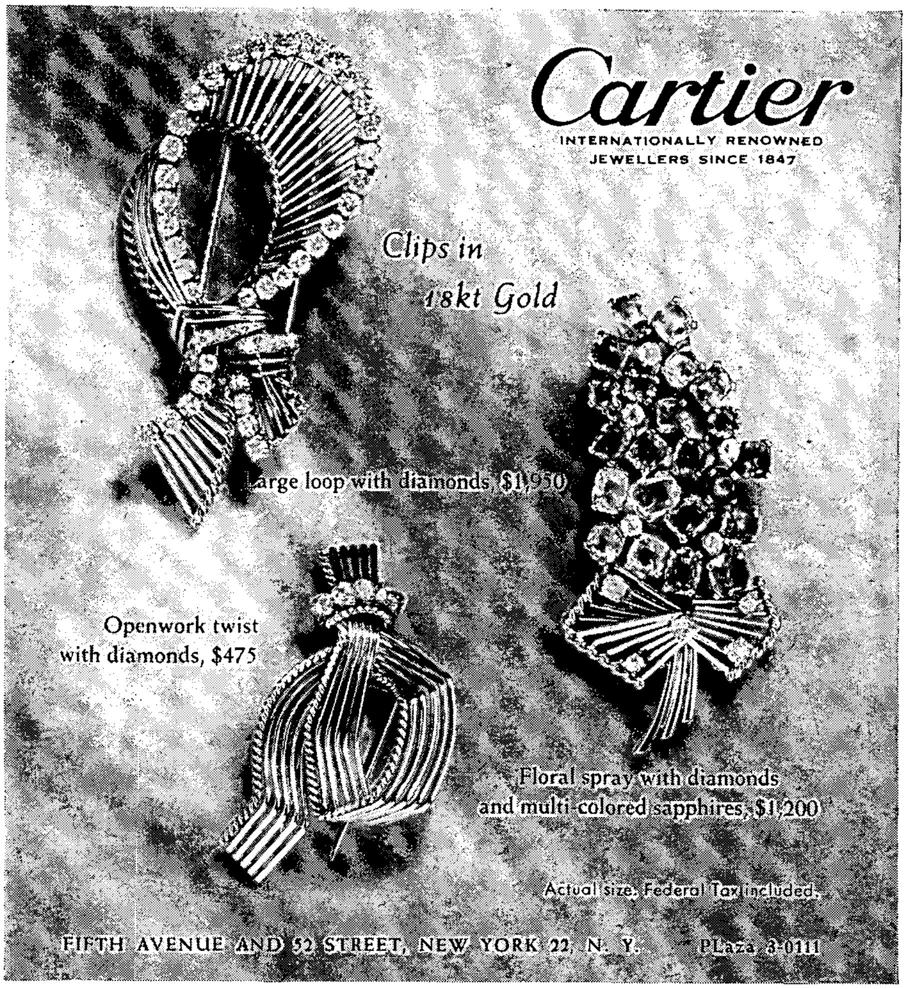
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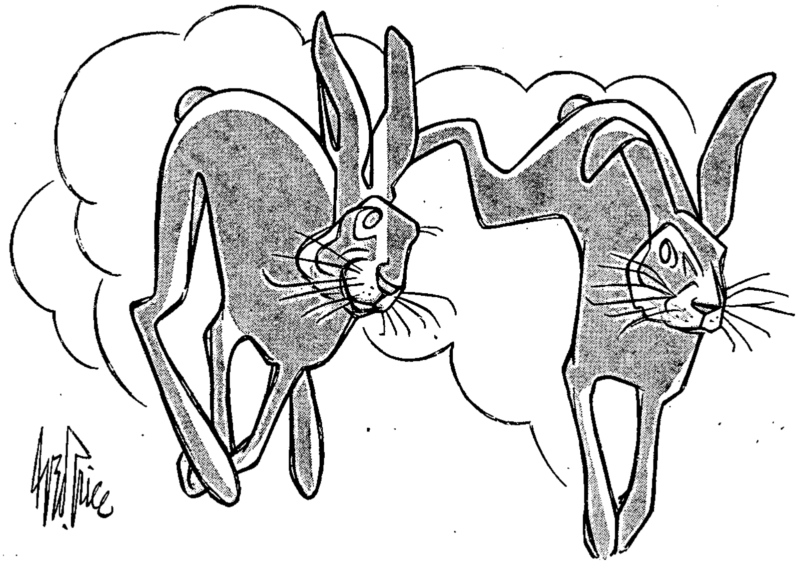
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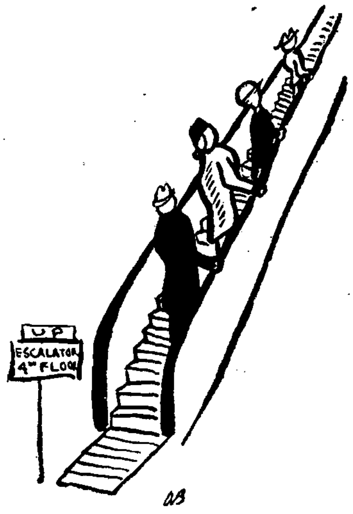
down on Mrs. Scott's boarding house. They found nothing but a pair of bloodstained sheets in the room where Baker had slept and a pile of what they called incriminating letters. Baker was gone. In the next few days the story of his flight was pieced together without much difficulty. A Jersey City livery-stable owner named McLaughlin, who did not care for Native Americanism and who had hidden Baker in the boarding house to begin with, had helped the frightened killer to get clean out of the country. Through a "runner," or crew contractor, named George Burns, McLaughlin had managed to get Baker stowed aboard the brig Isabella Jewett, which was waiting at anchor on the Manhattan side of the Hudson to make a freight run to Las Palmas, on Grand Canary Island. McLaughlin and Burns had paid Baker's passage directly to the Isabella Jewett's captain, Isaiah L. Chapman, and had presented the Captain with a personal gift of fifty dollars to clinch the deal. Probably the fact that Baker had been a seaman in his younger days, and could work with the crew while paying off as a passenger, had helped persuade the Captain to take him aboard. As it turned out, Baker did work on the voyage, and drew a nominal salary of twenty-five cents a month for his services. There was some argument at his trial as to just when he boarded the Jewett. The defense claimed it had been before Poole died, which would suggest that Baker had not left the country as a fugitive from a murder charge. The prosecution claimed it had been right after Poole's death. In any case, Baker put on a disguise at Mrs. Scott's house, and Burns and McLaughlin rowed him across the river at night to the ship's berth. The Isabella Jewett sailed for the Canaries on Saturday morning, March 10th—the day before Poole's funeral. When



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Hyer and Judge Stuart learned how narrowly they had missed capturing their pseudo-Irish assassin, Hyer got drunk and the Judge began to arrest every plotter in sight and to heckle the city administration.

MAYOR WOOD was a slippery man under heckling. Historians agree that he was the most supple and consummate cardsharp who ever held the office. Wood had been elected as a Democrat, and he relied heavily at all times on immigrant support. On the eve of the election of 1854, he made out an affidavit denouncing the Know-Nothings and disclaiming any previous connection with them. But it was well known to thousands of people, according to the *Times*, that he had once held a high place in inner Native American circles. The author of a pamphlet entitled "A Biography of Fernando Wood—A History of the Forgeries, Perjuries, and Other Crimes of Our 'Model' Mayor" quoted a story that Wood was reliably reported to have told with success at Native American meetings and dinner parties. It was a story of how in his youthful days he had humiliated a priest, and it was highly scatological. Even in 1854, running as an anti-Know-Nothing, Wood is said to have told Native Americans out of the corner of his mouth that he was one of them. In deference to the Catholic vote, the Mayor did nothing much after Poole's death. When Judge Stuart went after him with political threats and with schemes to retrieve Baker, he didn't do much, either, but when Stuart showed him his ace card, Wood agreed that it was a good one, and worth playing.

The Judge's ace was the wealthy Know-Nothing tycoon George Law. Law came into the case partly because Spain refused to. It was known that the Isabella Jewett was headed nonstop for the Canaries, which were Spanish territory. In 1855, the United States had no extradition treaty with Spain, and Spanish spokesmen in Washington crisply declined, when asked, to have Baker arrested in Las Palmas and sent home for trial. Their attitude acted on Law as a bugle used to be said to act on a cavalry horse. Defying and embarrassing Spain was his specialty—a Native American technique for which he was celebrated. Law had made his money as a contractor, a canal builder, and a promoter of shipping and railroad lines. In 1852, a man named Smith, who was the purser on one of Law's ships, the Crescent City, which

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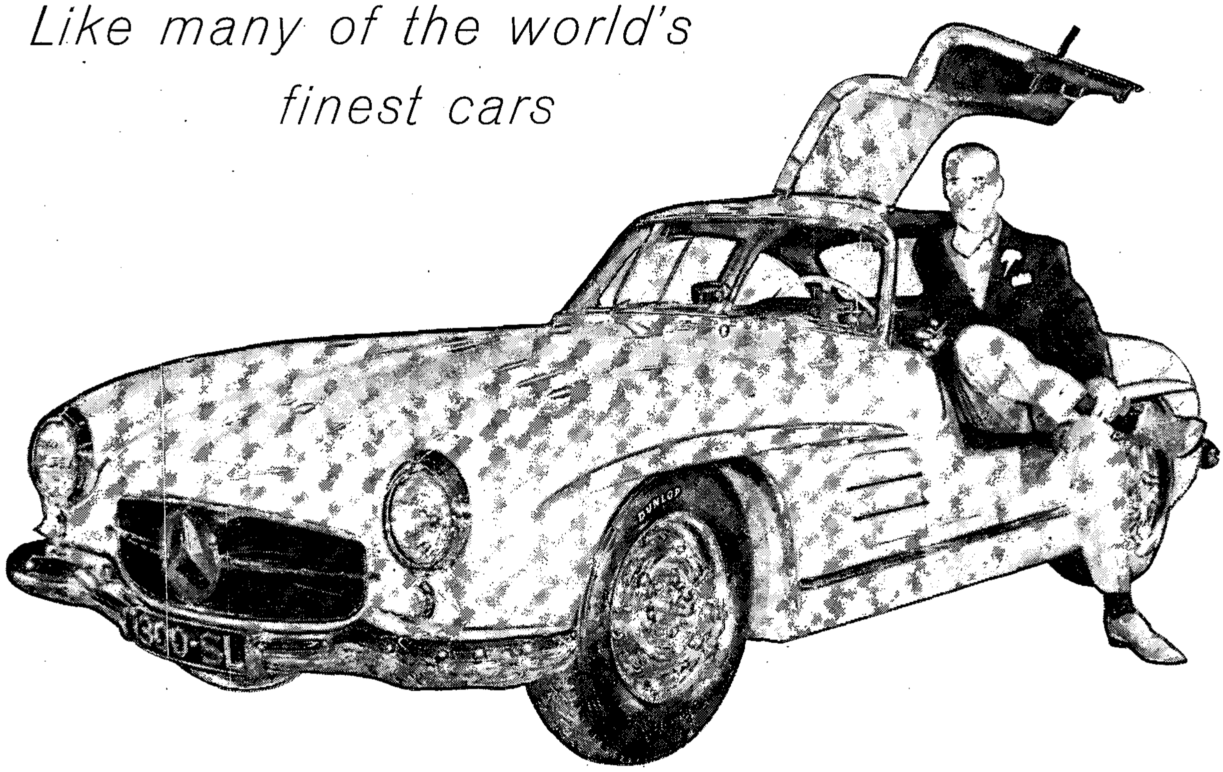

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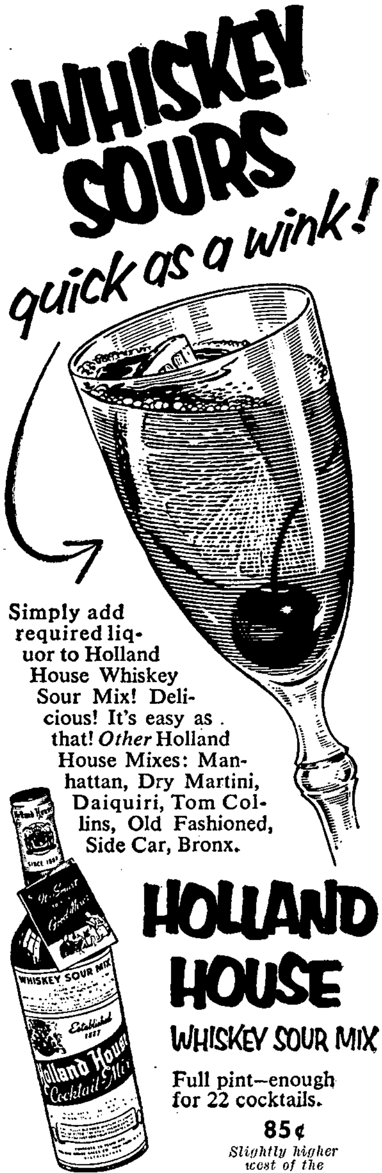
touched regularly at Havana, had written a series of articles in the New York *Herald* that were critical of the Spanish government in Cuba. Havana had complained to Washington, and Washington had endorsed Havana's request that Smith's employer keep his muckraking purser out of Cuba and Cuban waters. Law, ignoring the request, had gone right on sending the Crescent City to Havana with Smith aboard. The Purser Smith Affair, as it was called, had brought Law wide publicity and had given him political ambitions. In March, 1855, when he heard that Spain would not agree to turn Baker over to justice, he told Stuart that the New York police were free to use his own fast clipper yacht, Grapeshot, to catch the Isabella Jewett and collar their killer before he got to Las Palmas. Law and Stuart met with the Mayor at City Hall on Friday, March 16th. Wood, being a broadminded man, saw no legal objection to the project, although to some critics it smacked strongly of piracy. He didn't offer to put any of the city's money into the chase, but Law said, sarcastically, that he would pay the expenses himself if Wood couldn't manage this "trifling sum." Law's office immediately enlisted a crew of twelve, headed by a Captain Hepburn. Stuart mustered a seagoing posse of five policemen and two special deputies. The deputies were attendants in his own court, whom the Judge was sending along to keep watch on the policemen, in case the latter succumbed to seasickness, respect for the letter of the law, or friendliness to Baker. The Grapeshot sailed from Pier 7, at the foot of East Seventh Street, on Saturday, March 17th.

The Isabella Jewett had a week's start, but she was no match for the yacht in speed. The Grapeshot made the run to Grand Canary in three weeks, and had to wait off Las Palmas for ten days before the brig came into sight, on April 17th. Captain Hepburn, whose vessel undoubtedly was armed, though nothing was said about it at Baker's trial, ordered the Jewett to heave to, which she did, at a point about two miles offshore. Baker was steering the Jewett at the time. The Grapeshot sent a boat over, and two members of the posse—Thomas Barton, a policeman, and Joseph Yeomans, a deputy—boarded the Jewett in the main chains shortly after nine in the morning. Captain Chapman denied that he had a man named Baker on his ship, which was technically true, since Baker was down on the Jewett's rolls as William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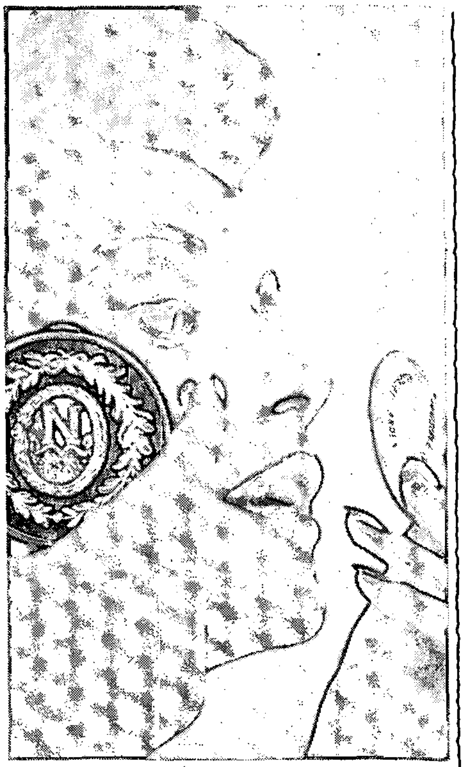

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Smith. The officers arrested Baker just the same, handcuffed him, and took him back to the Grapeshot. Baker insisted throughout the operation that, under international and maritime law, they had no right to arrest him without an order from the governor of the port. Aboard the Grapeshot, he asked the Captain to send back to the brig for the clothes he had been wearing on the night of the shooting at Stanwix Hall; he thought they might be useful in his defense. Captain Hepburn said no, he was in a hurry. The Grapeshot started home at once, and reached New York early in May. The voyage helped to earn the yacht's owner an endorsement for President, voted by the Pennsylvania legislature later that year, but in 1856, the Presidential year, Law lost the official Know-Nothing nomination to Fillmore.

WITH Baker in its hands, the state was able to hold a trial. Seven men had been indicted as accessories in March, when Know-Nothing fury was at its height. Each of them, if convicted, would have been eligible for hanging. But after sifting through the evidence the state had come to realize that it did not have a practical case against anyone but Baker. So Baker went on trial alone, on November 26th, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on Chambers Street. The trial lasted sixteen days. The attendance record for New York trials was broken on the first day and rebroken several times on succeeding days. The door between the courtroom and the General Sessions courtroom adjoining it was kept open, and both rooms were used to accommodate the crowds. There were other crowds in the corridors, on the stairways, and in the street outside. Mayor Wood and Governor Myron H. Clark came in the first day to watch. The prosecution, led by A. Oakey Hall, the district attorney who later became mayor and a partner in the Tweed Ring, hewed faithfully to the story line that had been developed by Native Americans just after the shooting and that had been set down as history the previous April in a pamphlet called "Life of William Poole." (The judge, whose name was Roosevelt, kept a copy of the "Life," which he had bought from a huckster outside the court, on his desk during the trial, but said he hadn't had time to read it.) The defense argued that the "Life" and the state's case were works of fiction. Both sides brought in swarms of witnesses. A rich section of Broadway-and-Tenderloin

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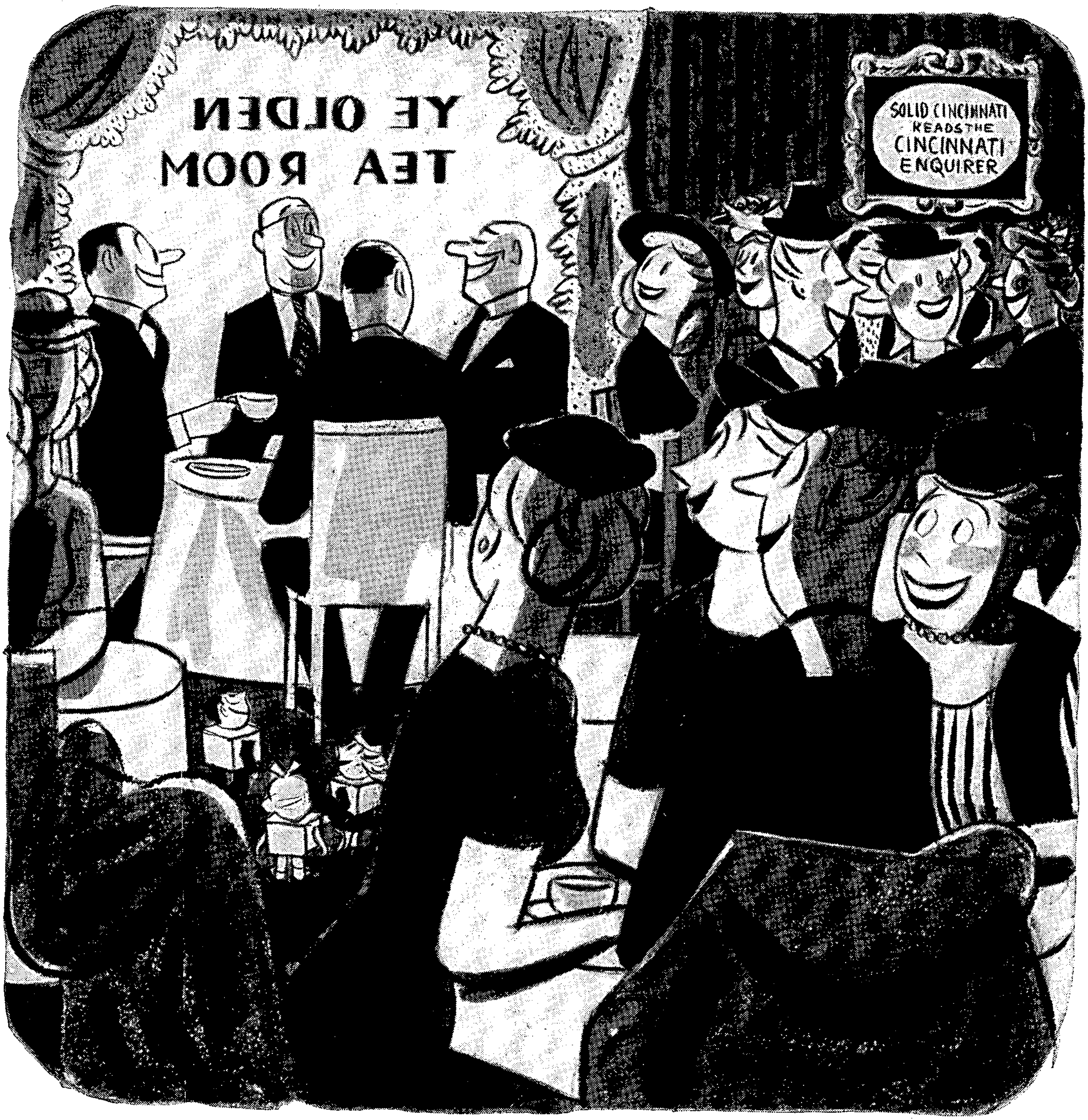
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fauna showed up in the witness box; there were hackmen (with sobriquets like Lively, Fish, Buffer, and Shanghai), bartenders, faro dealers, policemen, ex-policemen, prizefighters, gunfighters, and a number of people with no known occupation other than drinking. There was also a doctor who was qualified as an expert on the difference between holes in overcoats made by bullets fired from outside the coat and holes made by bullets fired from inside. A point brought out by the testimony was the agility with which New Yorkers in those days switched from one kind of career to another. Among the witnesses was a policeman who had been a newspaper reporter, a farmer who had been a policeman, a coaldealer who had been a doctor, a hackman who had been a sailor, and an oyster salesman who had been a bartender. One witness, Daniel (Dad) Cunningham, stated that he was a paper stainer by trade, when in good health—but he admitted that he had been sick all his life.

The town's atmosphere had cooled since the time of Poole's shooting. In November and December it was safe for citizens to be seen shaking Baker's hand, and many people in the courtroom crowds did so during recesses. Baker had hard going, nevertheless. At least one professed member of the Order of United Americans had been accepted as a member of the jury. There were no immigrants in the jury box. After the case was turned over to the jurors for a verdict, they argued for more than forty hours among themselves. Then they told the court that they could not agree, and they were dismissed. Baker, it turned out, had escaped conviction through a technicality that does not apply in most courts today. The jury's disagreement had had to do entirely with the degree of his guilt. On the last ballot, there had been nine votes for murder, one for manslaughter in the first degree, and two for manslaughter in the second degree. No one on the jury doubted that he had killed Poole, or that he should be punished for it.

A second trial of Baker was begun in May, 1856. A juror became ill, and it was adjourned until June. That month, the state got a change of venue to Suffolk County, and there, a little later, the whole Poole case died a quiet death. By that time, the state and the city had grown to be less impressed by the strength of the American Party than they had been a year or so before. In the spring of 1856, Morrissey, who was then still legally under indictment as an

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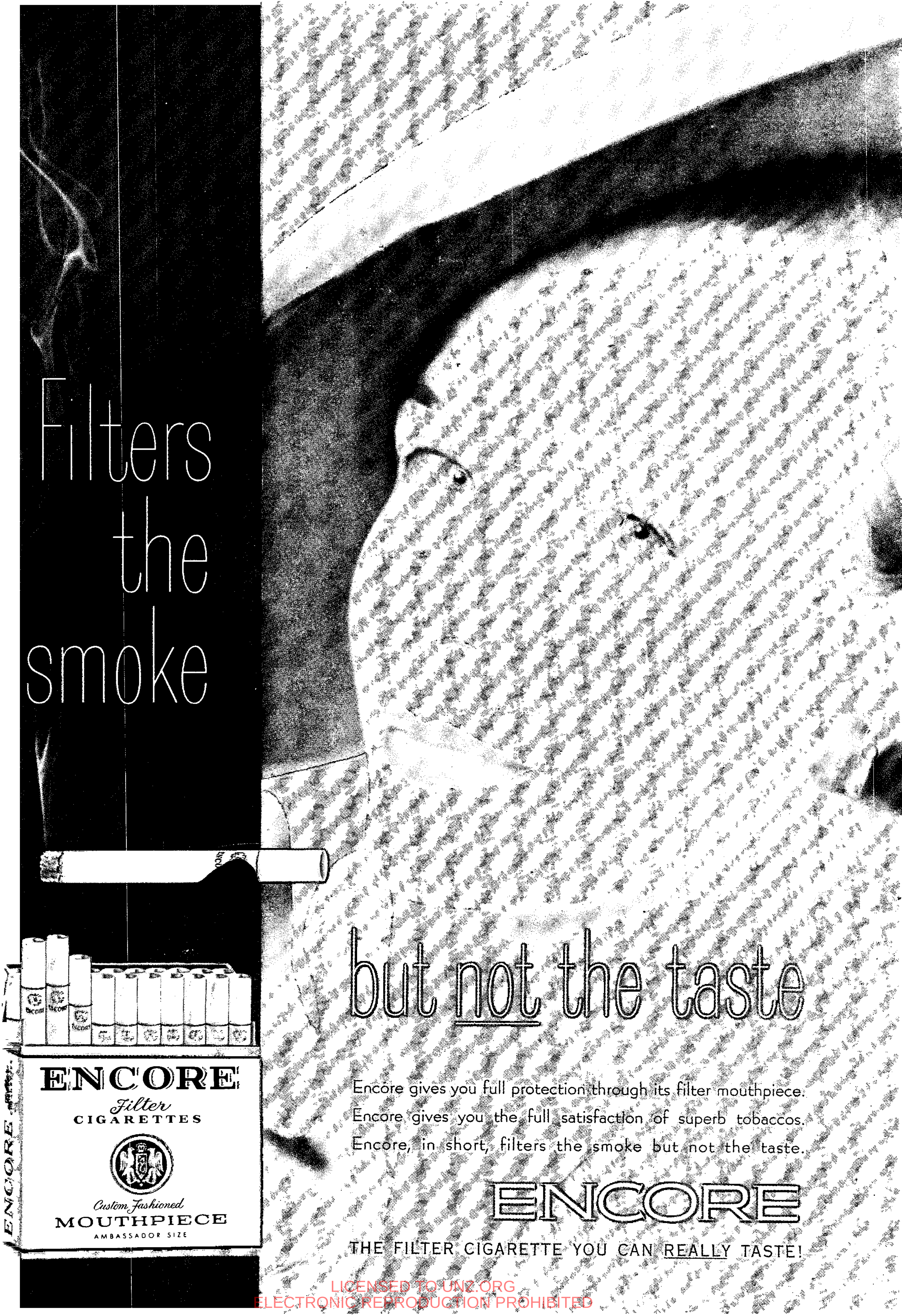
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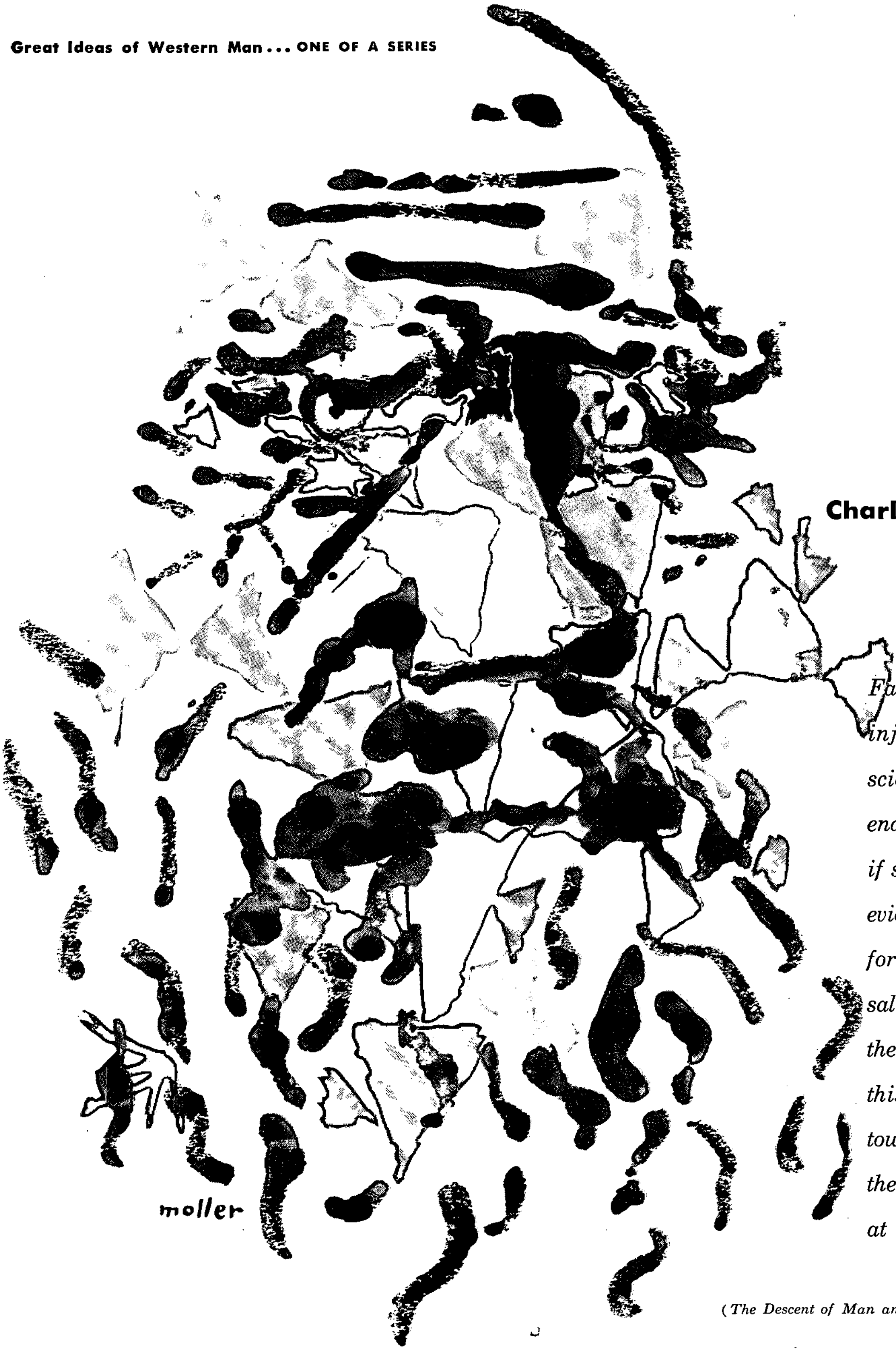

Charles Darwin
on false facts
vs. false views

False facts are highly injurious to the progress of science, for they often endure long; but false views, if supported by some evidence, do little harm, for everyone takes a salutary pleasure in proving their falseness; and when this is done, one path towards error is closed and the road to truth is often at the same time opened.

(*The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex*, 1871)

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Artist: Hans Moller

accessory in Poole's murder, fired a pistol at a couple of waiters in the Girard House, on Chambers Street. With District Attorney Hall's permission, the court recorder put the case over to a later term, and it was not heard of again.

Baker eventually moved to Paris. He was known to be still living there in 1879. Another indictee, Paudeen, was shot to death in 1858 by Dad Cunningham, the invalid paper stainer, who was ordinarily a good friend of his. Morrissey laid aside his gun and the bottle before very long and went on to be the most successful graduate of the Poole episode; he served in the state legislature and in Congress, made millions of dollars banking faro and playing New York Central in the stock market, and built the first race track and the Club House at Saratoga. Poole, if he had survived his wound at Stanwix Hall, would probably have ended up more the way his friend and fellow-enemy of the Pope, Hyer, did. Hyer worked as a sutler in the early part of the Civil War, selling liquor to Hooker's army. He died of dropsy at his home on East Thirty-fifth Street in 1864. A fund of five hundred dollars was raised for the benefit of his wife and his mother. Morrissey contributed half of it.

—John Lardner

(*This is the second of two articles on Bill Poole.*)

•

Using witty examples from contemporary life, Dr. Copi explains the misleading character of some informal fallacies. He has found fallacies of ambiguity just as prevalent today . . . as in the time of pun-loving Flagstaff.
—*Circular from the Macmillan Company.*

When was that?

•

Stigler, Okla., Feb. 24 (U.P.)—An Arkansas minister said today that there are more than 3,000,000 nudists in the United States and he would like to cover up every one of them.

"Just think of it," said the Rev. Braxton B. Sawyer of Fort Smith, "a nudist for every Boy Scout in America."—*The News.*

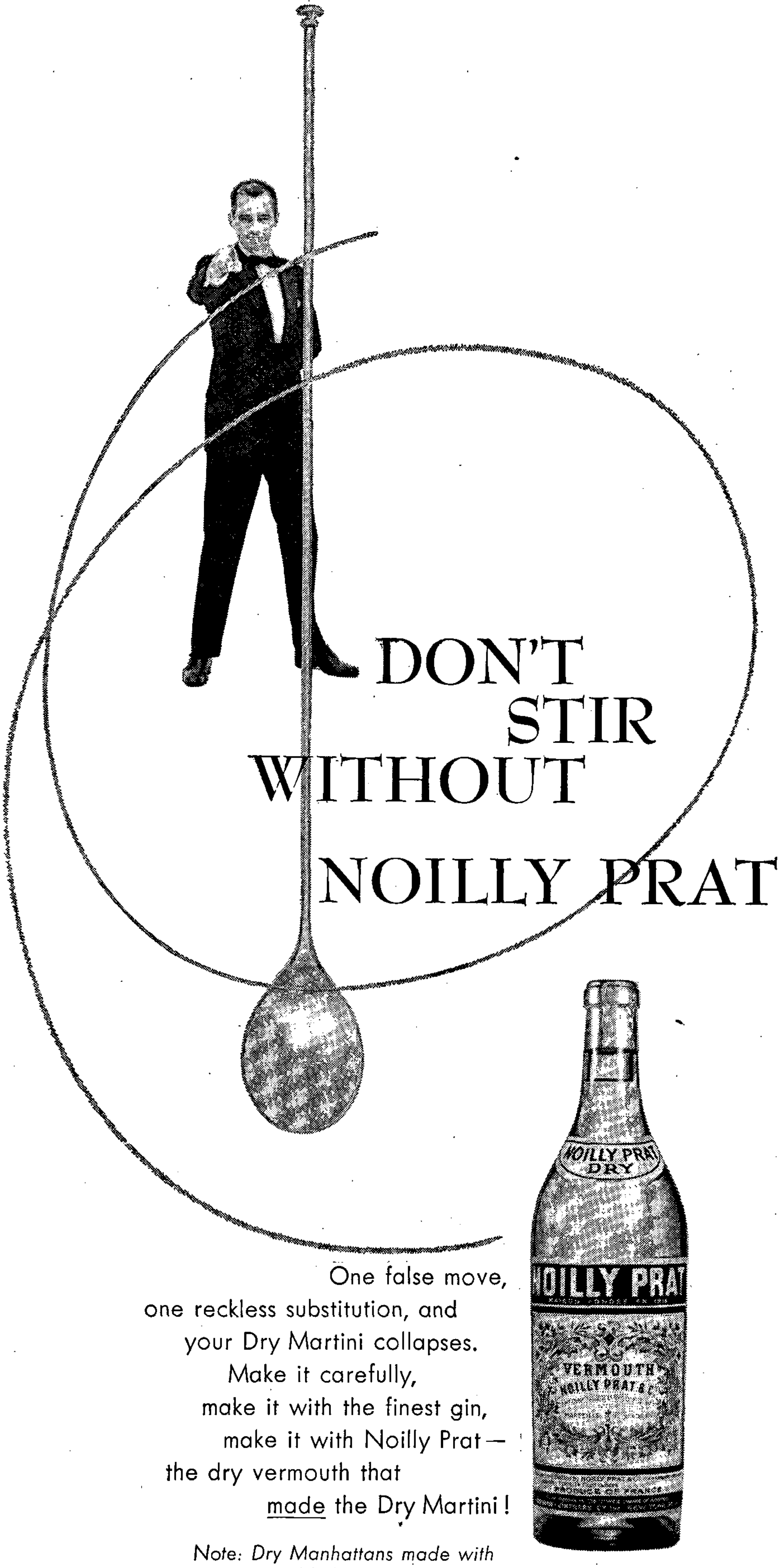
We'd rather not.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Frank Sinatra . . . is phoning Palm Springs real estate agents to line up an Easter vacation house for Nancy and their brood.—*The World-Telegram & Sun, March 1st.*

Hollywood, March 1—Frank Sinatra is readying the Palm Springs house for Ava Gardner's homecoming.—*The Mirror, March 2nd.*



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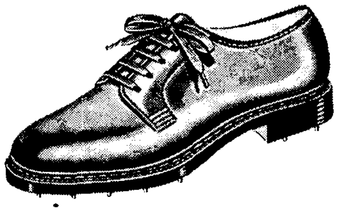

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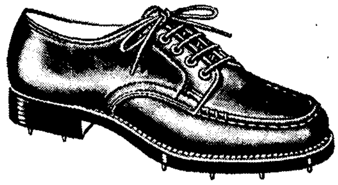

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Land of Nod

IF you should happen to be worried about the possibility that the operatives of the Kremlin are proving too wily for the lads who look after our interests in Berlin, a film that will ease your mind is "Night People," for it demonstrates as powerfully as any comic strip that there are no flies on us. The title of the movie is based on the notion that the Russians do all their dirty work after dark, which, of course, makes things difficult for the Americans, sun-lovers to a man. This country, I gather, could use a sturdy corps of brave, clean-limbed insomniacs. Fortunately, we have a substitute in the hero of the picture—a colonel in the provost marshal's office—who is grim, handsome, arrogant, and courageous, and resists both the Reds and the sandman with noteworthy ingenuity. Yet he is not without his lighter side. In the middle of some tangled maneuvers, he finds times to check on the progress of the Yankee baseball team, and, in the presence of a blond Mata Hari (Anita Bjork) who may or may not be a double spy, he often gets as frolicsome as a colt just turned out to pasture. Sometimes he lets himself go with his appetizing secretary (Rita Gam), too.

The colonel's professional problem is a knotty one: Should he exchange a retired German general and his English wife for a U. S. Army corporal whom the Russians have kidnapped? It seems that the Russians would like to make the swap so that they can turn the couple over to a parcel of Himmler's S.S. men, who are now busily coöperating with the Soviet Union. This gang is sore at the general because he took part in the abortive attempt on the Führer's life in 1944 and at his wife because she served in the war as a British spy. To complicate the whole matter, the corporal's father, a big valve man from Toledo, arrives in Berlin, full of large ideas about how to rescue his son.

As the colonel in "Night People," Gregory Peck is every inch a heroic defender of democracy, and as the troublesome businessman, Broderick Crawford is a zealous blusterer. Miss Bjork and Miss Gam are both decorative. The picture, by the way, is in

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CinemaScope, and was directed and written by Nunnally Johnson.

"LA RONDE," the French film that caused such a foolish censorious commotion a while back, is based on a comedy that was called "Reigen" when Arthur Schnitzler first offered it, around 1900, to audiences in Vienna. In it, sex is revealed as a carrousel, on which all kinds of people take a short spin. While the characters are varied, their proclivities are not, and before all the affairs are over and done with, you'll probably be longing to get out of the bedroom and into a cold shower. As a device to hold these interminable bits of dalliance together, "La Ronde" offers a sort of chain reaction, in which one character severs relations with another to take up with a third, who then abandons him or her to take up with a fourth, and so on and so on, back to the first. There are diverting episodes in the film, and the actors, who include Gérard Philipe, Daniel Gelin, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, Isa Miranda, and Jean-Louis Barrault, strive hard to keep the merry-go-round from breaking down. I guess they succeed, but much of the time the old-fashioned contraption circles awfully slowly.

IN René Clair's "Beauties of the Night," a French picture, we make the acquaintance of a Gallic Walter Mitty—an impecunious music teacher who is addicted to dreaming himself out of the twentieth century and into the more or less remote past. When he dozes off, he imagines himself as everything from an embattled soldier in Africa, loved by the most perfect lady in the enemy's harem, to a composer who has the whole world by the ears. At other times, he is a French aristocrat who sympathizes with the revolutionists during the Terror, a bravo capable of crossing swords with all Three Musketeers, and an agitated caveman in the Cro-Magnon era. As portrayed by Gérard Philipe, the music teacher is often a likable fellow, but the situations he gets himself into are not, alas, very funny, and the satire on old movie clichés lacks the bounce and sparkle that made "Fanfan the Tulip," M. Philipe's previous excursion into burlesque, such a pleasant enterprise. I'm happy to report, though, that Gina Lollobrigida has never looked better than she does here as the jewel of the harem.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS
GET PERON HOME
—*The Herald Tribune.*

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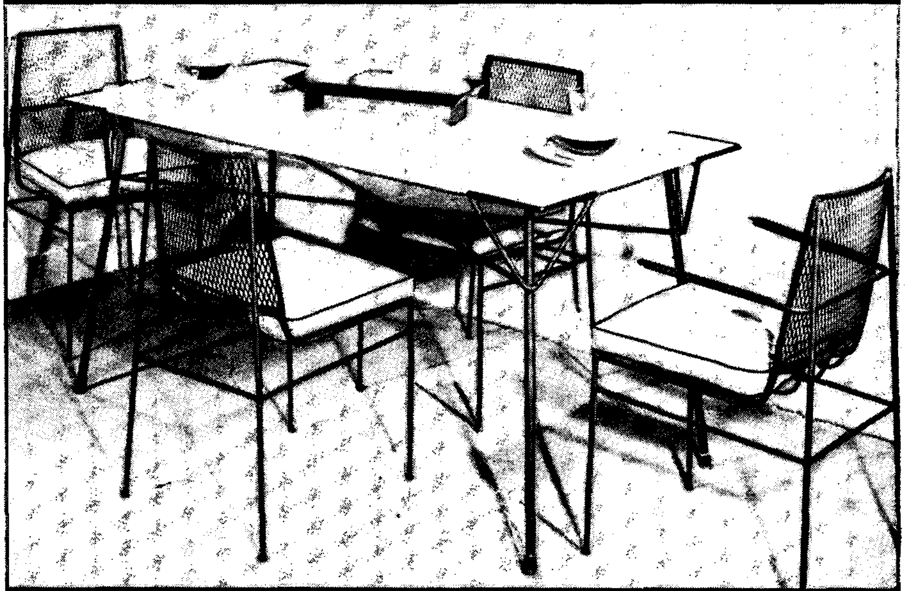

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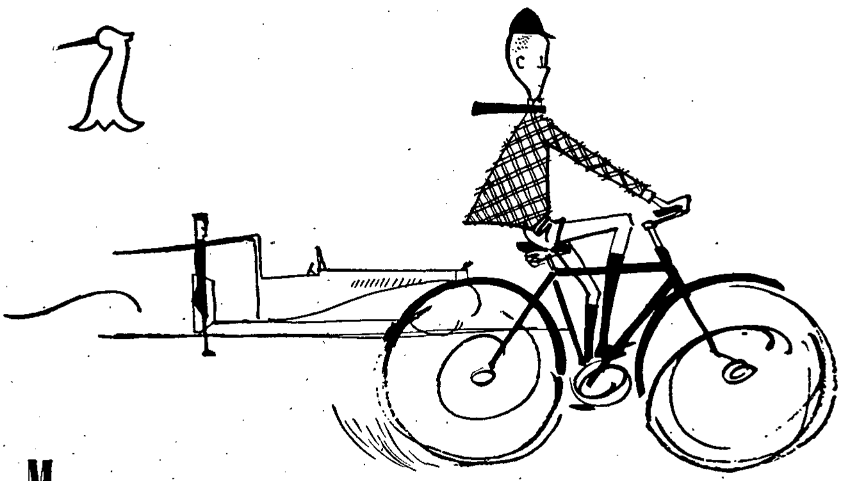

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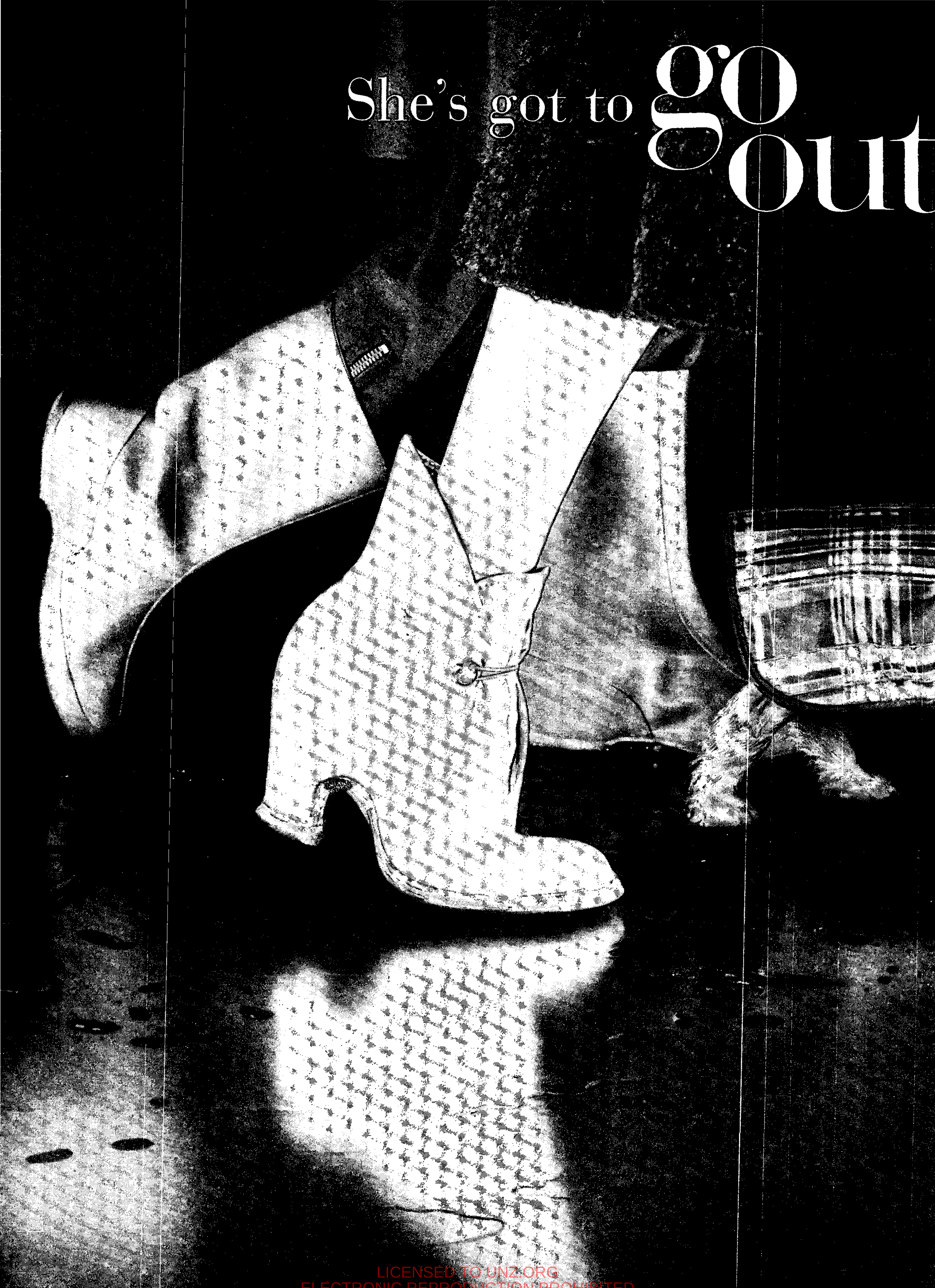

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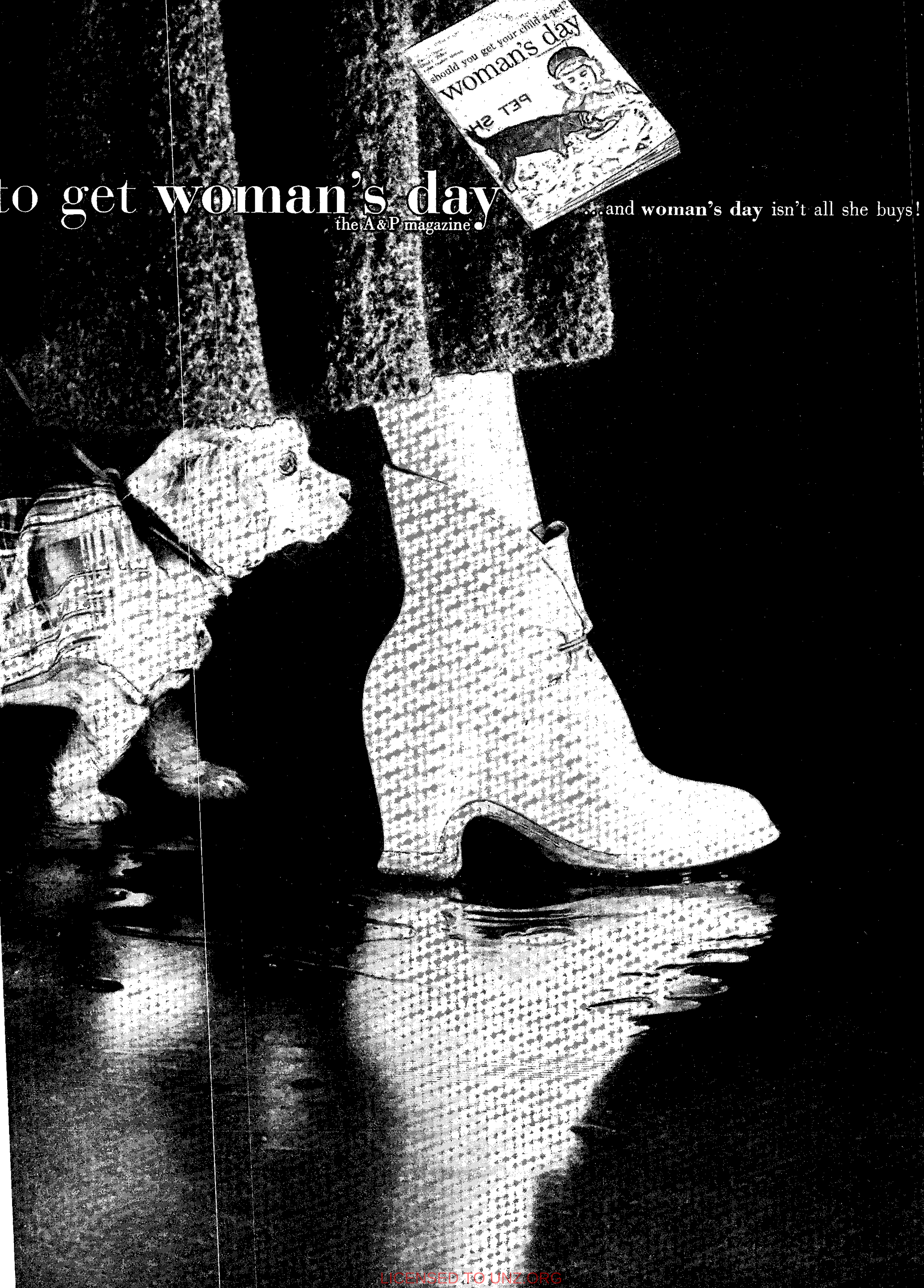
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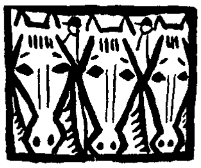
THE RACE TRACK

A Nice Day at Laurel



NOTHING could have been more satisfactory than the opening of Laurel Race Course last weekend. The racing was lively, the betting higher than a cat's back, and the weather, though this was the earliest start ever of a season in Maryland, delightful. There were more than twenty-two thousand people on the grounds, which also was a record, and though only one favorite came through, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Sitting in the sun in the paddock, old-timers raked up memories of ancient opening days at Bowie, when they spent the afternoon with their hands deep in their overcoat pockets and their feet jiggling for warmth. As I've probably said before, John Schapiro, the president of the course, and his helpers have done a lot to make Laurel a pleasant place to go racing, and they deserve all the breaks they get, in weather or anything else. I'm glad to report that a little of the gloss has been rubbed off the new clubhouse, and that people now know their way around in it. The main attraction at Laurel this weekend, by the way, will be the Cherry Blossom Stakes, which is expected to bring out some of the better three-year-olds, including the unbeaten Double Speed, who has suddenly become a bit of a tip for the spring classics.

About half the runners last Saturday had just been racing in Florida, Louisiana, or California, and the rest had wintered in Maryland or Virginia. (You could tell the stay-at-homes by their rough, cold-weather coats.) As you might have expected, it was the steady campaigners who got most of the prize money. Not all of it, by any means, for Mrs. S. M. Pistorio's Brazen Brat, who won at Bowie last December, but hadn't been under colors since, took the Capitol Handicap, the traditional opening-day number, leading all the way to beat Sweet Vermouth, Dinner Winner, and eight others. The favorite, Cerise Reine, who had won the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita last January, was ninth.

LIKE everybody else, I find it difficult to give an exact evaluation of a race from even the best television shots,

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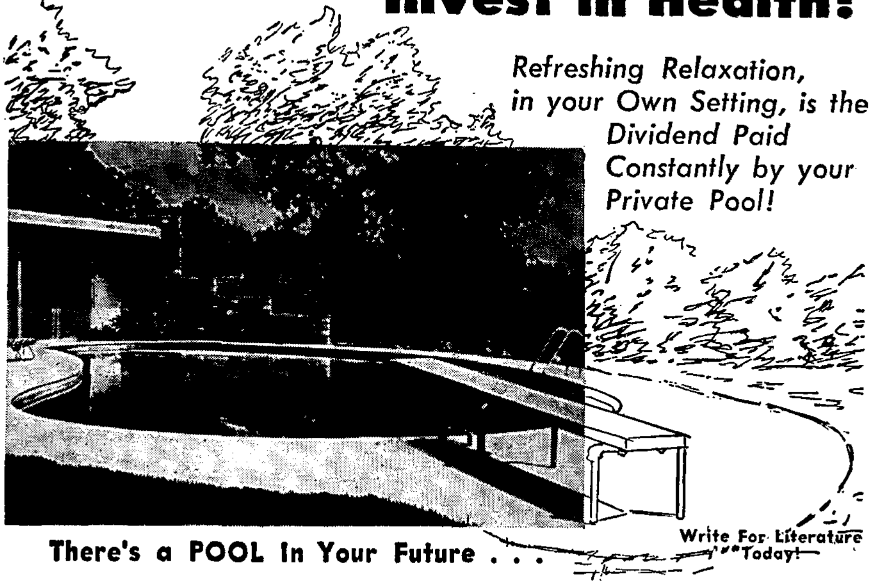

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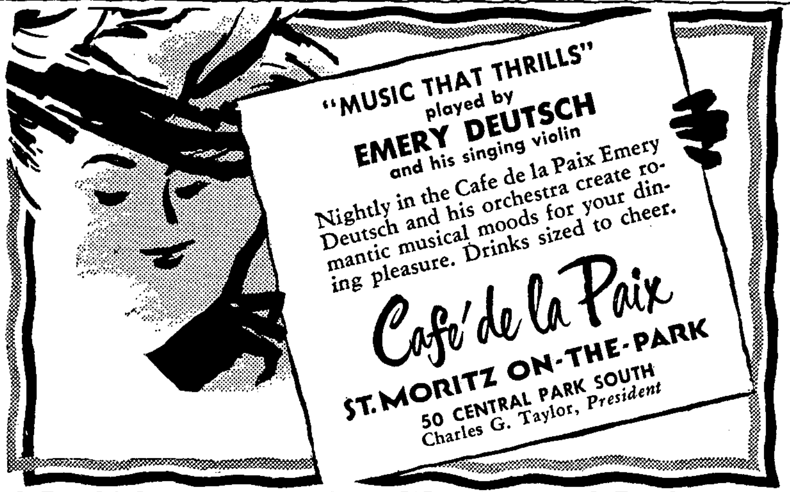

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and that goes for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last Saturday. However, it seemed to me, as it always has, that Correlation, the winner, is a first-class colt. I liked him the first time I saw him, when he was runner-up in the East View Stakes at Jamaica last autumn, and I thought he was easily second best in the Garden State a few days later, when he finished second to Turn-to. No doubt about it, he ran well last weekend, too; though he was away slowly and had a great deal of ground to make up, he beat Goyamo rather handily. I must confess that I had overestimated Big Crest, who took the lead at the stretch turn but tired and finished third, and underestimated Gigantic, the Louisiana Derby winner, who finished fourth. Black Metal, Sea O Erin, and Maharajah should all have another chance before any sort of final judgment is passed on them. With so many good youngsters around, events for three-year-olds promise to be more interesting this spring than they've been for a long time—even though Duke's Lea, Calumet Farm's best colt, will be out of action because of foot trouble, and Artismo and The Pie King, who have housemaid's knee or something, can't be expected to put in an early appearance.

THERE will be racing at Jamaica next week—as if you didn't know. In fact, the weights are out for the Paumonok Handicap, which will start things off on April 1st. It's no surprise that White Skies, who won three stakes races at Jamaica last autumn, heads the list; he is to carry a hundred and thirty pounds—six more than Landlocked, who won the Widener Handicap at Hialeah not long ago, and ten more than Find, who raced in California. Colonel Martingale, who is building a Ouija board, says, "No comment."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

OMAHA—(A.P.)—The sugar daddy in his "foolish fifties" really exists and he's usually pretty mixed up emotionally, says Dr. Francis J. Braceland, psychiatrist-in-chief of the Institute of Life, Hartford, Conn. He told an Omaha Midwest Clinical Society meeting:

"A fellow reaches 50 and realizes time is getting short. He may decide that a change of jobs or a change in wives will help him stay young for a while longer."

But, says Dr. Braceland, he is just fooling himself.

Malaya's Sultan of Jahore recently celebrated his 80th birthday and his daughter's third.—*Denver Post.*

You don't catch *him* fooling himself.

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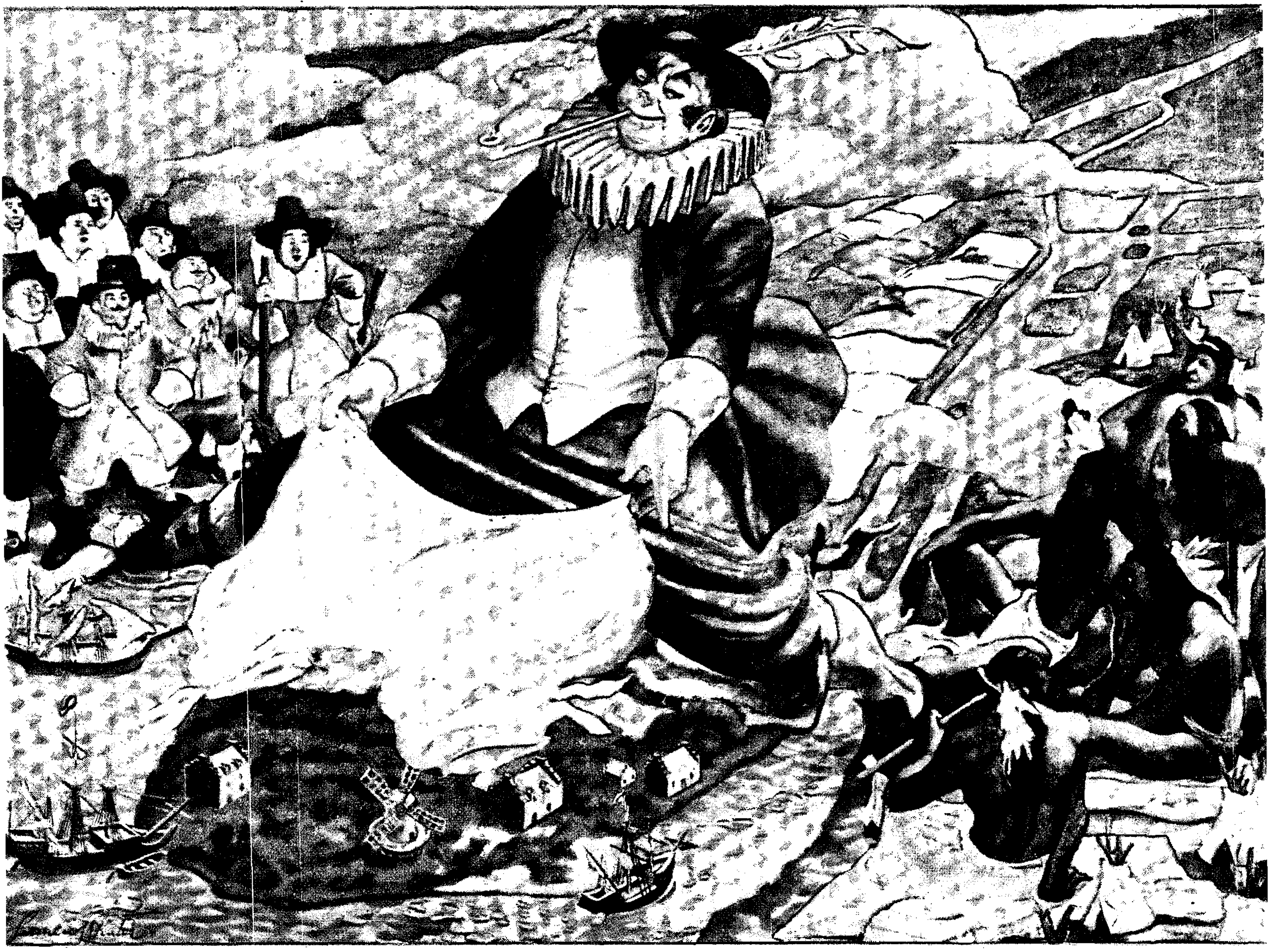

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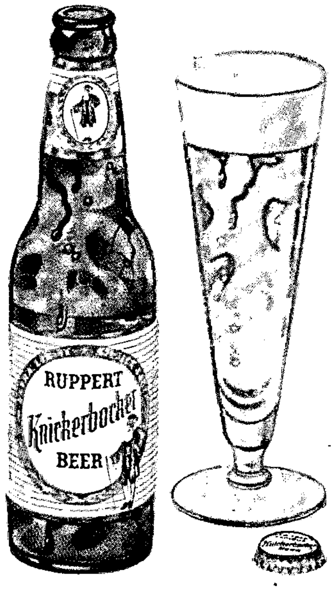

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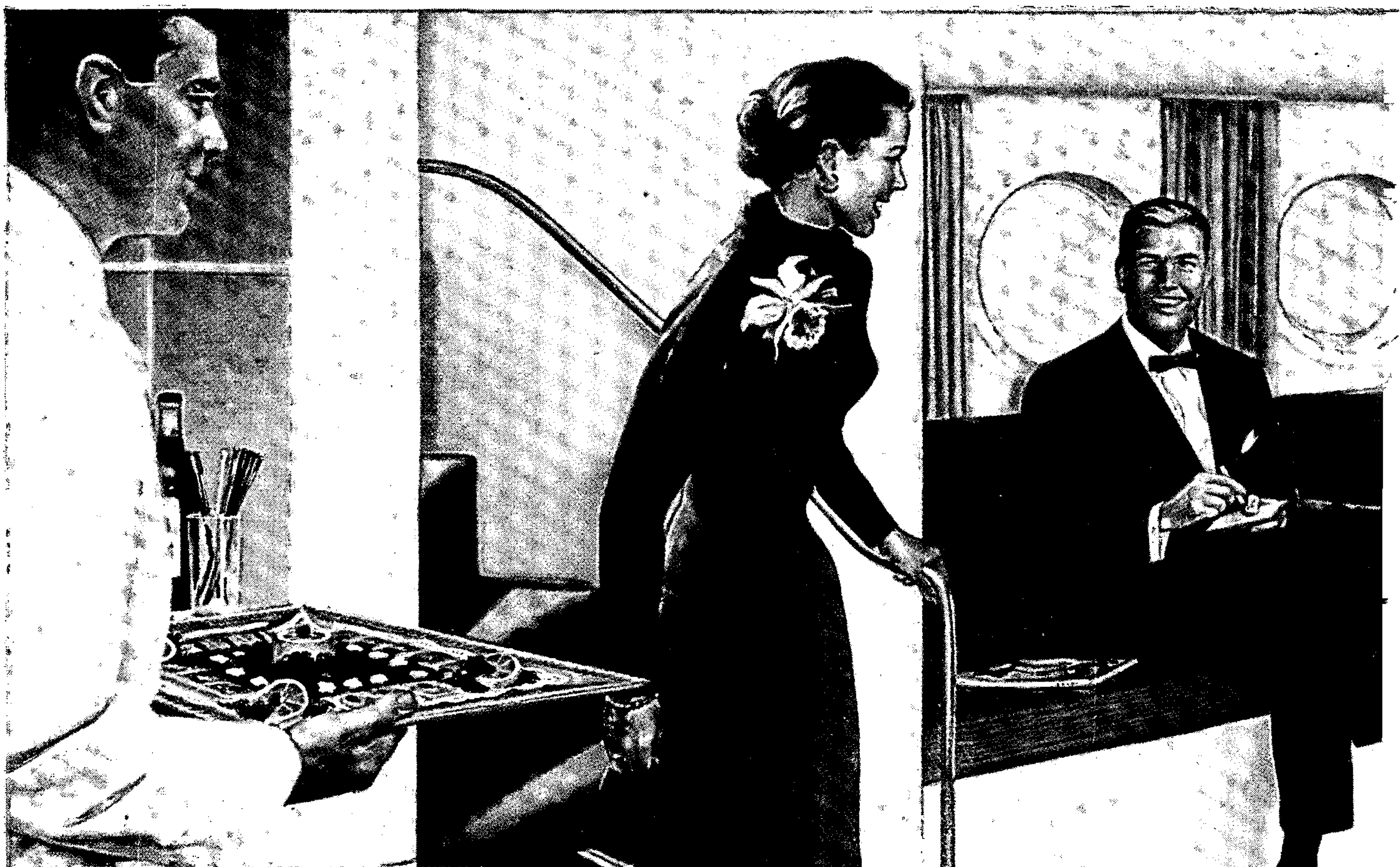

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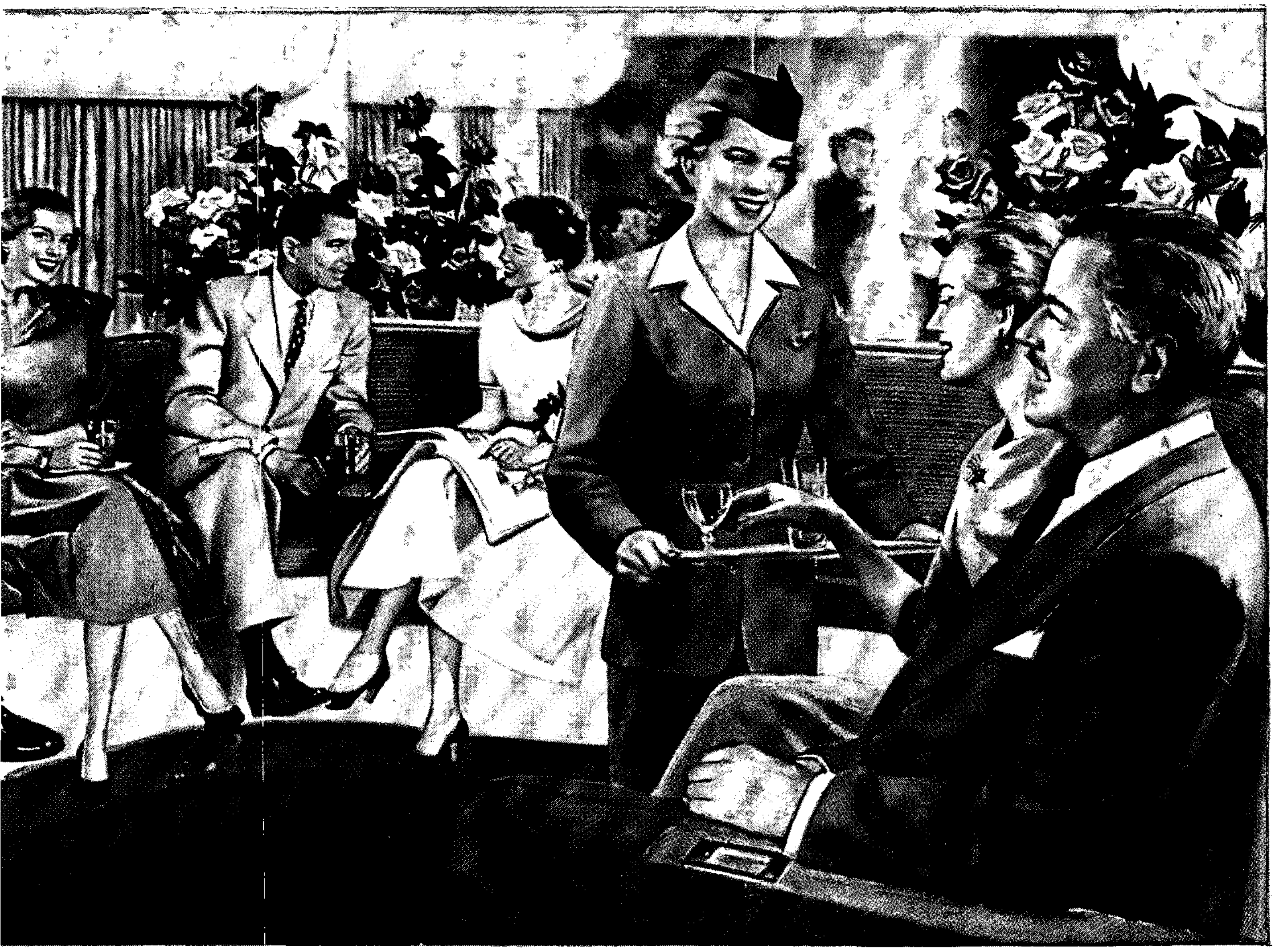

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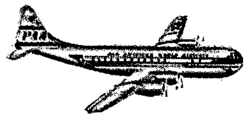

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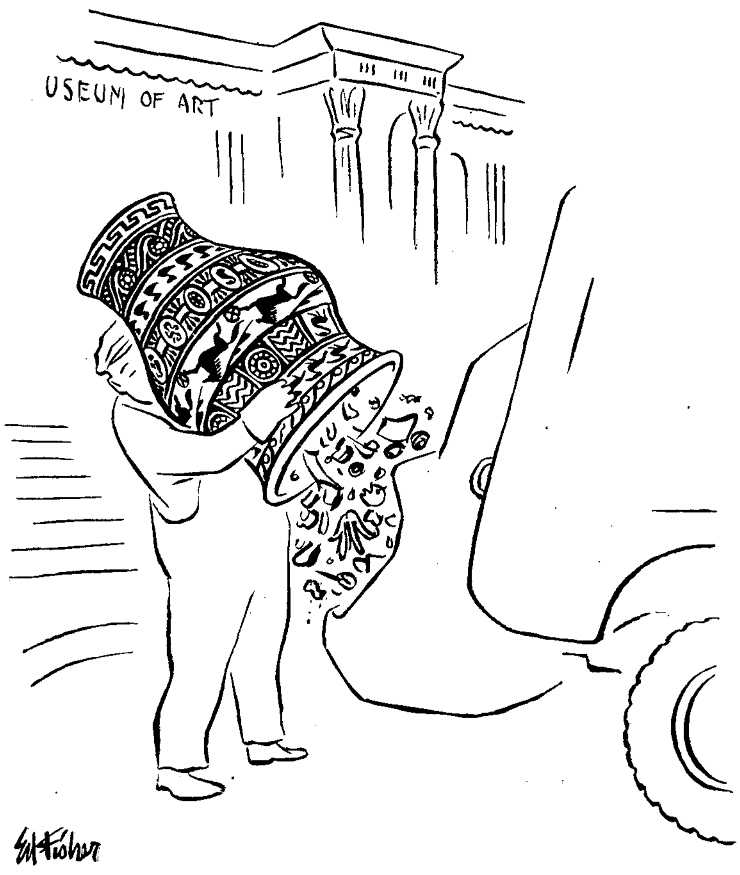
OUT AMONG THE LAMISTERS

WHEN I am away from Las Vegas, Nevada, which means practically every day of my life, I sometimes have difficulty believing there is such a place, but since subscribing to the Las Vegas *Sun* a fortnight or so ago, I have received a daily reminder that life is going on as usual in the town where the chips of all recognized gambling casinos are accepted as currency in the supermarkets. According to a recent batch of *Suns* I have been reading, President Celâl Bayar, of Turkey, has been out visiting Las Vegas, and Pat McCarran, senior United States Senator from Nevada, has been campaigning with one hand on the President of Turkey's coattails. The Senator is not campaigning for his own reëlection, which won't be at issue until 1956, when he will be eighty years old. He is out to regain control of the Democratic Party in Nevada, which in 1952 nominated an anti-McCarran man, Tom Mechling, for junior United States Senator. The upstart's defeat by the Republican incumbent, George (Molly) Malone, gratified McCarran but not Las Vegas Democrats. Clark County, in which Las Vegas is located, went for the young Democratic schismatic by six thousand votes, and he was beaten—narrowly—in the state only because the upstate (which means mostly Reno) Republican vote included a decisive number of McCarran Democrats. (The one politician in Nevada who is not of this opinion is Senator Malone, who told me, "McCarran lost me five thousand votes by saying he was on my side.") As things worked out, party control of the United States Senate hinged on a single seat, and McCarran's committee chairmanships and command of federal patronage vanished with the Democratic administration. Now Nevada's gubernatorial primaries are coming up. (Like New York, it elects its governors for four years in the even-numbered years between Presidential elections.) The present governor is a Republican, but he doesn't look too hard to beat. If an anti-McCarran man wins the Democratic nomination, the old Senator will be in a difficult situation. A new Democratic governor would have gifts to bestow, while McCarran would still have none. The most prominent anti-McCarran prospect for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination is Charles D. Baker, Mayor of Las Vegas. Until recently, Washoe County, which takes in Reno, contained a heavy majority of the voters in Nevada, and McCarran, a native son of the county, had things under personal control. But since around 1940, Clark County has moved up, until it has now attained at least equality in population. Few indeed of these newcomers are old Nevadans, and the Senator has to keep reminding them of his importance.

It was up to McCarran, therefore, to make President Bayar's visit to Las Vegas take on the appearance of a foreign power's public recognition of his own international nuisance value. Unfortunately, Baker, as mayor, had to be in on the ceremonies, too. Senator and Mayor seem to have gone down the line elbow and elbow, bearing in on each other all the way. Everything started politely enough. "The President led a parade down Turkish-flag-bedecked Fremont Street as Sen. Pat McCarran joined him in the seat of honor," says the vital section of the *Sun's* account of Mr. Bayar's arrival in Las Vegas. "Others in the parade were Mayor C. D. Baker, Harley Harmon, chairman of the board of county commissioners, and Herb McDonald, newly-appointed manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Also in the parade were High School R.O.T.C. color guard and band."

I paused to think of Fremont Street as I had seen it most recently, early this winter—the Las Vegas Club, the Pioneer, the Golden Nugget, the Horseshoe, the Western, all agleam with electrified invitations to have a flutter—and visualized the good burghers out under the Turkish flags, the craps dealers waving their rakes and the pretty cocktail waitresses a-tiptoe in their Western boots. I wondered if anybody had thought of staking the President to a stack of five-dollar markers in the name of Las Vegas's leading industry. They could have been presented by Tallulah Bankhead, who was playing the Sands, one of the big hotel-casinos, during his visit. Then the Las Vegans could have escorted him to one of their two-zero roulette wheels and recovered the money. There was no mention of such a ceremony in the *Sun*, however, so apparently the Chamber of Commerce overlooked a good thing. The *Sun* did carry a picture of President Bayar afoot in front of the Nugget—"shown as he departed from the motorized parade in his honor momentarily to view the sights in downtown Las Vegas." Senator McCarran was also visible in the photograph. In the past, the *Sun* has seldom run pictures of McCarran, whom it dislikes, but this time the Senator, in a light suit, was so close behind President Bayar that you couldn't have cut him out of the picture without removing the President's left leg.

"The parade continued down Fremont Street to Sixth," the *Sun* reported. "The vehicles continued on without the color guard and band to the Thunderbird Hotel, where the President and his group was met by



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Marion Hicks, an owner of the swank hotel." Mr. Hicks, I remembered at this point, had once been a chief defendant, along with Senator McCarran, in a suit brought by Hank Greenspun, publisher of the *Sun;* Mr. Greenspun had charged them and several others with conspiring to put his paper out of business by getting all the gambling houses to withhold their advertising. Now, evidently, everything was sweetness and light. The Thunderbird, I noticed, advertised in the *Sun* "a vivid, vivacious revue with that south-of-the-border tang," starring Diosa Costello.

When I opened the next *Sun* to arrive, I was sorry to see that the era of good feeling had ended sooner than President Bayar's visit.

> MAYOR GIVEN HONOR SEAT AT BANQUET, McCARRAN FLIPS LID

the headline over the big story said. The story read, in part:

> A near international incident marred a farewell banquet given in honor of President Celal Bayar of Turkey last night as Senator Pat McCarran threatened to storm out of the Last Frontier Hotel banquet hall because the seat of honor had been given to Mayor C. D. Baker and not to the senator.... Harried diplomats prevailed upon Mayor Baker to move over one seat, and the senator was installed in the seat of honor, next to the president's interpreter. Although McCarran and Baker sat side-by-side for the rest of the evening, a chilling "curtain of ice" separated them. When McCarran rose to introduce the president, he said, "...The world is passing through a transitional stage. Out of that turbulence there has arisen in civilization outstanding men and women who have worked to bring about a spirit of complacency in the world. The guest here tonight is one of those outstanding men. He ranks with Churchill of England, DeGasperi of Italy, Adenauer of Germany and (and here the Senator deviated from his prepared speech) Franco of Spain!" [McCarran has been the principal proponent in the Senate of large loans to Franco; he recently received the Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. The *Sun* doesn't like Franco, either. It has taken no public stand on Isabella.] The comparison of President Bayar to Franco brought gasps of surprise from a number of persons in the audience.

Earlier in the day, the *Sun* said, the Senator had "pleaded illness in order to duck" the Mayor's reception for the President at the Las Vegas City Hall, where Baker, naturally, had top billing.

In the next day's *Sun,* Mr. Greenspun took off from the banquet episode in his first-page editorial column, "Where I Stand":

> Old McCarran will be the death of me. No matter how I try to educate him, I come up against a mental block. The old boy is beyond constructive help. He almost

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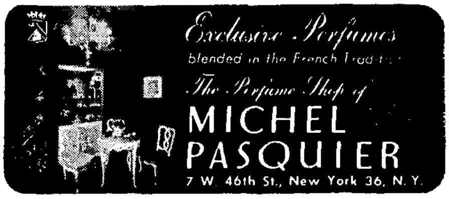
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blew a fuse the other night. . . . For a few moments, it looked as if he would turn the table over as he ranted, cussed, and raved about "stupid state department diplomats who have a lot to learn about protocol." If the people of the state of Nevada could have seen their senior senator in action, they would have had to bury their heads with shame for electing this man to the senate. The comforting part of the senator's performance is that the President of Turkey does not speak or understand English so he couldn't learn of the shame of Nevada. . . . A few more such childish episodes and McCarran will insure the election of Baker as governor of the state. The only way to get ahead in Nevada politics nowadays is to have McCarran as an enemy. And the old boy left no doubt in anyone's mind what he thinks of Baker.

If McCarran doesn't represent Clark county, and Washoe is giving him the slow brushoff, who does he represent in the senate besides Marion Hicks? Most people do not know this, but the Turkish president was originally booked into the Last Frontier until McCarran got wind of it and maneuvered the state department around to switch him to the Thunderbird. Old Pat has to take care of Marion, and if the senior senator is not a partner of Hicks', he should at least be on the payroll. He's the best steerer the Thunderbird ever had. [It is possible, however, that the State Department switched the President to the Thunderbird to restore the balance of attractions among Las Vegas hotels. The Last Frontier had had the Gabor sisters during the stirring times when Zsa-Zsa said Porfirio Rubirosa blacked her eye. Greenspun, after catching the sisters' act, wrote that the eye must have been blacked by the boss of the Last Frontier, who had to pay Zsa-Zsa's salary.] The crowning insult was McCarran's reference to President Bayar as a great statesman who ranks with Franco of Spain. The gasp in the room was clearly audible, and though the Turkish President supposedly couldn't understand, he still knew enough to turn slightly pale at that crack. . . . When McCarran speaks, knowledge takes a holiday.

This was a restrained piece of writing for Mr. Greenspun, and I could only conclude that he was a bit tired after a recent series of "Where I Stand"s on Senator Joseph McCarthy, of Wisconsin, whom he likes even less, if possible, than he likes Senator McCarran. Each piece in that series began with the query "Is Senator McCarthy really a secret Communist?" Greenspun went on to say that he rather thought Senator McCarthy was, but that even if he turned out not to be, he had done more than any other living being for the Communist cause. In a "Where I Stand" in January, when the ancient Reno statesman was in a passing huff with his Wisconsin colleague over top billing as Senate inquisitor, Greenspun wrote, with premature satisfaction, "Even [McCarthy's] comrade . . . Sen. Pat Mc-

A—Genuine Shell Cordovan $19.95

B—Genuine Shell Cordovan $19.95

Wonderful feeling

FREEMAN'S

Dark, dressy, distinguished . . .
deep-glowing Cordovans and Black Calfskins,
elegantly turned out to be
the smartest on parade.

10 Stores in Greater New York City

wallachs

C—Rich Black Calfskin $16.95

D—Black or Brown 3-D Fit $20.95

Carran thinks it's time Joe was cut down to size. Most likely, the McCarran statement will earn a retort from McCarthy, and if I can add any fuel to the fire, I would like to suggest that the ideal situation would be for McCarran and McCarthy to investigate each other. The results must end in a dead heat."

What makes these pieces exotic blooms in our age is the fine, free-rolling frontier invective that Greenspun, a former lawyer who hails from Brooklyn, drapes over the objects of his scorn. He is an editor-publisher of a type popularly supposed to have gone out with derringer pistols and the Gold Rush. This is an instance of the reappearance of an apparently extinct species when given the conditions that created it, because Las Vegas is as much a boom town as San Francisco was in 1850. The population is growing so fast, according to Mayor Baker, whom I met without State Department intervention during my stay this winter, that one of Las Vegas's quarrels with the Republican state administration is over the system of basing state aid to the city schools upon the attendance figures of the previous year. Because the enrollment increases twenty per cent a year, the Mayor said, the state aid never catches up with the current deficit. Mayor Baker told me that when he left Las Vegas in 1940 to pick up his Reserve commission in the Army (he is a civil engineer, and served with the combat engineers in the Pacific throughout the war), the city had a population of eight thousand. When he came back, it had three times that, and he estimates the present population at forty thousand—an impressive tribute to the obscure genius who hit upon the principle of the wheel, unknown to Amerindian culture. The Paiutes, who were first on the scene in Clark County, had nothing to gamble with but antelope bones, which may have been the reason the place didn't develop faster.

GREENSPUN's paper didn't exist in May, 1950, when I visited Las Vegas to attend the opening of the Desert Inn, which now ranks as a tradition-encrusted hostelry, a kind of St. Regis of southern Nevada. Then Las Vegas had only one paper, the *Review-Journal*, whose editor, a Mr. Cahlan, I had occasion to consult about the chances of a bill to legalize gambling that was then in the California legislature. This would have cut off Las Vegas's chief source of interstate increment, leaving its businessmen in the plight of landlocked barracuda. In front

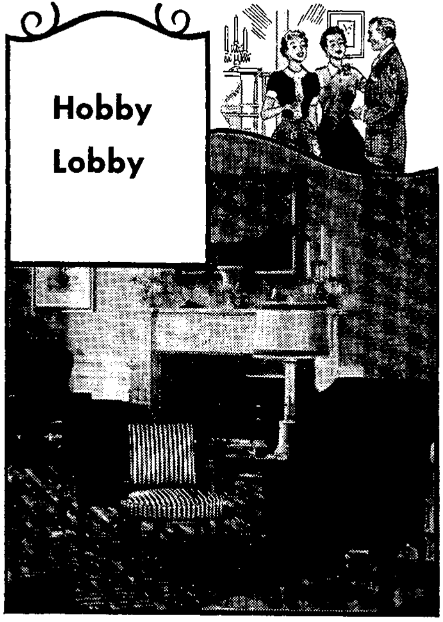
BOTTOMLY ALWAYS INSISTS ON WALKIN'... WEARS THOSE ASTONISHIN' STACY-ADAMS SHOES!

Wherever your feet may take you, wherever you take your feet, you'll find there's nothing finer afoot than a pair of those fabulous Stacy-Adams Shoes. Smart men have been making this discovery since 1875.

Inquiries from qualified merchants welcomed

STACY-ADAMS CO.
Brockton 62, Mass.

STACY-ADAMS
Men's Shoes of Distinction



All bushed . . . all bored to The Gideon! Take refuge in our lobby, TV lounge, reading, writing . . . card rooms. Relax indoors . . . outdoors in our springy pine air . . . *next door!* Yes—famous SARATOGA SPA—expert massage and mineral baths unburden aches 'n' shakes . . . send you bubbling on your way. For reservations, free booklet, write Myron H. Woolley, Manager.

GIDEON PUTNAM HOTEL

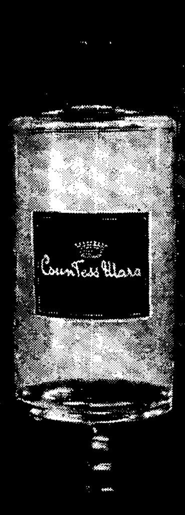
Privately operated at The Saratoga Spa, Saratoga Springs, New York.

The Spa is Owned and its Health Services Operated by The State of New York.

Countess Mara

AT STORES OF DISTINCTION ONLY

. . . NEL MONDO MASCHILE
(. . . in the masculine world)

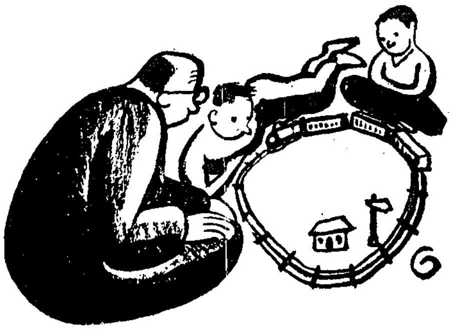


AFTER-SHAVE LOTION 3.50
COLOGNE 5.00

338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

of the *Review-Journal* office at the time of my call was a picket line of International Typographical Union printers, who were protesting the paper's open-shop plant. Mr. Cahlan rightly discounted the California threat, but he underestimated the printers. Some weeks later, the I.T.U. started its own paper in Las Vegas, the *Free Press*. It attained no substantial success, and that June the union sold it to Greenspun. It was one of the cheapest purchases in journalistic history; he bought the paper for a down payment of a thousand dollars and discovered that it had twenty-five hundred dollars in cash assets. He renamed it the *Sun*, and in three years built up a red-hot rival to the older sheet. The *Review-Journal* is owned by the Southwestern Publishing Company, a small chain with a home office in Fort Smith, Arkansas, a circumstance that entitles Greenspun to print beneath the *Sun's* masthead the legend "Southern Nevada's Only Home Owned Newspaper." Southern Nevada has been his home since 1948, which makes him a fairly old settler.

I had read about Greenspun and his paper even in the East; I knew that he had had some sort of legal tangle with McCarran, and also that he had engaged in a shouting row with McCarthy when that Senator visited Las Vegas during the Presidential campaign of 1952. So I had him on my sightseeing list when I returned to Las Vegas this winter. It developed that I had met him in 1950, when he was a press agent for the Desert Inn, in which he owned one point. A point is one per cent of a place, and Las Vegans speculate in points as the early Comstockers did in silver shares. A Desert Inn point, worth twenty-six thousand dollars on my first visit, was held at eighty-two thousand dollars on my second. Some of the more plebeian downtown establishments, striving, like the New York Stock Exchange, to bring investment within reach of the lower middle class, advertise more highly fragmented stock. A recent *Sun* carried a most attractive ad for shares in

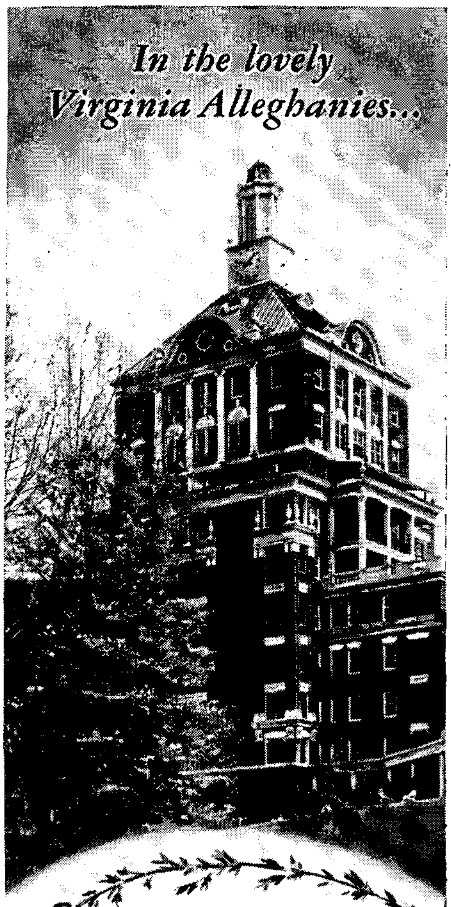


60 PROOF
CREME MENTHE
COINTREAU
50 PROOF
CREME de CACAO
COINTREAU
70 PROOF
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY
COINTREAU
50 PROOF
Anisette
COINTREAU
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
THE WORLD RENOWNED AFTER DINNER LIQUEUR
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF · CONTENTS 4/5 QUART
cordials by cointreau

A time-honored formula
gives Cordials by Cointreau the superb flavor
that is preferred by *all* who instinctively
choose the finest

Cointreau Cordials are produced in 19 distinctive flavors

80 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.



In the lovely Virginia Alleghanies...

Springtime

AT THE

HOMESTEAD

Springtime is one of the most delightful times of the year to vacation in the mountain countryside at Hot Springs, Virginia.

And 1954, from every indication we have, is going to be the greatest season in all The Homestead's history.

If you know The Homestead—or if you enjoy the things it is so famous for—we suggest you plan your visit now.

Springtime at this incomparable resort, in one of its real vintage years, holds the promise of a vacation to remember as long as you live.

Write to The Homestead for rates, reservations, or detailed information.

★ outstanding facilities for virtually every sport...
★ smooth Southern service...
★ a charming social scene...

The HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

New York Office in The Chatham Plaza 8-2490

Washington Office in the Barr Building Republic 7-1764

the Golden Nugget at twelve dollars each.

Greenspun is a big, strong-looking man of forty-three, with black hair, a square, undershot jaw, and two rows of square white and gold teeth frequently exposed in a menacing grin. He likes to refer to himself as a convict, which, in a technical sense, he is, since he was convicted in 1950 of violating this country's Neutrality Act by running arms to Israel during the Israeli-Arab war. (He pleaded guilty, on attorney's advice, and was fined ten thousand dollars.) Greenspun knew a good deal about arms, because he had commanded a mobile ordnance company in France during the war, coming home with a Croix de Guerre and a unit citation for his company. With characteristic modesty, he acknowledges that the guns he procured saved Israel's independence. His conviction bars him from the practice of law, but he had abandoned the law anyway before he turned press agent. Financially, the Greenspun paper got along from its inception. Gamblers of all species are accustomed to pay off whenever they are approached, whether for a police benefit or a newspaper ad. In Las Vegas, the gamblers are also the hotel and restaurant men, and, consequently, the advertisers. They are mostly immigrants from states where gambling isn't legal, and it sometimes takes them years to control their impulse to conceal the layouts when the law enters. Left to their own devices, they take no active part in Nevada politics, being content to back all parties.

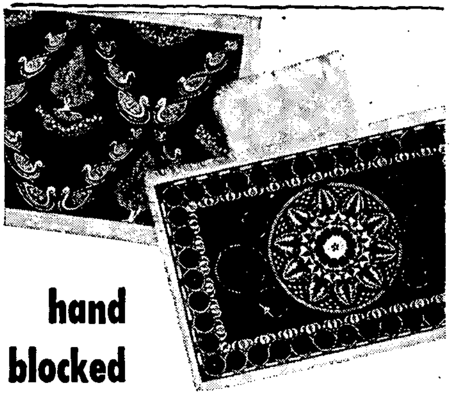
Following the established practice of good old-time publishers in a new town, Greenspun hit out at the man on top, who happened to be McCarran. He was motivated by more than sound business policy, though; he sincerely detested McCarran's witch-hunting and anti-immigration activities. The old Senator, who by exercise of seniority had attained national and international power, was like a large, high-floating balloon held in place only by a frayed string—his control of a plurality of votes in Nevada, whose total population is less than that of New Haven. The votes of a few Basque sheepherders or Paiute Indians could do him more harm than the combined fulminations of Time, Inc., and Harry S. Truman. A defection in the girl-blackjack-dealer-in-Reno vote or in the third-generation-Italian-hay-farmer-in-the-Carson-Valley vote could prove fatal. (When the Bureau of Internal Revenue recently tried to make the girls include their tips in their income-tax returns, the Sena-

London
Paris
Rome

our sign-post separates...
exclusives in crisp ribbed cotton, bittersweet or blue.
4 to 6; 7 to 14.
Blouse, 5.95
Skirt, 9.95 and 10.95
Children's Shop, Fourth Floor.

De Pinna

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH



hand blocked place mats

... in festive designs by Folly Cove. Colorfast. Top "Ducks"—Stone Blue, Brown. Bottom "Apple Pie"—Red, Stone Blue. 4 mats and napkins $5.25. Photos of "Zaidee and her kittens," "Chanticleer," "Guernsey" on request. Mail orders add 35¢ postage.

Catalog on request.

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

tor promised them he would straighten the Treasury out.) The new necessity of wooing the Las Vegans annoyed him, coming at a point in his career when he could have so much more fun chumming around with Franco or browbeating attorney generals of the United States. He was suffering from what the quarterly-review boys would call *hubris*, or sensitive swelled head, and was proportionately vulnerable.

Thus, when almost all Greenspun's warm friends in Las Vegas simultaneously withdrew their advertising in the spring of 1952—the cancellations amounted to thirty per cent of the paper's advertising revenue—the new publisher charged that there was a conspiracy to damage him, and that it was headed by the senior Senator, transmitting his orders through Mr. Hicks. According to Greenspun, the precipitating cause of the conspiracy—or whatever it was—was his support of Mr. Mechling in the Democratic Senatorial primary. Mechling, a pale, elongated, and serious fellow with a Y.M.C.A. secretary's earnest handshake, is a former Washington newspaperman in his very early thirties. He comes from Denver and has a pretty Nevada wife who once worked in Washington under McCarran's patronage. They drove into the state in a car and trailer a few months before the 1952 primaries, and in those months he shook hands with most of the voters in Nevada. After winning the primary, he ran nearly eight thousand votes ahead of Governor Stevenson in the election but lost by about two thousand votes.

One typically Nevadan weakness in the Senator's defense against the conspiracy charge was that half the defendants poured their confidences into the plaintiff's ears, because they weren't mad anyway. The case dragged on through the months of the election campaign and into the winter, never coming to trial. Eventually it was settled—without McCarran's concurrence, the Senator invariably declares. Greenspun told me, when I saw him last fall, that he got back all the advertising, plus a check for $80,500. The check, he said, was signed by the president of the bank on which it was drawn, in which several of the defendants were depositors. Norman Biltz, a wealthy chum of McCarran's, with whom I spoke shortly afterward, maintained that the settlement didn't reflect any substance in Greenspun's contention—just the natural reluctance of some of the Senator's co-defendants to have their records paraded in a pub-

GENERAL'S new NYGEN cord gives this tire astounding strength

√ **Pound for pound, *Nygen Cord is Stronger than Steel Cables!***

√ **The carcass strength is *2½ Times Greater!***

√ **Repeated tests prove its blowout pressure is *15 Times its Normal Air Pressure!***

THE GENERAL TIRE with new NYGEN CORD

DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE METROPOLITAN AREA . . . TYPICAL ONES . . .

MANHATTAN

The New York General Tire Co.
835 Eleventh Ave. CIrcle 7-1500
George Haug Company
517 East 73rd St. BUtterfield 8-0173
Inter-City Auto Stores
4156 Broadway WAdsworth 3-2613

BRONX

Bronx General Tire Co.
579 Grand Concourse MOtthaven 5-1950
Colby General Tire Co.
662 E. Fordham Road CYpress 8-7708
Georged's Service Station
Riverdale Ave. at 260th KI 9-8201

BROOKLYN

Kings County General Tire Co.
472 Atlantic Ave. MA 5-0051
AAA Tire & Battery Exchange
461 Utica Ave. PResident 2-0310
Ganin Tire Company
6502 Bay Parkway BE 6-8400
Benjamin Chevrolet, Inc.
2025 Atlantic Ave. EVergreen 5-3400
Rogers Motor Co., Inc.
60-02 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy ULster 3-2500

QUEENS

Astoria Tire Company, Inc.
37-21 Northern Blvd., L.I. City ST 4-4374
Northshore Tire Corp.
152-12 Northern Blvd. FL 9-2200
Sol Schildkraut, Inc.
LibertyAve.&MerrickRd.,Jamaica,RE9-2300
Jamaica General Tire Co.
104-13 Merrick Blvd., Jamaica, AX 7-6969

NASSAU

Belgrave Motor Sales
124 S. Middleneck, Gt. Neck, GR 2-1500
Biener Pontiac, Inc.
250 Northern Boulevard, Great Neck, Long Island HUnter 2-7700
Center Island Service Station
3300 Hempstead Turnpike, LE 9-9693
J & J Miles Rubber Co.
561 Long Beach Blvd., L. I., LO 6-0561
Mack Markowitz, Inc.
Main & Bedell Sts. Hempstead 2-9600
Nassau General Tire Service, Inc.
63 Hempstead Turnpike, Franklin Square, Long Island, HEmpstead 2-0750
Reese Motors Corp.
410 Jericho Turnpike, Mineola, Long Island Garden City 7-0530

STATEN ISLAND

Kieran Tire Company
367 Bay St., Tompkinsville, GIbraltar 7-3460

WESTCHESTER

Austin-Bliss General Tire Co.
22 E. 2nd St. MT. Vernon 8-9090
Kensington Plaza Garage, Inc.
42 Palmer Ave. BRonxville 2-2210
Lazar Tire Co.
N. Div. & Howard Sts., Peekskill, PE 7-4127
Pohl-Crisp General Tire Co.
25 Bank St. White Plains 9-7979
E. Robison, Inc.
100 Hartsdale Ave., Hartsdale, SC 3-8000
Westchester General Tire Co.
214 Main St. NEw Rochelle 6-6060
Yonkers General Tire Co.
1002 Central Park Ave., Yonkers 5-9367

ORANGE

Harvey Brothers
289 Broadway Newburgh 2282

SUFFOLK

Eastern Gas & Oil Company
642 West Main St. Riverhead 3320
Vail Motor Company
642 West Main St. Riverhead 2271

DUTCHESS

Minger General Tire Co.
132 Smith St. Poughkeepsie 5205

NEW JERSEY

The General Tire Co.
170 Clinton Ave., Newark, BIgelow 2-2900
Brogan Cadillac & Olds. Co.
505 Ellison Place, Paterson, SH 2-8400
Brown-Hanselman Co.
95 Hackensack Av., Hackensack, DI 2-2324
Brustlin Brothers, Inc.
306 Market St., Paterson 3, MU 4-2346
Elizabeth General Tire Service, Inc.
408 Morris Ave. ELizabeth 2-6700
McGuinness General Tire Co.
756CommunipawAv.,JerseyCity,HE4-0432
McManus & Fisk, Inc.
807 Railroad Ave. ASbury Pk. 1-0806
Rawson Motors
320 Park Ave. PLainfield 6-6600
Schwalb Tire Company
Belmont Av. & Route 6 DOver 6-1618
Perth Amboy General Tire Co.
Smith & Elm Sts., Perth Amboy HI 2-5577
Saenger-Smith Company
195-199 Central Ave., Orange, OR 2-9000

(*Advertisement*)

P. C. R.

—*or*

Pronouncing Chivas Regal is easier than producing it

UNLESS you're related to the family, you may mispronounce the first word in "Chivas Regal" (Scotland's Prince of Whiskies). It rhymes with "give us."

We have been asked, "How does a Scottish distiller happen to have such a French-looking name"? The name is pure Scots, but its present spelling is a result of the free and easy attitude toward spelling which was customary in the Middle Ages.

In the fourteenth century the family gave its name to (or took it from) the hamlet of Shivas in the parish of Tarves, Aberdeenshire. For generations you could take your choice of *Shivas, Schivas, Schevas,* or *Seves.* Somebody who liked the letter "C" settled on *Chivas,* long before 1801. That was the year when two brothers Chivas set up in Aberdeen as "purveyors of provisions."

They purveyed with such success that they were able to give serious and scholarly attention to the development of one "provision" which made them famous. They acquired consummate skill in blending fine whisky. Soon they were producing a liquid treasure so delectable that in the 'nineties a London journalist wrote, "... we have never tasted finer, mellower, and more exquisitely flavoured whisky than that which Chivas Brothers hospitably placed before us during our sojourn in Aberdeen." That opinion seems to be shared today by a great many Americans.

That's the history of the name and the product. We only wish the *supply* of 12-year old Chivas Regal were as simple a matter. We are truly sorry there is not quite enough of this noble whisky to meet the demand. Its supply is naturally limited by its quality—a quality that cannot be mass-produced. If your dealer is sometimes out of it, please accept our apology, our thanks for your patience, and our assurance that we are doing everything humanly possible to keep him supplied.

•

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF
CHIVAS BROTHERS IMPORT CORP.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

lic trial. According to Biltz, the simultaneous withdrawal of all the ads was merely a coincidence. Greenspun says he had the Senator dead to rights but couldn't afford to turn down the settlement, since he already owed his attorney thirty-six thousand dollars. In any case, the paper's circulation and advertising revenue have gone up since.

IT was in the last stages of the Presidential campaign that McCarthy made his great contribution to the *Sun's* prestige. He came to Las Vegas, under the auspices of the Women's Republican Club, to speak at a rally in the War Memorial Auditorium, the biggest hall in town, in favor of General Eisenhower and Senator Malone. The speech was to be broadcast, and it was to run for half an hour. As usual, McCarthy had little to say in favor of anybody, and for seventeen minutes he mostly laced into Mechling and Greenspun. Finally, talking about Greenspun, he waved a folded copy of the *Sun* that may have contained Greenspun's editorial boasting of his conviction for aiding Israel. This is one of Greenspun's favorite editorials; he runs it on days when his adrenals are slack and he can't think of anybody to fly into a rage at. It is also possible that the paper contained nothing about Greenspun at all. "This man," McCarthy howled in Las Vegas, waving the *Sun*, "this confessed Communist, who confesses it here . . . !"

"I knew his tongue must have slipped," Greenspun told me. "He runs it too fast anyway. He meant to say 'convict.' " Greenspun also knew that he had been libelled in the hearing of every voter in Nevada, and that McCarthy never retracts. He ran up to the platform and grabbed the microphone, and McCarthy jumped down. (This is the Greenspun version of the incident; the *Nevada State Journal*, of Reno, a McCarran paper, reported that McCarthy had "started to leave the hall" before Greenspun reached the microphone.) Greenspun yelled into the microphone for McCarthy to come back and have it out. McCarthy didn't. An omission of this sort under such circumstances is a sure way to lose caste in Las Vegas, whether you are a United States senator or anybody else. Then Greenspun launched out on an ad-lib denunciation of lynch law and Fascism. He has been writing rude statements about McCarthy ever since, all libellous *per se;* if McCarthy sues him, he figures, he can sue McCarthy.

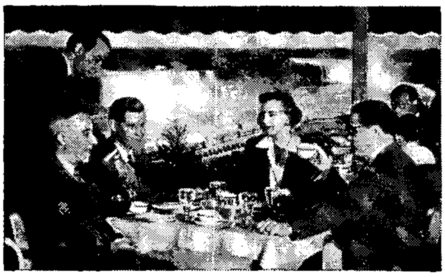
The encouraging feature of the af-

IN NIAGARA FALLS IT'S THE
SHERATON
-BROCK

The honeymoon that's never over

A surprising number of people go to Niagara Falls with nothing more bridal than hydro business in mind—then fall in love with a hotel. It's the Sheraton-Brock that does it.

Planted at the rim of the Canadian side, and wreathed in gardens, its charm is the never-the-same drama of the Falls played through every window. There's no better view of the Falls than from your own room (one wall may be all glass).



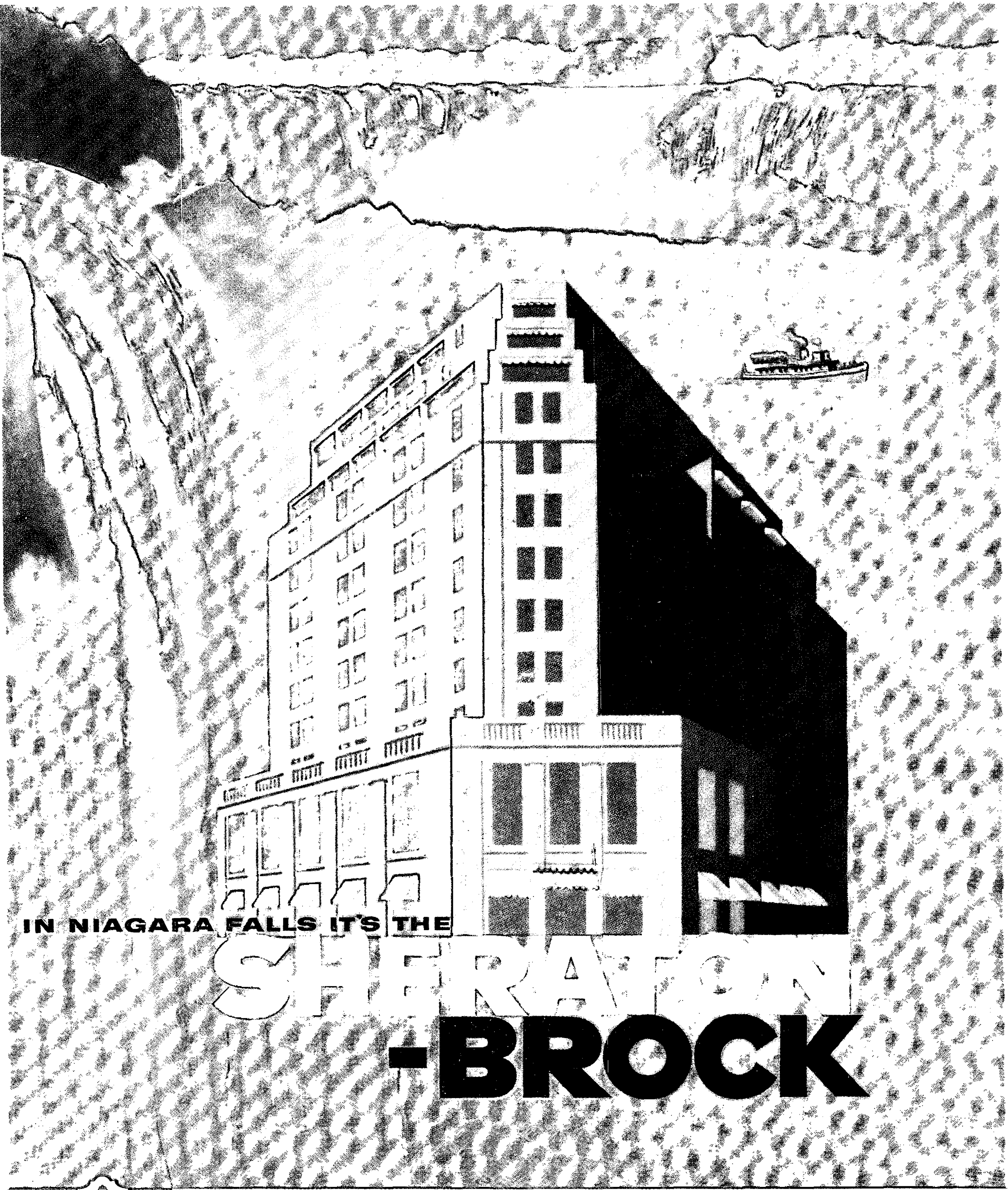
TOP O' THE BROCK
Dining with the Falls at your feet

Mecca of honeymooners and summer vacationists, the Sheraton-Brock is also an ideal spot for conventions in fall, winter, spring. It is easy to reach by train, plane or bus, and motorists like the way the Sheraton-Brock makes parking pleasant.

In Canada and the U. S. Sheraton offers fine hotels in twenty-one cities. Make reservations at your nearest Sheraton for *any* Sheraton. So whether you're bound for the Sheraton-Mt. Royal in Montreal, for the King Edward in Toronto or the Sheraton-Cadillac in Detroit, any trip is happier when you're a Sheraton guest.

Free Reservations by Sheraton Teletype Service
Just call your nearest Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON
The Proudest Name in
HOTELS


IN NIAGARA FALLS IT'S THE
SHERATON
-BROCK

SHERATON *the proudest name in* HOTELS

IN THE U.S.A.

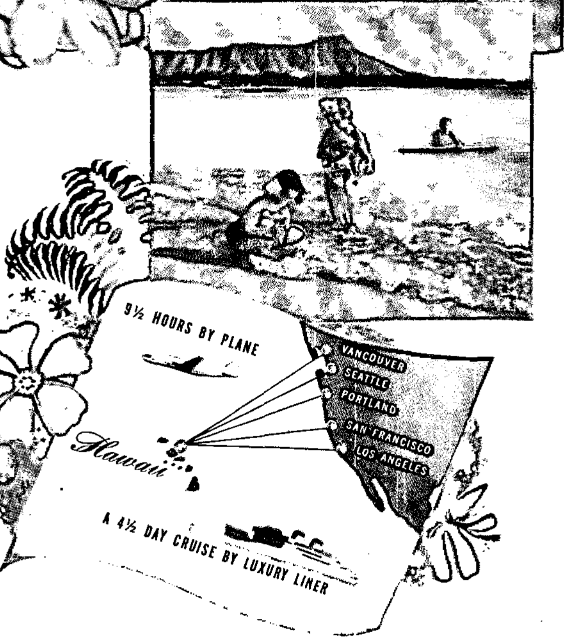
BOSTON
PROVIDENCE
NEW YORK
BALTIMORE
DETROIT
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
PITTSBURGH
WASHINGTON
ST. LOUIS
BUFFALO
ROCHESTER
WORCESTER
PITTSFIELD, Mass.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
BROOKLINE, Mass.

IN CANADA

MONTREAL—Sheraton-Mt. Royal
The Laurentien
TORONTO—King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS—Sheraton-Brock
HAMILTON—Royal Connaught
WINDSOR—Prince Edward

You can set a low quota of time and cost . . . but

the sky's the limit in adventure and fun!


9½ HOURS BY PLANE
VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
Hawaii
A 4½ DAY CRUISE BY LUXURY LINER

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fair, from Greenspun's standpoint, is that since it took place, the *Sun's* circulation has doubled, and in a community where there are relatively few liberal intellectuals. Most working Las Vegans—building workers, tradesmen, dealers, and the rest—hail from Utah, southern California, or the Southwest, areas notably uninfected by intellectualism. Attempting an explanation of this phenomenon, Greenspun said to me, "Most people here are lamisters. They came away from home because they didn't have it good enough. So they don't like to see anyone pushed around. Like the Pilgrim Fathers," he added, looking about the large and jingling interior of Benny Binion's (as it was then) Horseshoe Club, where you can play roulette with five-cent chips or bet two thousand dollars on one roll of the dice but where we were just sitting and talking over coffee. Mr. Binion, a Pilgrim Father from the Red River country of Texas, via Dallas, was not with us. After a legal running fight across as many state boundaries as Chief Joseph traversed in his retreat from General O. O. Howard, he had pleaded guilty to multitudinous charges of income-tax evasion and was soon leaving for his native Texas to receive sentence. While Mr. Greenspun and I were drinking coffee, he was busy selling a majority of the points in the Horseshoe to an investor from New Orleans, where venture capital had been thrown out of work by a reform wave. With the proceeds, he was able to pay up six hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars of his arrears, but that didn't get him quite off the hook and he went to jail for five years. Mr. Greenspun and I eventually went our separate ways, he to write another libellous-if-not-true editorial about Senator McCarthy, I to stop for a moment opposite the railroad station in the small liquor shoppe of a man named Sundown Wells.

THIS Sundown is a retired gambler who, according to popular report (which he deprecates), got his nickname because for twenty-four years he was never seen by daylight except when he was coming home during the one month he worked the swing shift at the Bank Club, in Reno. When I stopped by, he bet me a beer he could tell just by looking at the next man who came in what brand of whiskey he would buy. "Of course, I know a lot of them," he said, and he smiled with triumph when the next man in was a young railroader who was obviously an acquaint-

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ance. "Pint of Cyrus Noble," Sundown whispered in my ear before he went to serve the customer.

"Half pint of Jim Beam," the customer said.

"Fellow crossed me up," Sundown apologized when he came back. "That's for the old engineer who don't want to be seen coming in here." He opened my free beer for me, and after a while I said I would have another. He didn't want to let me pay for that one, either, but I insisted, so he said, "Tell you what let's do. You put your quarter in the slot machine, and if you hit the jackpot, we'll split." I put it in and nothing happened, so honor was saved all around.

Then Sundown said, apropos of nothing that I can now remember, "You cannot eat a quail a day for thirty days and live." I said, "Why not?," and he said, "Ask your doctor. He'll tell you the same." This reminded me of an Oxford man I knew in London during the war, who told me that if you ate (et) a pigeon a day for *seven* days you would die.

"Did you ever see anybody try it?" I asked Sundown, and he said, "I really did. It was in Tonopah one fall, and there was lots of quail. Used to have them on the menu at the lunch counter every day. Well, there was one fellow there, and he heard what we said, but he was reckless. The Tonopah mines were just about played out and gamblers were betting with each other. He bet us all he could eat thirty, and he opened at even money. Said he liked quail all his life and could never get enough of them. Along about the fourth day, he felt so chipper he started laying eight to five. But around the fifteenth day I asked him would he bet some more, and he said he wanted odds. On the twentieth day, he come in and looked at that quail on the plate, and he called the stakeholder and told him turn over the money to all of us. 'I cannot go on,' he said. 'I rather lose those bets than my life.' He never would tell us no more." A week or so later, I talked to an old miner about the thirty quails, and he said he had heard the story all his life, but he didn't know how it started.

WHEN I left Sundown, I went on back to the Sands, where I was staying, to change my clothes before starting on a round of the big places on the Strip, which is the highway between the airport and downtown Las Vegas. The Sands is operated by a Texas horseman known as Colonel Jake Freedman, who has named his detached

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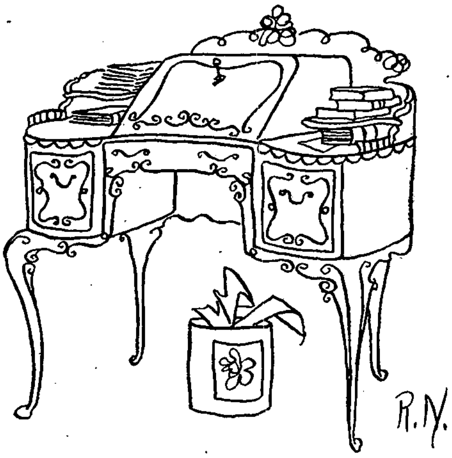
dormitories after racecourses. (I was stabled way over on the backstretch, in Santa Anita.) It is one of two new mammoth gambling houses with sleeping quarters that have arisen since my 1950 visit. The other is the Sahara, which paid Marlene Dietrich thirty thousand dollars a week last winter. There is also a new galaxy of motels that are so splendid they are hard to distinguish from the first-string hotel-casinos, and there is an imposing race track that has come into being and gone into receivership all within three years. There was nothing on the race-track site but a billboard when I helped open the Desert Inn, and now the huge roofed grandstand is already a cavernous solitude, like the colosseum at El Djem, in North Africa. The promoter is out on bail. Such contretemps are inevitable in a rapidly developing economy. Riding in from the airport to Colonel Freedman's pleasure dome on my visit last fall, I was also much impressed with a new tower of light that had been set up by the proprietors of the Flamingo. It is a chaste ziggurat a couple of hundred feet high, brocaded with illumination. To the sentimental tourist, the tower serves as a memorial to the late Bugsy Siegel, a Flamingo proprietor whose taking off in 1947 has now receded into the romantic mists of early Las Vegas history.

The Strip was fairly quiet as I started my tour. It was an off week—the pre-holiday lull. Patachou was at the Last Frontier, Kay Starr at the Flamingo, Dolores Gray at the Sahara, and Billy Eckstine at the Sands. On week nights, you can see only two shows—dinner and midnight—but on Saturdays and Sundays there is a late show, too, so you can catch six during a weekend, if that is your fancy. There's no cover charge or minimum. When I had finished my small toot—I won a bit at roulette before watching Patachou and lost rather



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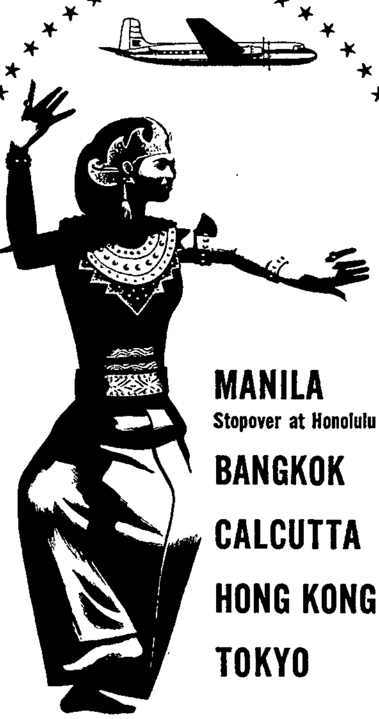
more after hearing Starr—I returned to the vast hall of the Sands and sat around with Colonel Freedman. Sitting around with people has become my favorite form of sightseeing. All you need is a seat.

The main building of the Sands is a great rectangular hall, with the reception desk in one corner, slot machines along one long wall, and a bar and cocktail lounge, complete with Latin trio, along the wall opposite. In the middle is a jumble of roulette and craps tables and twenty-one layouts. These are the vital organs of the enterprise. The far end of the hall leads into the theatre-restaurant, which maintains a resident troupe of showgirls; they add to the appearance of the establishment between shows. The Colonel is a small, popping man who wears cowboy clothes made for him by a tailor in New York, at three hundred dollars a throw. He shelters under a hat with a brim like an indoor running track. The boat that brought him to this continent forty-five years ago disembarked him at Galveston, and he pushed on to Houston, where he became as Texan as John N. Garner, except that he says "you-all" with a Polish accent. In Houston, Colonel Freedman told me, he made a vocation of Southern hospitality, accommodating his guests with such action as they desired, but strictly on an invitation basis. He branched out into oil wells and race horses, but they were only sidelines to his guesthouse, which was called the Domaine Privé. "Just four tables," the Colonel said. "And you didn't need no floor show." He had retired to Nevada, he told me, because "Uncle" was making it uncomfortable for people who offered opportunity for a rapid turnover of liquid assets in states without legalized gambling. Besides a certain amount of captured investments, he had brought with him a wide acquaintance with the good faces of the Southwest—good for five thousand dollars and up—and he had as associates gentlemen who were well acquainted with Los Angeles, San Francisco, Midwestern, and New York faces. "In fact," he said, "if a man walks in here who's broke his maiden anywhere, there is probably someone who knows him." In racing, "breaking the maiden" means winning for the first time, but in gambling, the Colonel explained, it means losing and paying with a good big check that doesn't bounce.

I congratulated the Colonel on the elegant décor of his cheery cathedral, and he said, "It keeps the place select; people ain't dressed nice, they don't like to come in where it looks nice. Of



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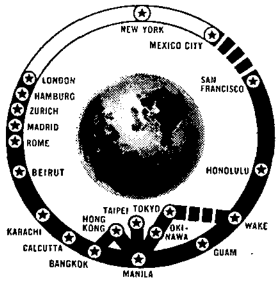

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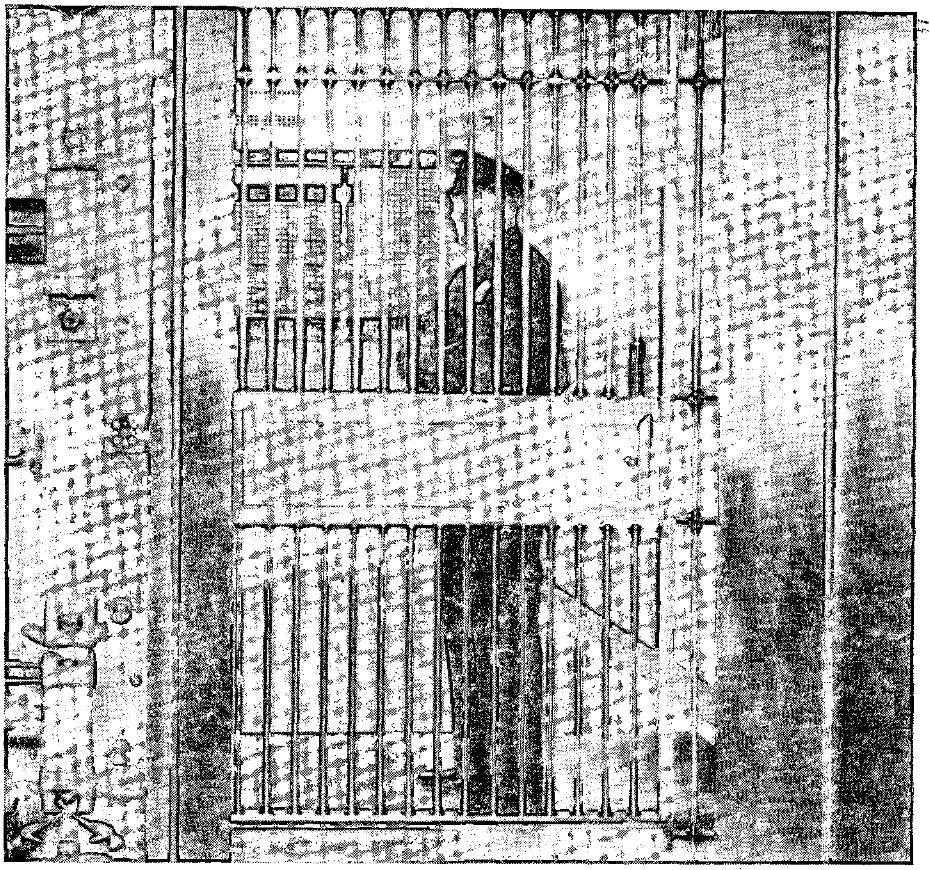
course, we got guests come in with sports clothes in the daytime, but in the evening we do everything we can to discourage it without being positively instructive."

We were joined by a fellow named Jack Entratter, a New Yorker who puts on the shows at the Sands. I asked the Colonel and Entratter whether they thought the big shows brought enough extra play to the tables to pay for themselves or whether the palace owners were all caught in a spiral. The Colonel, a fundamentalist, said he thought a place like the Sands would do just as well with a refined atmosphere, like the Domaine Privé, and maybe an orchestra. "Who ever heard of a big player flies in to Vegas to see a show?" he said. "We sell other merchandise." Entratter said there was no way of proving that when you paid a star twenty thousand dollars a week the house won exactly that much more at the tables. But he was sure that collectively the big shows paid; the chance to see five or six of them in one weekend drew a lot of people to Las Vegas who wouldn't come solely to gamble but did gamble once they got to town. "We might win money from people who are stopping at the Desert Inn," he said, "and they might win money from people stopping with us. But unless we all had the big shows, there wouldn't be so many of them here." He thought the shows were an especially strong draw with the wives, who in the past generally couldn't be coaxed up to Las Vegas more than once on a mere gambling-and-drinking trip but who can now be talked into several weekends a year. The national publicity, too, depends on the big names, he said.

BECAUSE Las Vegas has become such a show center, there is a whole resident colony of New Yorkers—producers, stage managers, musicians, showgirls, maîtres d'hôtel, and waiter captains. They get homesick for a little unconditioned, impure air free of ozone. I asked a fellow named Nick Kelly, who used to work at the Copacabana and La Vie en Rose in New York and is now in charge of reservations in the big room at the Sands, why they did. Kelly's real name is Fiore; he became Kelly because when he was a kid he used to work on Sullivan Street for Jimmy Kelly, whose real name was John De Salvio. He is a man with sad, protruding eyes and a side elevation that has earned him the *petit nom* of Kelly the Belly. "There are beautiful girls here," I reminded him, "and there's magnificent scenery, a climate the



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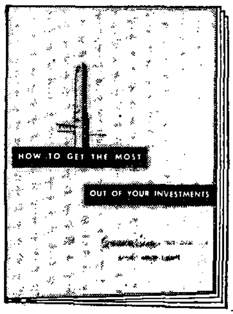

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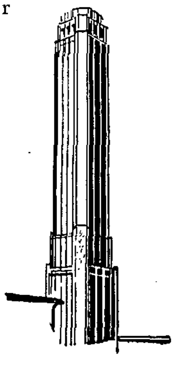

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Kelly looked at me with his big, sad eyes and said, "There's no place to go out for a cup of coffee."

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THE ART GALLERIES

Hardy Annuals

IT is always interesting to notice how the Whitney Annuals—and this makes the twenty-third year the Museum has been holding its seasonal roundup—vary a little from year to year. The one now on—sculpture, water colors, and drawings—has, as usual, a scattering of newcomers, balanced, also as usual, by the absence of a number of familiar faces. Apart from these slight changes, the main body of exhibitors remains pretty much what it has been for almost a decade, and yet this year, as in the past, the general color of the show differs just enough from those of its predecessors to make it worth a visit.

Last year, for example, it was the modernists who dominated the sculpture section, to the detriment of the conservatives. This is to a certain extent true this year, too, but less obviously, and in the broad classification that runs from modified to strict realism there are some extremely attractive pieces. William Zorach's heroic granite head called "Moses," stylized just enough to add a feeling of antiquity to its monumentality, is one of the real standouts of the exhibition, and it's followed, in the same group, by José de Creeft's smaller, very graceful "Celene," in the whitest and most translucent of alabaster; Larry Rivers' bluff, direct "Standing Figure of Augusta Rivers;" and the big, serene reclining nude called "Out of Good Soil," by Nina Winkel.

Among the moderns, the constructivists, I thought, made the best showing, although—as was the case last year, too—there are lapses. Here the technique itself is in part to blame. In the traditional sense, sculpture meant a cutting away—of the stone or wood, and even of the clay or plaster—and while this was a difficult and tedious technique, it had the virtue of "containing" the image in the material employed; the artist got at his final figure by a process of reducing and refining. In the newer methods, the reverse is true. Here the artist constructs in metal and the like, and builds his figure almost from within; the process is now a kind of growth, instead of a reduction, and though this makes for lightness and vitality, it also opens the way to a sort of overblooming, in which the primary figure is lost

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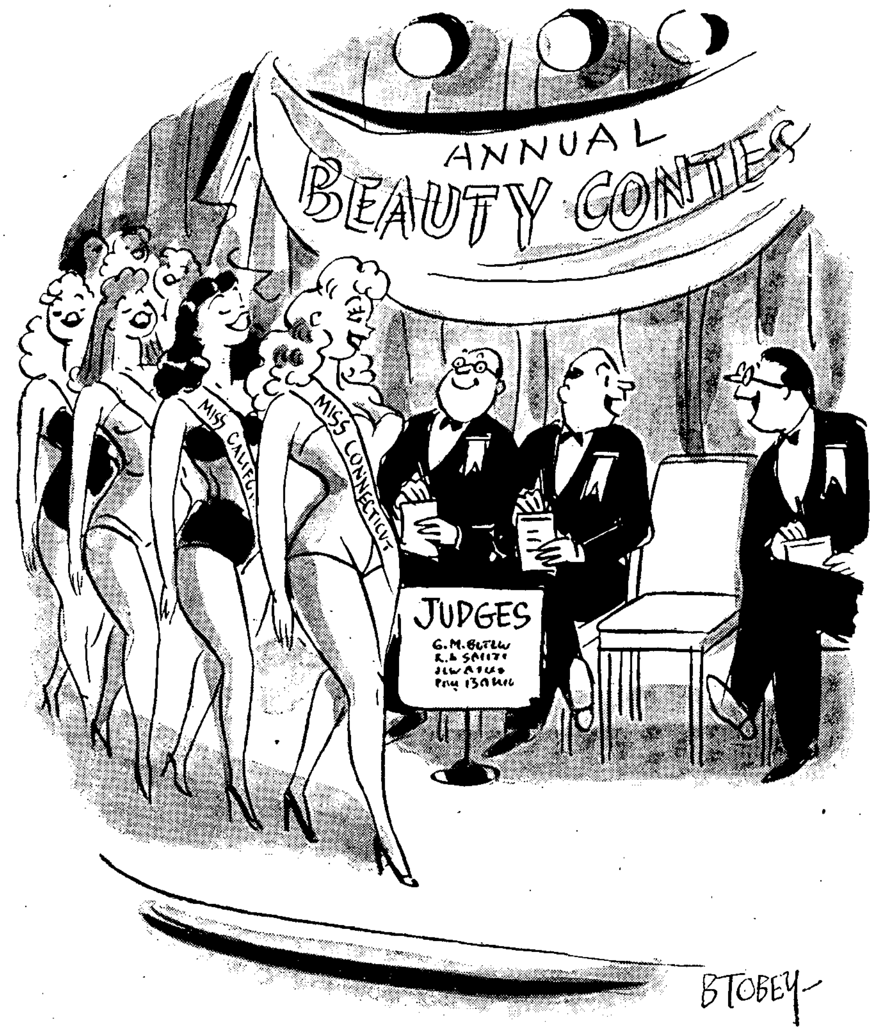

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in an excess of ornamentation. In other words, the good artist in the old days was one who knew when to keep on cutting and simplifying; the good artist in the new styles is one who knows when to stop, and in the current show there are quite a few pieces—Robert B. Becker's almost infernally complicated "Cellist," Tom Hardy's literally slab-sided "Walking Horse," and the Lipchitz-influenced "Blind Man," by Isidore Grossman, are examples—that could have done with some pruning.

There are far more successes than failures, however. Abbott Pattison's "Woman Observing the World," though as intricately designed as any, has a firmness of concept that gives it authority, as have Calvin Albert's "Aggressive Bird" and Seymour Lipton's flowing, small "Sea-Bloom." David Smith's "Tanktotem, No. 4" has both power and simplicity, while among the work of the "pure," or geometric, constructivists there are handsome pieces by Robert Cronbach (see the airplane-clean "Suspension No. 5," in aluminum and wire), Naum Gabo ("Construction in Space—1953"), and José De Rivera (the sinuous and gleaming "Construction" in chrome-nickel steel). Jacques Lipchitz—whose work, for all its lush blooming, never quite goes to seed—has a fine "Sketch for Burning Virgin," in bronze, and there's also a boldly conceived and executed, if a touch garish, big altarpiece called "Ecce Homo," in polychrome ceramic, by Peter Lipman-Wulf.

Of the water colors and the drawings, I'd say that the latter were the more adroit and the former the more imaginative. I am always amazed, somehow, by the virtuosity so many of our artists nowadays can display with pen, crayon, or pencil. Such work often tends to have Surrealist overtones, and some of it, technique apart, is a little empty. But it contributes a certain glitter, and Jared French's many-figured "Ball," John Wilde's "Carp with Figure," and Paul Cadmus's "Female Nude" are among the more shimmering examples. Duncan Robert Stuart's "Harangue," though no less adept, has more feeling of force behind it, and such pieces as Louis Bosa's "Games," with its gnomish children; Joseph Glasco's massive abstract "Head;" and Gregorio Prestopino's dark, very moving "The Men"—perhaps because they pay greater attention to content than to technique—are even more effective. Among the water colors (as I've said, a more spirited, if less expert, collection), I was most impressed by Ward Lockwood's

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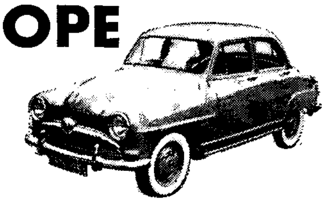

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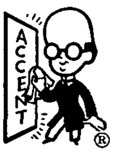

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"Southwest No. 4," with its graceful handling of Indian motifs; Anne Ryan's bland, tasteful "Gold Collage—1953;" Robert Vickrey's oddly imposing "Fat Clown;" and Ogden M. Pleissner's straightforward, attractive landscape called "Sugar Maples."

THE American Abstract Artists is a tolerably ancient organization now, too, and its current Annual, the eighteenth in the series, has the poise and polish that go with experience. Not too large and not too small, it's a compact and yet varied collection, and this year a group of twenty-eight paintings and sculptures by nine Japanese abstractionists has enlivened it further. The modern abstract method, it seems, is still fairly new to Japan, and a number of the pieces show a little uncertainty in manner, while some others reveal that the artists are still a bit too directly under Western influences for their best development. But that, of course, is almost inevitable, and even when the Western flavor is most evident, as in Macanari Murrai's very Légeresque "Opera Actor," there are native touches in the handling that give the work an oddly exotic suggestion. I liked best, though, the ones that are more purely Japanese in their derivation—such as Masaki Suematsu's grave blue "Vista," Takeo Yamaguchi's big red-and-black "Abstraction—1952," and the beautifully textured screens called "Nature" and "Environment," by Sabro Hasegawa—and there's no question but that the Japanese, whose own artistic tradition holds so many points of relation to the abstract theory, can soon make themselves completely at home in the method. While the guests lend color, the Americans add weight to the show. From a long list of excellent pieces I'll note only a few—Ilya Bolotowsky's gleaming "White Light," Josef Albers' nicely balanced "Ascending," George McNeil's strongly patterned "Green Swirl," and, among the sculptures, Louise Nevelson's small, solid "Ancient Figure"—as especially worth your attention. The show, which is at the Riverside Museum, closes this Sunday.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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> MANILA, Dec. 28 (AP)—Presi-
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> ends Wednesday, today granted
> freedom to 52 Japanese war
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GRANDFATHER'S CRIMINAL CAREER

LITTLE that went on in the city of Rochester, New York, escaped the notice of my Grandfather Adams. His sources of information were a perennial mystery to my cousins and me, and our duty calls at his cottage, on Union Street, were shadowed by the probability that any recent misdeeds of ours would be known to him already. Thus it was with dismay rather than surprise that, on an October afternoon of 1882, we heard his bearded lips pronounce the word "muskmelon." Were any of us partial to that delicacy, he asked.

Jenny, the eldest of us, looked blank. Charlie, the youngest, looked virtuous. John, Sireno, and I tried to look innocent. Grandfather said, "It may or may not be news to you that the Hooker Nurseries were raided last night."

It was not news. We waited.

"Several of the miscreants were observed but have not yet been apprehended by the authorities," Grandfather proceeded. His phraseology, closely following the style of the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle's* police reports, was not reassuring. He surveyed us with chilling disfavor, and his long and gnarly index finger rose slowly until it pointed to John. "Did you participate in this felony?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," John said.

The finger swung in imperative demand first upon me, then upon Reno. Each of us muttered an affirmative. One did not lie to Grandfather Adams. John, our recognized spokesman, spoke up. "Everybody hooks mushmelons in October, Grandpa. Hooking isn't stealing."

Reno and I nodded. It was, to our minds, a valid defense. This sort of minor pilfering was a seasonal ritual among Rochester's youth, like today's Halloween mischiefs. To hear it called felony shocked us.

"The police may take a different view," Grandfather said. "A member of the force called here this morning."

Jenny clasped her hands. "Oh, Grandpa!" she cried. "Must they languish in jail?" (She was a devotee of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, whose impassioned sensibilities often echoed in her speech.)

"No," said Grandfather. "They will not, as you put it, languish, this time. The policemen came to interview me about a lost dog. Though, indeed," he added, "a term of incarceration might prove a needed correctional to their criminal tendencies. Prison can be an ennobling experience to a receptive soul. Many of the world's great have gone to prison and been none the worse for it—John Bunyan, Saint Paul, Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Sam Patch," Charlie contributed, naming the cataract jumper who had met his end at our own Falls of the Genesee, and so had become a local godling.

Charlie's intent was to be helpful, but his suggestion was not well received. "Sam Patch was a befuddled victim of his own inebriety," the old gentleman said tartly.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie meekly.

"Thus you children will observe," our mentor said, taking up his theme again, "being in jail does not necessarily imply depravity."

Charlie's next utterance was delivered with an air of naïve candor. "Grandpa, were you ever in jail?" he inquired simply.

"Yes, Charles," Grandfather said.

We sat dumfounded. Jenny was the first to rally. "Whatever they said you did, I know you didn't do it," she said loyally.

"Oh, yes, I did," said the old gentleman, quite blithely.

THROUGH the half-open window sounded the distant whistle of a steam canalboat crossing the Genesee River aqueduct. The old gentleman's eyes grew dreamy, and he launched into a lament for the old Erie—the Grand Western Canal, as he called it—a dull utility now, but a teeming world of activity, licit and illicit, sixty years before. He drew a word picture of canalside life as it was when Clinton's Ditch was the eighth wonder of the world, the mainway of traffic in the expanding nation.

What a moving marvel of humanity was the old towpath, he said. There were gyppos in slinking squads—brightkerchiefed folk, following the route in pursuance of their dubious trades. There were wandering tenkers, pikies, swingkettles, and blanketeers, hedgerow camping as they fared; bands of runaway apprentices, the pests of the countryside because of their henroost pilfering; road runners and soap locks, wastrels of the towns; and by night, the furtive procession of fugitive slaves, in constant dread of capture and return.

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ished. However, warrants from the Southern states were still honored, and a standard reward of a hundred dollars a head for colored fugitives stimulated the slave-hunting trade. Any rascal could get a local warrant for slave-catching. The practitioners of it were a scoundrelly lot, mainly suspected horsethieves from Nine Mile Swamp or semi-outlaws from the Montezuma Marshes, contemned by decent folk. One of the most notorious slave hunters was Tib Mason, from Howland's Island, in the Marshes. He was so poison-mean that the marsh mosquitoes forbore to bite him. "It was Tib who got me into jail," Grandfather told us. And this was the way of it, he said.

Grandfather was sitting, fare-paid, on the afterdeck of the line boat Dawn Star, chatting with his friend Artemas Bowman, who owned and captained her. Below decks, a dark, nonpaying passenger, named Pompey, lurked between bales of hay. Captain Bowman did not call himself an Abolitionist, which was a name of ill repute, but he had a confirmed ambition—a grudge—against man hunters who operated in the free State of New York. The cowering slave in the hold was by no means the first fugitive to find haven on board the Dawn Star from the dogs and guns of his pursuers.

Beyond Port Byron, a lone horseman cut across from a nearby shunpike and urged his mount up on the canal's towpath. He had a horn at his belt, a coil of rope over his shoulders, and a musket across his saddlebow. Captain Bowman recognized him as Tib Mason. The horseman hailed the line boat unceremoniously: "Ahoy, Dawn Star! Head in."

"I can't dwell," Captain Bowman called back. "Fast deliverable freight."

"I got a warrant for that freight," Tib Mason said. He flourished a paper with an embossed seal. "Good anywhere in New York State."

"This ain't York State. It's Erie Water," the Captain replied.

This was a disputable point. Some authorities held that since the Erie gave access to Hudson's River and thence to the sea, it was open water under the rules of navigation. On the other hand, the Canal Commission, a state body, claimed control of it.

Tib Mason, impatient of such hair-drawn distinctions, called Captain Bowman a poxy sea lawyer and demanded to be taken aboard. Captain Bowman, still prudently polite, said that he was not required to embark passengers except at regulation wharves. Thereupon

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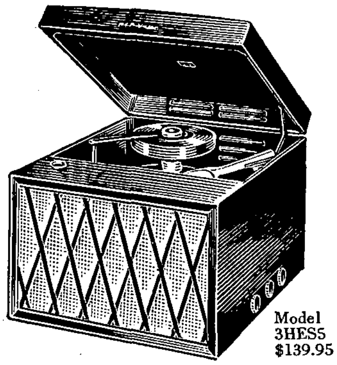

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Tib Mason cursed him vilely, booted the horse back to the shunpike, and vanished.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish," Grandfather said.

"We're not rid of *him*," the Captain replied gloomily. "He's a wily-pie, some trick always up his sleeve. Two to one, we'll find him dangling his legs from the next occupation bridge we come to."

The Captain was right. Tib was waiting at Farmer Sayre's bridge, a span that connected the two parts into which the canal, cutting through the countryside, had split the Sayre farmstead. The Canal Commission had built the bridge at its own cost, so that the farmer might carry on his occupation unhindered.

Tib Mason had abandoned his horse but not his gun. As the Dawn Star passed under the bridge, he dropped lightly to her deck. Once there, he proceeded with impressive deliberation. He detached his powder horn from his belt and, with his unpleasing buckteeth, worried the pledget from the mouth of the horn. Carefully and liberally, he sprinkled gunpowder upon the flashpan of his musket. Having made these preparations, he walked aft and addressed the Captain. "Gimme my blackamoor," he said.

"What blackamoor?" asked Captain Bowman.

"The one you took on at Weedsport."

"Weedsport?" Captain Bowman said, playing for time.

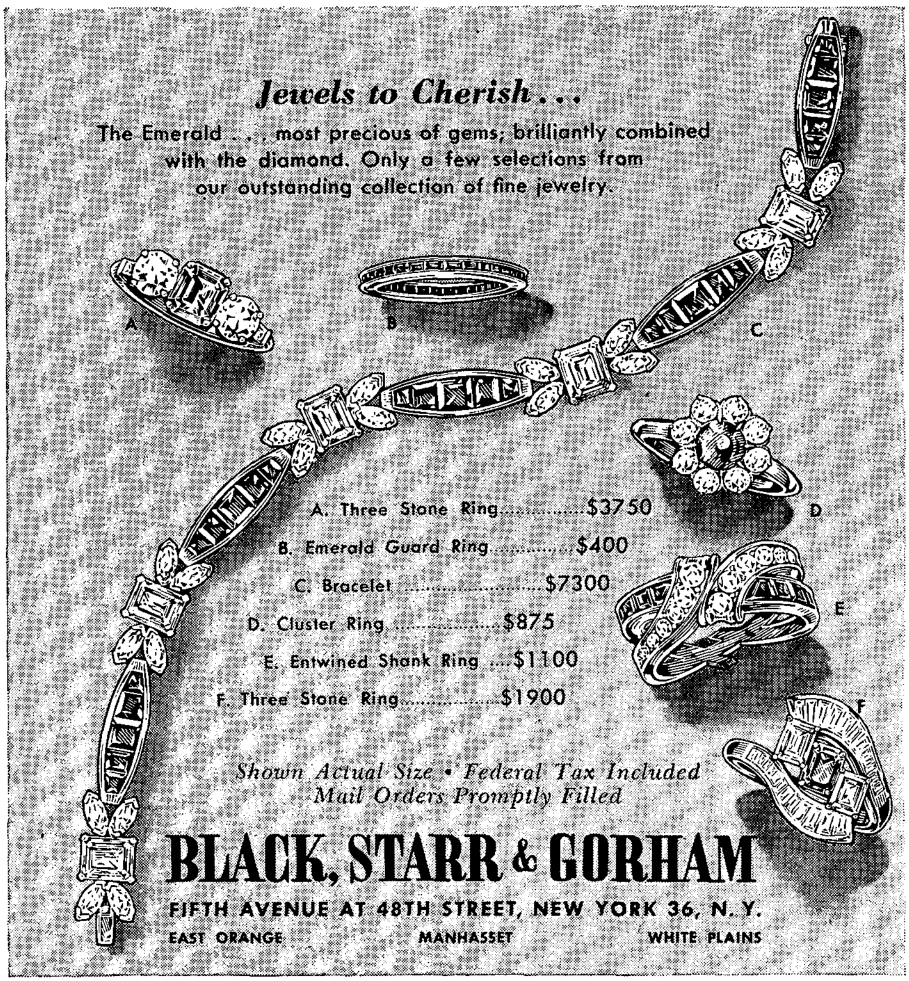
"Yes, Weedsport," said the swamper. "And don't parley with me. The lock keeper saw you haul him aboard. Fetch him up and no more fahdoodle, or I'll blow a hole in you."

AT this point, Jenny's feelings got the better of her. "I should think you might have done *something*, Grandpa," she said indignantly.

"It was no affair of mine," the old gentleman replied with a mildness that struck me as being not quite in character. "This I made clear to Tib Mason, at the same time stepping into the shelter of the water butt. 'Look you, Tib Mason,' I said to him. 'I am but a fare-paid passenger. Any freightage is between you and Captain Bowman. I wash my hands of it.' "

"Oh, *Grand*pa!" Jenny was near to tears.

"As I have already indicated," Grandfather said, "Tib was brandishing a loaded and primed firearm. He also had the law on his side, no light consideration to a law-abiding citizen like myself. What was I to do? Of course,



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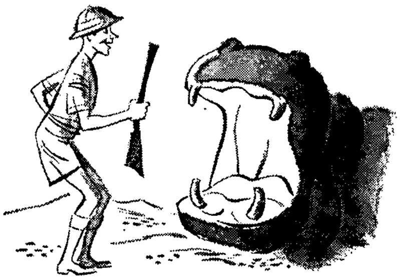

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the charge that I attempted to thrust out Tib's eye with an ironshod fending pole was perjurious nonsense."

"Did you *have* a fending pole?" Jenny asked.

"Not ironshod," the old gentleman said. "They are forbidden by the Commission's rules. They do great damage to the banks."

"You had a pole," Reno said, "and he had a gun—"

"To be sure," Grandfather broke in. "The gun. The swamper dropped it on the deck, and pranced upon the berm like a colt with a bur in its tail. He was using calumnious language."

"Look, Grandpa," John said earnestly. "The last we heard of him, he was holding a gun on Captain Bowman and you were behind the water butt. How did he get to the berm?"

"Waded," Grandfather answered. He rubbed his forehead reflectively. "I appear to have omitted some details."

"Yes, sir," John said.

"Then let us retrace our steps to the point where I tactfully addressed Tib Mason, disclaiming all responsibility," said Grandfather. "A weakness of mine was a minor but persistent irritation in my throat. This weakness afflicted me at the precise moment when Tib Mason was rudely prodding my friend the Captain with the muzzle of his musket. I bent over and took a deep draught from the water butt. It went down my throat the wrong way. In a fit of strangling, I staggered toward the gunwale. A convulsion seized and mastered me. I retched violently, and my mouthful of water was vented upon the pan of Tib Mason's musket."

"So it wouldn't go off!" Reno cried.

"Wet powder, it is true, will not fulminate," Grandfather said. "When next I observed Tib Mason, he was floundering and splashing in the water."

"How did he fall into the canal, Grandpa?" Charlie inquired.

"His sworn testimony in court was that Captain Bowman butted him unfairly in the stomach," said the old gentleman. "As to that, I cannot testify, as I was still racked with my cough. That he went overside suddenly, I can confidently state."

"And you rescued him from drowning with the fending pole," said Jenny.

"He whanged him in the eye with the fending pole," Reno corrected her.

"Neither statement is altogether accurate," Grandfather said. "A six-foot man cannot well drown in four feet of water. Nor did I employ more force than was needful to discourage Tib Mason from boarding us again. Pres-

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ently he climbed the berm, crossed the bridge, mounted his horse, and was off westward riding the towpath, which was illegal. But what swamper ever respected the law?"

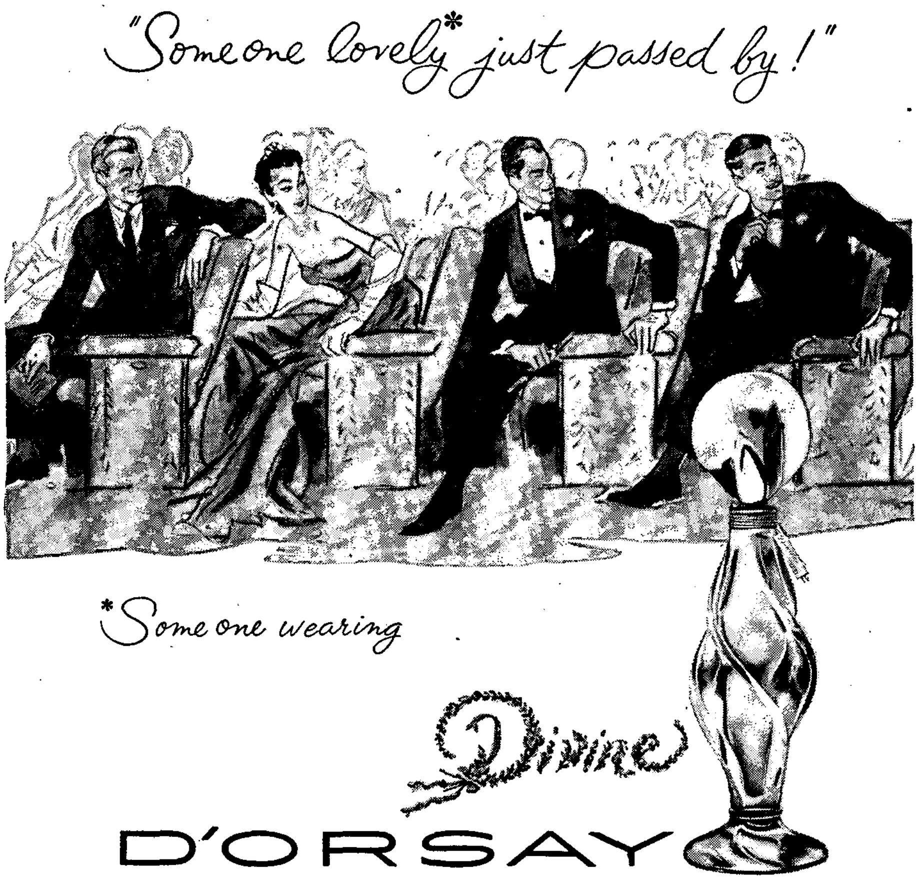
GRANDFATHER and Captain Bowman knew that, though lawless himself, Tib Mason would not hesitate to invoke the law. They expected to be intercepted, but they did not know where. While they were debating what to do, a boat, the Ploughboy of Brockport, overhauled them. Captain Bowman and Captain Orson Greene, of the Ploughboy, held a conference. There was a transfer of some cargo, which Grandfather ignored. Then the Ploughboy passed the slower Dawn Star and continued on its way.

At the edge of the Montezuma Marshes, there was a lock. Here a constable was awaiting the Dawn Star. He arrested Myron Adams for attempted mayhem and resisting the execution of a legal warrant, and Artemas Bowman for harboring a fugitive. They were taken before the magistrate at Cayuga and ordered incarcerated for trial in the morning.

The jails of the eighteen-twenties were, in Grandfather's opinion, unfit for human occupancy. The one in which he and Captain Bowman were confined, on the brink of the great marshes, was worse than most. It was a makeshift. When the Cayuga Bridge, the longest in the world, was built, quicksands had been encountered and caissons sunk. Several of these caissons had since been abandoned, and one of them had been put to use as a temporary jail when the official establishment burned down. It was twelve feet deep and the sides were unscalable. Prisoners were lowered into it and brought up again by rope.

Here the two captives found themselves in full possession except for a horde of bloodthirsty marsh mosquitoes. But in this unpleasant predicament Grandfather bethought himself of his membership in the Wayne County Horsethief Society. It was one of many such groups across the state, made up largely of young Corinthians of the towns, whose official purpose was to discourage—by proclamation, advertising, and sometimes night riding—the flourishing traffic in stolen horseflesh, but whose social activities were fraternal, catholic, and festive.

"It was a Friday," Grandfather said, "and there was an excellent chance that some of the brethren might be passing within earshot on their way to weekly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*Some one wearing Divine

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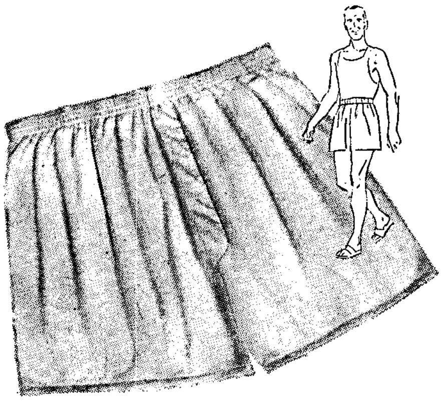

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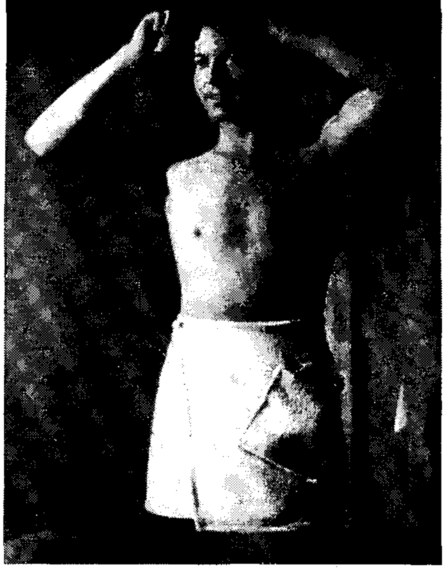

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meeting. I supposed they might even have the rope with them."

"The rope?" Jenny interrupted. "*What* rope?"

Grandfather smiled. "You may have heard unfounded tales about us," he said. "Our rope was merely a symbol, never put to practical use. Looped conspicuously above the chairman's platform at our meetings, it inspired salutary alarm in the hearts of the miscreants whom we unofficially, and perhaps even illegally, haled before us. So, on the chance of attracting the notice of a fellow-Horsethief, I whistled, at intervals, a certain lay. It was presently answered in kind. Faces appeared at the mouth of our pit. The Society's identification query was put. I responded in form. A rope was lowered, and we were free."

"But you had to show up in court, didn't you, sir?" John asked.

"The Society took our case under advisement in its own court that very night," Grandfather said. "It unanimously resolved that we should be restored forthwith to the Dawn Star and dispatched on our way westward. An escort, equipped with jackeroos, was provided to see us safe aboard. There is great virtue in a properly leaded jackeroo in the hands of one habituated to its use, as all good Horsethieves were.

"When we got back to canalside, Tib Mason, with several other swampers, was engaged in searching the Dawn Star. Fruitlessly, of course. Pompey was no longer there. A bit of a bobbery took place between the Society members and the swampers, and some of the swampers fell into the canal. Tib Mason was subsequently arrested and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment on a charge of public riot."

"And where was Pompey?" Jenny asked.

"On his way to be delivered aboard a Canada-bound owler owned and manned by a responsible smuggler," Grandfather answered. An owler was a sailing craft engaged in contraband trade on Lake Ontario.

Reno asked how Pompey got aboard the owler.

"Goose down," said Grandfather promptly. "Down, from geese. Goose feathers—a staple of commerce in those days." We might have been an infant class, so mildly instructive was his tone. "The Ploughboy of Brockport, to which we had transferred Pompey from the Dawn Star, had a consignment of down, in sacks, for Rochester. Captain Greene, of the Ploughboy, had stowed him in a sack with a couple of holes cut

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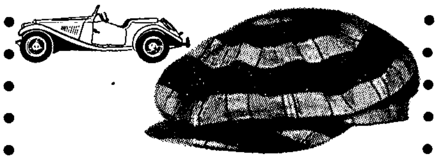

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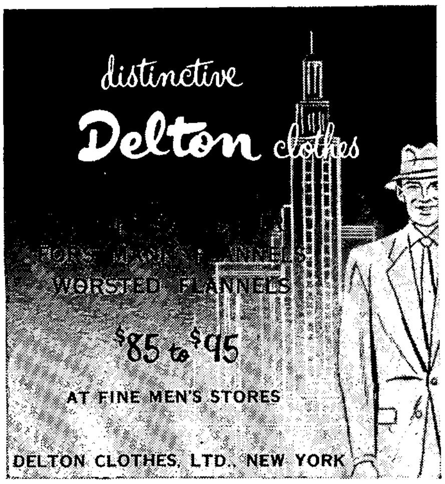

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for breathing. He passed the Rochester tolls at a shilling a hundredweight, with an extra dollar for the collector. There was," Grandfather remarked after a pause, "a prevalent sympathy for fugitive slaves all along canalside."

"Didn't you ever go back to Cayuga?" Reno asked.

"Not often, and then very privately and by night, until the six-year statute of limitations was up," Grandfather said.

Jenny's conscience was still troubled. "But you *did* break the law, Grandpa," she said.

"True," he admitted. "And I have often regretted it. At least," he amended, "I have often felt that I *ought* to regret it. But the vision of Tib Mason at the end of my fending pole intervenes and ruins my compunctions." He looked about our circle with an amiable smile. "Some of you may recall the pious saying of the sainted John Bradford when the condemned criminal passed on his way to the scaffold."

"No, sir," John answered, speaking for our collective ignorance.

"Even after fifty years," the old gentleman said, "when I pass a jail yard, I paraphrase the old-time Bishop, and say prayerfully, 'There, but for the grace of God and the statute of limitations, goes Myron Adams.' "

—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

•

FALSE SEASON

The swallow too soon returning
Lets fall a white feather,
There, from his silvered wings,
Far up in the weather.

Mirrored in glacial clouds,
The prismatic sun
Glazes the icicle grasses
To color each one.

Here is the succulent summer
Profuse on the scene,
Lace-fringed in delicate fern
And fir without green.

Etched in the gathering cold,
The grip of the winter now
Holds one emblazoned leaf
High on a lacquered bough.

—WILLIAM D. MUNDELL

•

HOLLYWOOD, March 1—Metro is reactivating "Great Mansions," which, to me, is one of the most beautiful love stories of all time.—*Hedda Hopper in the News.*

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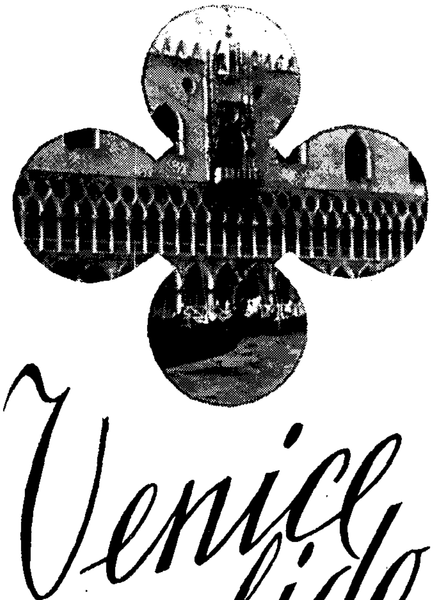

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Lindens,
Montagu Road,
Datchet,
Bucks,
England
1st March 1954

The Editor, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sir:

YOUR issue of 9th January arrived the other day, which, considering that it has to come all the way from America and after that is read ragged by several families before reaching mine, is not an unusual delay. It was only today, therefore, that I read your Notes and Comment on the design of the New York taxicab. After some ably trenchant criticism of the *Times* (the New York *Times*, I presume) and a Mr. Wagner, you emphasize the need for a taxi specially designed to fulfill its function, and then, on general lines but with penetrating acumen, you lay down a rough specification for such a vehicle.

May I state, sir, with the greatest diffidence and respect, that a cab matching your ideal not only has been conceived but has been successfully plying for hire on the streets of London for the last fifty years? Its brilliantly functional design was the work of either Sir Henry Royce or Herr Daimler (but certainly that of no lesser genius), and it has stood the test of time with modifications so trivial as to appear nonexistent to all but the most astute Londoner.

It is sometimes remarked, but not a second time in my hearing, that the London taxi has an "old-fashioned" appearance. I refute the epithet and take my stand with you, sir, when you hold that if a vehicle is to perform a certain function, it must be designed for that function and for no other. For no other! There is the crux of the matter, for it is inconceivable that a person would ride in a London taxi unless he were compelled to make—in your pellucid phrase—"a short journey through narrow streets in crowded conditions, with a driver who is unacquainted with the passengers." If to this sentence you had added the words "or the shortest route," you would have described accurately a taxi ride from the Dorchester Hotel to any one of our railway termini.

No, sir. Good design is good design, and can never be outdated. Is Westminster Abbey "old-fashioned"? Is a Stradivarius?

I would ask you at this point to examine DIAGRAM (i), attached, which shews the elevation of this superb machine from the "near" side. You will note how closely the design follows your specification.

1. The engine is *not* "under a long, streamlined hood sticking way out in front."

2. The windshield, far from sloping *toward* the driver, leans *away* from him. This is in order to prevent the shield from flattening his cigarette when he applies the immensely powerful brake. (Shewn at 5.)

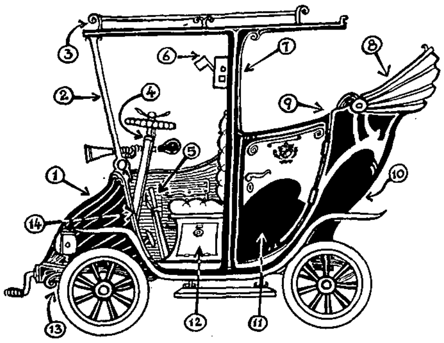

DIAGRAM (i)

3. The luggage rack, in tasteful wrought iron. You will observe, perhaps with regret, that it is *not* waterproofed. This is because of the London weather, which consists of unbroken sunshine (nicknamed "smog" by jocular visitors).

4. The nearly perpendicular steering column. This, combined with 1, fulfills your requirement that the driver should sit well forward.

5. The immensely powerful brake.

6. The taximeter. This is particularly damned ingenious, because only the driver can see the amount charged.

7. A sliding glass panel between front and rear, which satisfies the demand for mutual protection for driver and passenger, since nothing short of a blowlamp would serve to open it.

8. Adjustable, all-weather roof. (For note on "all-weather," see 3, above.)

9. Cab can seat five passengers in a pinch. But do you not concur that *two* is the most agreeable number in a taxi?

10. No rear luggage compartment.

11. Ample space for ingress and egress.

12. Luggage space beside the driver. Also plenty of egress and fresh air for the driver.

13. Wheel lock—180 degrees.

14. No radio.

There are many other features that you cannot fail to observe. The shortness of the wheel base, for example, and the headroom above the door. We claim, with perhaps pardonable pride, that a lord of the average height, wearing a coronet, can enter or leave the cab without bowing his head—an important point in our rigid, class-bound society. I am a little doubtful as to the exact meaning of the term "fenders." However, as our cab does not possess them, naturally they do not "billow." Finally, you will notice that this taxi is in almost every respect different from a pleasure car, and bears no resemblance to a De Soto, a Packard, a Cadillac, a Ford, or even—I hope—a French Poodle, a make that I must confess is unknown to me.

Now, sir, is it not strange, when so much information passes daily between your great nation and mine, that no word of this aesthetically functional taxicab has reached your shores? May I beg you to spare no effort in rousing your citizens and city fathers to a sense of what they are missing? Since 1904, the happy Londoner, "through narrow streets in crowded conditions," has made short journeys in this splendid vehicle. Why should New York be deprived of its joys? It may be that for a large consideration those here who so closely guard the secret of its design would allow your manufacturers to reproduce it upon licence. Or, and perhaps this is the better way, could you induce your Mr. Wagner—whom I take to be some sort of city grandfather—to come over here and buy up the entire fleet? And, as a *quid pro quo*, maybe he would send us some of those deplorably unsuitable, repulsive, long, low, sleek, *comfortable* Cadillacs.

In conclusion, sir, I would beg your indulgence for my longhand manuscript. We in London are intending next year to invent the typewriter—if the Russians don't beat us to it.

I have the honour, sir, to subscribe myself,

Yours most sincerely,
Donald B. Wilson

•

FRESH AIR ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Burdick. Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word.

Mr. Chairman, I have been sitting quietly and inconspicuously as I can in a front seat here trying to find out what this is all about.

I finally came to this conclusion, which I think is rather sensible, that neither side knows what they are doing; neither side knows what they want to do; and, third, neither of you know that you do not know.

I yield back the remainder of my time, Mr. Chairman.

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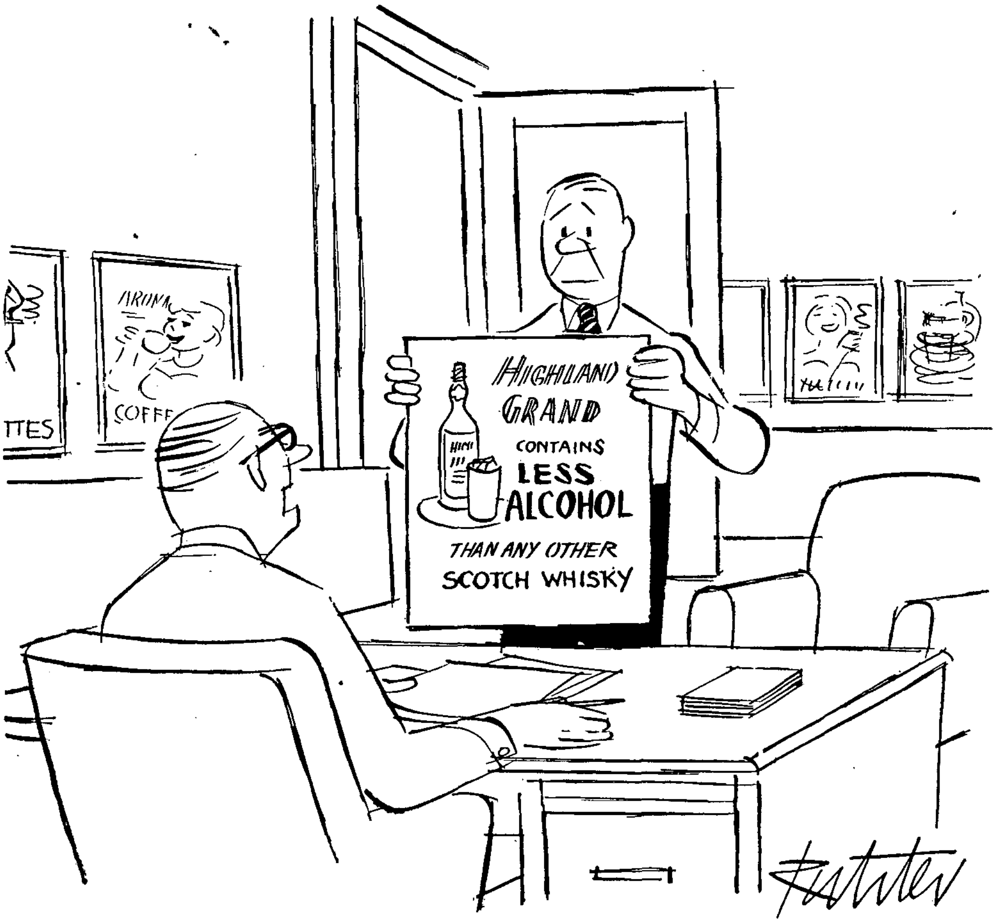
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT must have taken a lot of nerve on the part of the high-style custom designers, both here and in Paris, to deliberately set out to make clothes look as devil-may-care as the present crop for spring and summer does, and it is fortunate for all of us that their nerve was tempered by considerable art. As for the wearers of these things, they are going to need at least a fair amount of self-assurance themselves. Looking mussed on purpose takes adroit management; it's terribly easy for a girl to give the impression that she has fought a losing battle in a sand trap (shirtwaist dresses are all over the place, as you've certainly heard) or has got more than a little wind-blown on the terrace. All the soft necklines and cowls and other drapery can look untidy unless they are perfectly done. Happily, in many of the establishments I've visited they *are* perfectly done, with resultant mobility, informality, and ease. (The luxurious fabrics and the subtlety of cut, however, remove any connotation of the college shop.)

To begin with, consider the collars that appear on tailored suits and shirtwaist dresses. A lot of them have an unfinished look toward the top, as if you not only had forgotten to fasten the two top buttons but had also been absent-minded about sewing them on in the first place. Hattie Carnegie's inimitable little nipped jackets (whether accompanied by the simplest possible sheath dresses, with demure necklines and short sleeves, or by suit skirts) often have sharp turnover collars starting at the sides of the neckline, but the casual opening below rumples them a little, to prevent any look of primness or overcarefulness. Then, there is every kind of Quaker and sailor collar; this is a fad that is hugely overdone, to my way of thinking, and I suspect that the generation that had to wear Peter Thomsons to school will be in revolt. Dior, who is, of course, a master hand, shows several fetching versions in the large collection of French imports that is on view at Bergdorf Goodman. His are likely to be fairly shallow across the back and extend way out over the tips of the shoulders. This look of width that he cultivates reaches its peak in some of the fattest day coats I've ever seen; they often have a seam below the shoulders and along the outsides of the sleeves that looks like the extension of a yoke, and the body of the coat falls from this line in deep pleats. This five-by-five chunkiness is awfully smart but mighty startling at first. Necklines involving soft drapery, cowl folds, and scarf arrangements appear on all sides, the utterly feminine collections of Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue, and of Elizabeth Arden being particularly notable. (The latter house has also achieved a minor miracle in making the one-shoulder dress graceful; a formal dress, of organza with blue and purple flowers that to my urban eye looked like delphiniums printed on alternating black and white grounds on the full skirt, has a single draped strap emerging easily from the dark, tucked top.) An advantage of this new softening around necklines is that it finally offers a challenge to the omnipresent barren, strapless décolletage for formal or informal evenings; that line is so ugly that I was aghast to see it survive as long as it did. At Oldric Royce, upward, overlapping petals or other detail breaks the straightness of the line in front; in one trailing dress of blue chiffon, plume shirring on the hip is repeated over the bosom, where it curls upward, and there is a scarf trailing down the back, to break the straight line there, too. Hattie Carnegie has a dawn-to-dawn ensemble that starts with a willowy sheath of sheer navy wool, cut straight around the body under the arms. So far, no surprises. But observe: Wide, soft folds of the wool serve as shoulder straps that meet in a V in front. This can be accompanied by a pale-blue Doupioni jacket that has three buttons below that casual neck or by a matching jacket that makes it suitable for daytime wear anywhere. The covered-up suit that by night reveals a décolletage suitable for all but the most formal balls is a Car-



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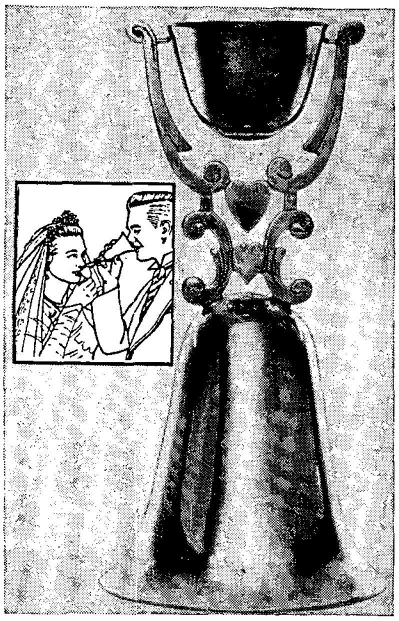

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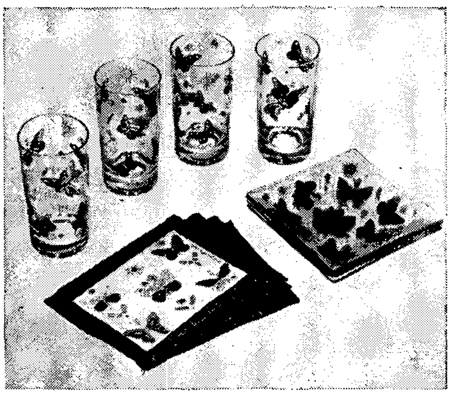

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negie specialty, but this one has a brand-new look to it.

The long, long back is more prevalent than ever (though the waistline can rise in front to Empire heights). An unusual number of designers have hit on the idea of emphasizing this length by means of a couple of short crossed tabs on the small of the back, with a button marking the center of the X. There are all kinds of little ties in that region, too, to relieve the starkness of the princesse line. Muriel King, at Stein & Blaine, has an ingratiating way of indicating a waistline without using an actual belt; a horizontal V, in the form of an envelope fold, front and back, does the nipping-in trick.

For mobility, there are pleats and pleats and pleats. Lots of simple box pleats widen toward the hemline in a sort of sunburst effect, as in a navy suit at Bergdorf with a waist-length jacket; a red wool dress here has the skirt cut on the bias and then pleated in vertical clusters—a favorite trick of the management. Hattie Carnegie shows beautiful shirtwaist dresses of printed crêpe that are entirely tucked and pleated. One is a green-and-sapphire print with a tiny V collar and a shaggy self flower at the waist; geranium surah makes another, which is bloused over a velvet belt, with the skirt all soft, deep pleats around the back. A more formal, flower-printed crêpe has box pleats in front and fine side pleating under *them.*

If skirts are not swinging free, they are apt to be appealingly rounded. Dior does the most remarkable things with darts stitched down to the hips and then released, to make the skirt really round at the hipline. One example is a perfectly plain formal dress of navy faille with a halter strap (Bendel, ready-to-wear), and another is a devastating short dance dress of white faille with inverted pleats around the oval neckline and puffy short sleeves to make it rounded all over (Bergdorf). A current widespread manifestation is the lingerie approach, many dresses having almost a layette daintiness. Hattie Carnegie's collection (which could make anybody feel underprivileged) has all kinds of examples, made of white corded and embroidered net, cut-out-embroidered white linen, white-straw-embroidered organza, or self-embroidered organdie.

Never have there been such prints. Even polka dots, which generally look so horribly practical, have taken on new life. Elizabeth Arden's prints are everyone's idea of spring—huge blurred pink

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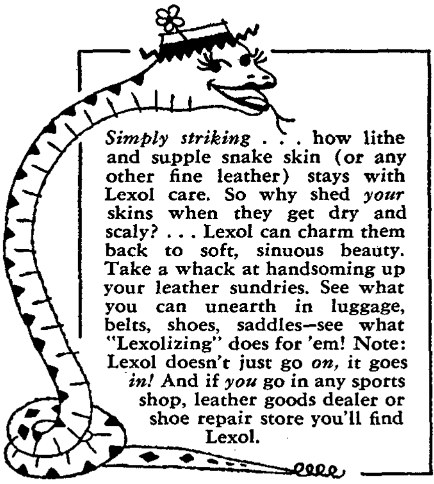

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(*Advertisement*)

roses on white taffeta from England, flowery prints from Italy, and (again the lingerie look) yellow mimosa embroidered on white organdie. This last makes up into a full-skirted formal gown that has an unexpected draped black chiffon top barely covering the bosom and going outward to encircle the arms; a yellow velvet ribbon is tied just under the bosom. At Bergdorf, there are quantities of silks that have delicate, lacelike patterns—black on a brown ground, blue on black, and black on white, to name a few. Muriel King uses Brooke Cadwallader's dashing Primavera flower print on silk twill for one effortless afternoon dress; a Swiss pale-blue Paisley makes another, which has a V neck with soft folds down each side and milkmaid lacing on the diaphragm.

AND now for some highlights in specific establishments: Bergdorf Goodman's French collection contains the cream of the Paris offerings, including a great number of Givenchy's youthful gaieties, such as a raspberry fleece greatcoat with low patch pockets and a deep oblong collar in back, and a red-and-white polka-dotted surah cocktail dress with a full skirt—the wide, collared neckline falls away from the neck in back, and it has a deeply bloused top over a belt that is looped over on itself rather than buckled, which looks more forgetful than casual, if anyone cares for my opinion. Here, too, are examples of Fath's far from easygoing preoccupation with the torso; some of his suits have actual whalebone up the ribs to make the upper body look as taut as possible. Bendel, which has adapted several Faths into ready-to-wear items, also has his ensemble comprising a tight bolero and a dress with a well-rounded behind (because of an inverted pleat) and a top with a bateau neck that is pulled across in folds to button on the tip of the shoulder. Bergdorf is the place to find his elegant lilac ball gown with the swan-arched back.

Carnegie uses black satin-striped sheer organza to make the most demure full-skirted, short-sleeved cocktail dresses you'll see in many a day. Notable, too, is her knack with narrow skirts that you can walk in without recourse to fussy slits or low kick pleats. (Sophie is another master engineer with this knack.) Miss Hattie's lovely short, nipped suit jackets, reinforced at the hips to round them, have all kinds of irregular detail; one suit, in her favorite biscuit tweed, has a little pocket with a buttoned tab on one side of the peplum,

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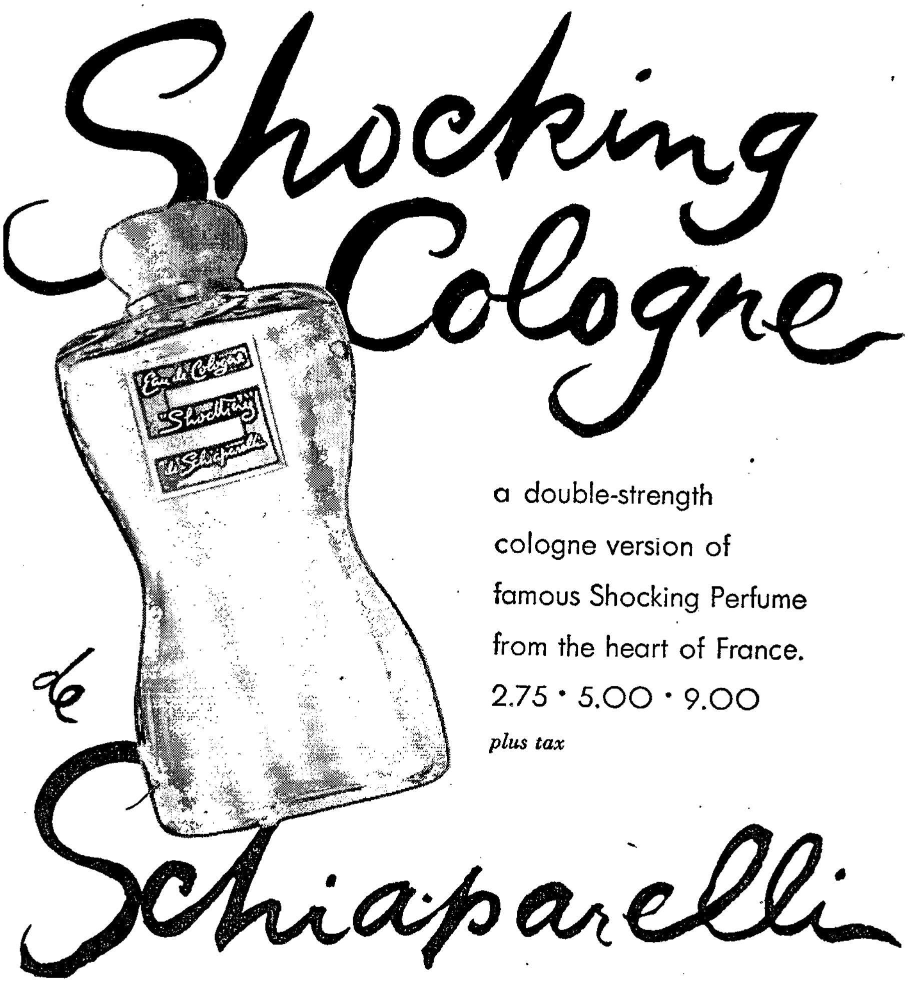
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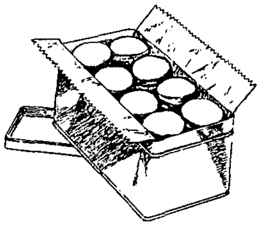

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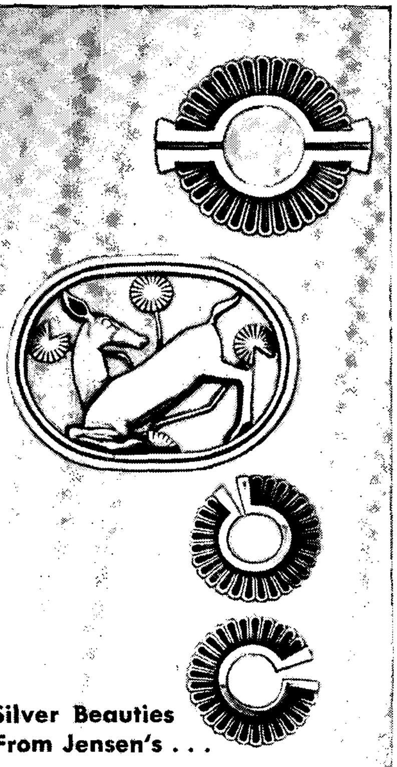

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another on the breast on the opposite side, and a third smack on the right buttock.

At Elizabeth Arden, if you can take your eyes away from the prints and the beguiling, foamy formal evening gowns, you'll find the suits very nipped, too, usually having narrow skirts with inverted pleats toward the back. There is also one of the nicest dresses of the shirtwaist persuasion around—red chiffon, tucked down the bosom, and with the tucks released below the waist at each side of the buttoned band to make soft pleats. It has a shirred, notched collar, short sleeves, and an inverted pleat down the deeply bloused back.

Sophie is making beautiful, casual things in cashmere flannels and jerseys, including *trotteur* dresses, with trig leather belts, and suits, among them one with a box pleat in the peplum to match the low box pleat in the skirt. Her beloved heavy raw silk is seeing a lot of duty in tailored clothes as well as in cocktail things. One suit, in nutria color, has crossed tabs placed lowish on the back of the jacket, which is worn over a camisole-topped dress with shoulder straps. She is also past-mistress of coats that swing wide from tiny waists, often rounding out in the back, as is the case with a black-and-white checked wool affair with a double collar.

Oldric Royce's exquisite collection leans heavily on cunningly devised detail; for instance, he gives width to narrow suit skirts by using knife pleats or the narrowest of gores in back. All kinds of involved pocket detail contribute an outward curve to the hips of his jackets. He is also a practitioner of *trompe-l'œil* to create an illusion of extra slenderness, as in a masterly afternoon coat that combines black wool and black poult-de-soie; the poult sleeves continue onto the bodice in an inward curve, and then the poult goes outward again on the skirt to make the waist look tinier. A white organza dance dress with a circular skirt has navy taffeta tapering toward the waist on each side to achieve the same effect. Like Dior, Royce favors a bell silhouette in skirts, something on the order of a Victorian glass dome, with your hips taking the place of the wax flowers. Outward tucks give this line to a pin-dotted navy taffeta cocktail dress; navy lace over white taffeta makes a formal version, with the bell skirt in five horizontal stripes of various shades of navy.

The insouciant Carrie Munn still loves her widely flaring circular skirts and tiny waistlines, but she has new notions, too. One is a fondness for a modi-

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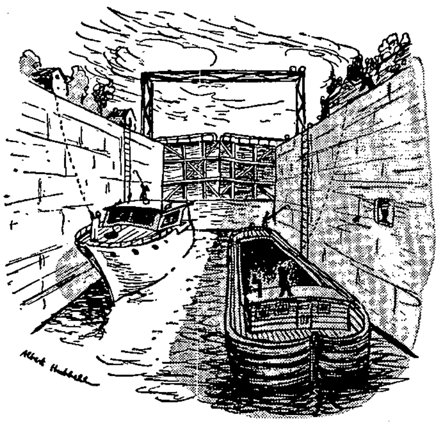
fied kimono sleeve to soften tops, as in an orange-dotted beige surah dress stiffened with a Pellon lining. The neckline is surplice and collarless, the dress has sloping shoulders and narrow kimono sleeves, and there is an obi in an orange that matches the dots. There are lots of vivid black-and-white prints here, too; e.g., a white faille with a fuzzy black super-check that makes a coat-dress with buttons ascending the diaphragm and wandering up one side of the V neck. Black cotton with ciré polka dots appears in a captivating dance dress that has copper-sequin half-moons appliquéd all over it. And, for people who love to dance but don't want their skirts swirling *too* widely, a wonderful lunacy occurs on a navy taffeta cocktail dress. There's a bow puckering the skirt edge on each side of the front; underneath the bow, a band encircles your knee to make the dress stay put.

One of the most striking cocktail-or-dinner coats around town has been made by Stein & Blaine's Muriel King of a heavy, ribbed white silk ottoman; it is fitted and flaring, and there are crossed tabs against the low waistline in the back and another pair on the chest. And her prize offering for the covered-by-day, décolleté-by-night fashion is a confection of mixed gunmetal silk and wool, its prim, buttoned-up jacket lined with Cadwallader's flaming geranium print; the dress has a halter top and a narrow skirt with a pleat starting well up in back. There's a knockout formal chiffon here, too, in shades of red and pink, with a skirt that is panels and panels and panels. The bodice is all tucked and interlaced, and the huge stole is attached firmly under one arm.

Howard Greer (ready-to-wear, at Jay Thorpe) is offering the most charming collection of his career. Lots and lots of linen costumes, handled with the kind of fine detail that used to be reserved for more formal fabrics. He admires combinations of gray and yel-



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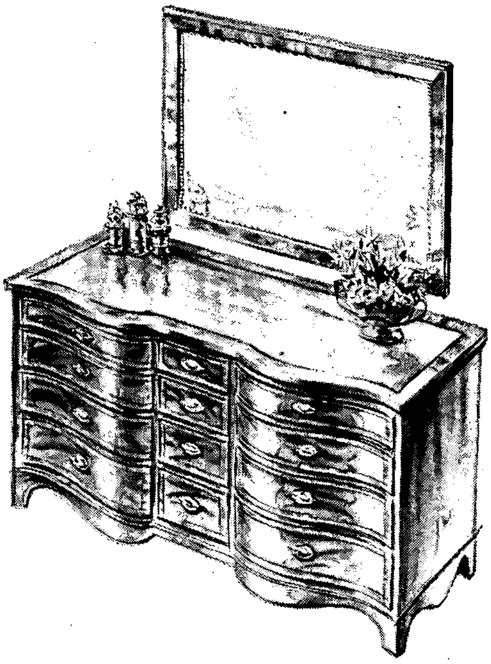

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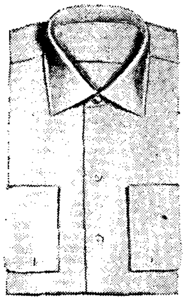

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low—a gray linen dress with chartreuse-and-white banding on the short sleeves and around the keyhole neckline, for instance, or a gray waist-length jacket over a gray oval-necked sheath dress, both of which are covered with medallions of yellow embroidery. He is also still fond of sheer tops on dresses—a brown shantung dress, for this instance, has a brown chiffon top with rows and rows of Val-type lace around the neck and making a gilet effect down the front. A brown shantung jacket covers the sheerness but allows the gilet to show. He has also concocted two dresses in one—a coat or coat-dress of a sheer polka-dotted cocoa silk, swing-skirted and belted, plus a brown crêpe sheath, with yellow-and-brown polka-dotted silk wrapped around the strapless top, which is worn underneath. But you could wear the coat all by itself with aplomb. —LOIS LONG

•

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[*Some remarks by Dean Francis R. Godolphin, of Princeton, at a meeting of the Eastern Association of College Deans and Advisers of Men, Atlantic City, N. J.*]

Now, mind you, I don't think that you can do much by way of weighing a man's grade for virtue, but I do think that the fundamental point, that we are not simply trying to pump so much knowledge into him is the really important— that we are concerned with his character, with his personality and his development, so I would suggest that this concept of the whole man become not a return to the past but a movement forward and if one where if we as faculty members are blind, if we as faculty members are immature in that we take satisfaction in our little specialized knowledge, no wonder we don't counsel our students very well and no wonder time after time the faculty member prefers to remain at a distance to be on the lecture platform but not in personal contact with the student, that perhaps our best chance for the sort of counseling that is envisioned here in the faculty member, as colleague, working with the small group of students where they are not numbers in seats and that it's pretty hard to come into close contact with students without moving from the absorption with the imparting of knowledge to the concern with his character and his personality as well as that we have perhaps allowed ourselves to think we were educating when actually we were abandoning education in favor of a mass process which because it doesn't influence the character of the student is worth very little in spite of all our pretensions of courses and machinery and what-not, that this notion of being colleagues in research implying personal contact may produce a good deal of the counseling which can be done without professional equipment, and I do have a footnote in that relation on the business of using your own upper classmen in relation to underclassmen.

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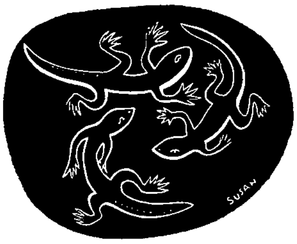
LETTER FROM HONG KONG

MARCH 2

FOR those who like the place at all, Hong Kong is a paradise now—one of those rare cities, like Paris or old Peking, that excite even the most wayworn. I know a dozen ordinarily reasonable Westerners who have returned here for a visit in the past month or two, and all have babbled deliriously from the moment of landing. I myself returned last September, arriving by ship from the Pacific. We sighted land one bright noon and sailed from lunchtime to dinner on a blue sea flecked with junks. The junks that work that far out are big ones, either trawlers or long-liners. The trawlers operate in pairs, dragging their nets; the long-liners sit still and put out rows of little sampans with hand-line fishermen in them. All the junks and sampans are of pine varnished with tung oil—honey-colored craft with tea-brown sails, the perfect complement to the blueness. For most of the afternoon, as we moved among them, we could see Hong Kong before us, but only as a cloud; an island off South China, it draws the moisture that is blown up from the equator on the monsoon. Hong Kong took shape as dusk came on, and as darkness fell we entered the harbor itself, which sparkled with lights—lights high on the left, garlanding the peaks of Hong Kong Island, lights low and dense on the right, in Kowloon, the suburban peninsula that leads back twenty miles or so to the Chinese mainland and Communism. The harbor was full of junks, tugs, and sampans busily hurrying to and fro. We grazed a cargo junk with a threadbare sail—you could see most of Kowloon through it—and the men, women, and children aboard swore at us in musical Cantonese.



I left the ship that evening and have lived here blissfully ever since, enjoying the weird euphoria of this British colony whose days, all seem to agree, are numbered. There is much poverty and crowding in Hong Kong, business is bad now, and the Reds can overwhelm the place if they choose to, but many people still live here because they like it better than anywhere else. One such person is a friend of mine, a Ukrainian light-cavalry officer during czarist times, who now deals in gems. He is a conservative man, and the only man here I have heard criticize that honored revolutionary Sun Yat-sen, so often called China's George Washington. My friend frowns on Dr. Sun, as he does on anyone who has tinkered with the established order; he thinks the British made a bad mistake at Agincourt, for instance, when they armed the villeins with longbows. Since fleeing Russia as a young man, he has tried living in a number of places, including both Paris and Peking, and even Australia, which gave him the chills. But for fifteen years, whenever circumstances have allowed, he has gravitated to Hong Kong. He is now living here snugly in a room crowded with history books and Chinese objets d'art. "Hong Kong is the only place left," he says. And he shrugs his shoulders, and that is that.

One cannot analyze the spell of Hong Kong, but it seems that part of it, at least, is variety. Even its site is varied—perhaps the most varied that people ever built a city on. Hong Kong Island rises steeply and wildly from the waves, except at various points where its shore is encrusted with the works of man. The chief of these points is the downtown city, where murky colonnaded façades, about eight stories high, gaze out on the water while the city struggles up the pitch behind them. Also on the shore, here and there, are suburbs, and at two places there are junk ports, with the brown ships lying in rows. Elsewhere, the water laps unheard on bare rocks or brown sand. Up on Victoria Peak, the island's main eminence, big white villas and apartment houses tower above the green north-tropical jungle. Cigarettes thrown from their windows may hit pythons. The windows look down on the busy port or sidewise into the heart of nature. Hong Kong Island is only eleven miles long and a couple of miles wide, and it has perhaps a million inhabitants, but I know a valley in it where you can walk for an hour and hear nothing louder than bird song and running streams.

The society is varied, too. Its main ingredients are Cantonese and British. The British took the place from China in 1842 and made it a base for dominating the South China trade, which flowed up and down the Pearl River, to Canton and beyond. The British here then were chiefly merchants, sailors, and government officials. The Cantonese who helped them were servants, clerks, coolies, and small businessmen. Much has lately been added to this blend by the

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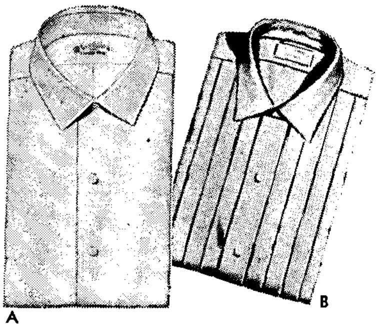

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chaos of the times. Refugees from China of all types have come here; so have the sort of Westerners who thrive on flux—spies, journalists, and consular employees in seersucker. Hong Kong has become a place where you can find anyone or anything. You can get meals here in many national styles (Russian, French, and Malay among them) and in most Chinese provincial styles, too (plain Hopei, peppery Szechwan, ornate Kwangtung). You can find company to suit a demanding taste, such as a cosmopolitan lady ichthyologist and a Chinese gentleman who writes English that is in a class with Hemingway's.

With the variety goes a freedom that is rare in the world nowadays. Many people in Hong Kong are bound by poverty or official routine, but those who aren't can do much as they please. I know a man here who is teetering on the verge of giving up buttons. He talks of remodelling his clothes so that he won't need buttons. He will undoubtedly look odd if he goes through with this project, yet I doubt whether Hong Kong will care; it is not censorious about dress. Westerners can spend the day in khaki shorts and shirtsleeves; they can call on almost anyone dressed that way. Chinese ply the downtown streets in pajamas and undershirts; no one objects. The ways of all nations are tolerated. Hong Kong is the most live-and-let-live place imaginable, if you can pay the fare, which isn't exorbitant; living is cheaper here than in New York, or in the other big non-Communist cities of Asia.

One element of Hong Kong's charm may be its Indian-summer quality. People here know that the Chinese Reds frown on the British Empire and have the strength to take this city if they want to. So each moment is the last, in a sense, and the condemned man eats a hearty breakfast. Perhaps no politics could be more sinister than those of Hong Kong, yet people overlook them much of the time. The other day, I came back here by ferry from the nearby Portuguese colony of Macao. There were some holidaying British troops aboard, and a couple of American girls down from Japan on a visit. As we neared shore, the girls talked loudly and exuberantly about Hong Kong; Hong Kong was this way and Hong Kong was that way, they trilled. A British soldier was standing next to me. "Hong Kong is one of the most Communist-infested islands in the world," he muttered, and picked up his luggage. He was right. The Party members here are estimated in the thousands, which would be a lot of Reds in any city anywhere. But they are quiet

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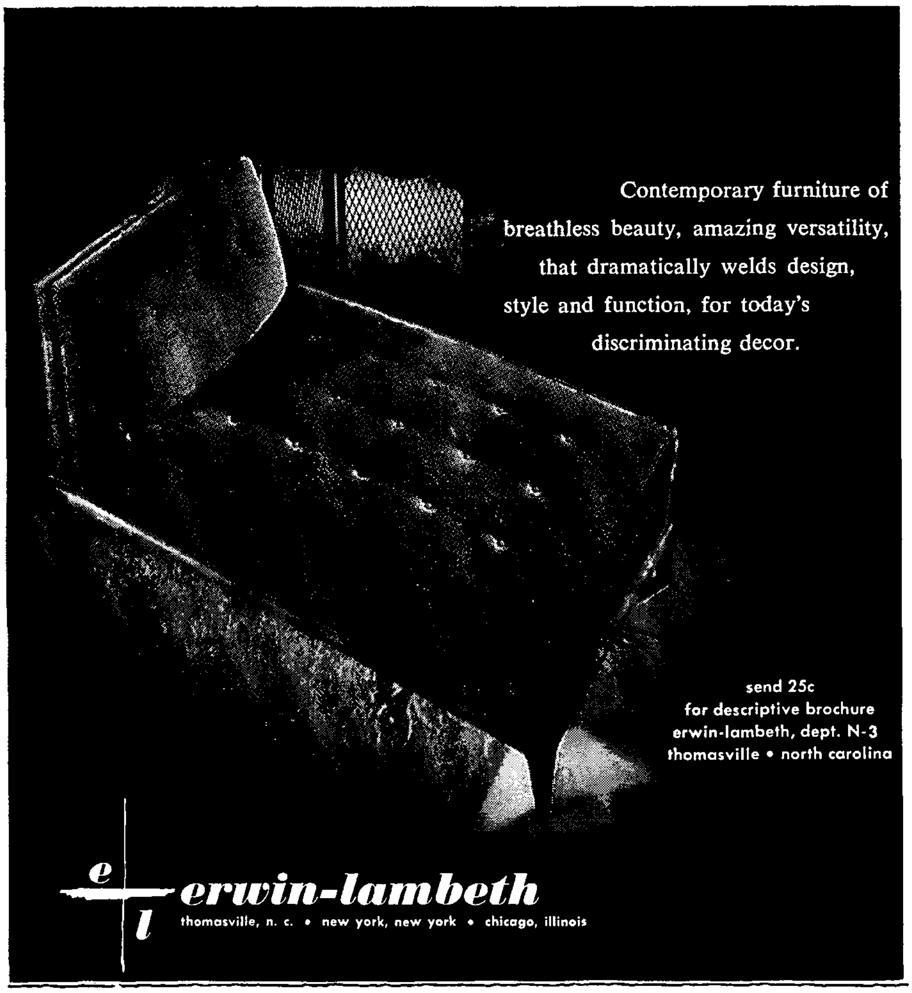
now. It is easy to forget them, and easy to forget that their country next door is changing momentously.

IT grows harder all the time in Hong Kong to learn about China. Travellers often come from there and are willing to talk, but there is the problem of knowing what to believe. One traveller told me recently that no one smiles in China any more. Another told me that Peking is gayer than ever, with people smiling all the time. The first informant was a sombre person and the second a bubbling one, and I felt that they were really talking about themselves. Soon after my return here, I met a Chinese reporter friend on the street—a small, alert, knowledgeable man who has been around a lot. He works on a paper in town. "Are you learning much about the mainland now?" I asked him. "No," he replied, "even though I am Chinese and try hard. It is not a question of getting stuff from there but of checking what we get."

There is still corruption in China; I know, for example, of a man in a town along the Yangtze who couldn't get an exit visa for Hong Kong until he had promised to bring back a Parker "51" pen and a Rolex watch as gifts for the official who issued it. And there is another kind of corruption—the corruption of Marxism as it affects Chinese culture. Contemporary paintings by Chinese on themes like "Comrade Mao Tse-tung Reviews the Troops," which take prizes at Peking (and appear in flossy magazines in the Red bookshops here), are in a Western romantic style that apes the Russian aping of French painters like Géricault. Only the faces look Chinese. Marxism corrupts the language, too. While Marxist English adopts the sesquipedalian Latin verbiage that got such a push from Dr. Johnson, Chinese is proof against that, being made up of one-syllable characters. But Chinese sentences, also traditionally short, are being stretched. The old Chinese style doesn't allow many subordinate clauses; it hasn't, in fact, many good ways to subordinate them. It just says one thing and then says another. But long sentences are the rule in Russian Marxist texts, and the eager Chinese who are now translating them dare not break them up. So the formal Chinese used in high government circles is tedious, the sentences crawling like freight trains on hills.

China acts aloof and condescending toward Hong Kong, which is ironic after the way Britain has sponsored China in polite society by recognizing her and trying to get her into the United



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Nations. China acts almost as if she hadn't heard of polite society's rules. Last September, a Chinese gunboat shot up a Royal Navy launch in international waters near Hong Kong, killing five British sailors, a British civilian, and a British naval officer. The British protested, and in time the Chinese made a counter-protest, claiming that the launch had started the fight and that two R.A.F. planes had joined in and strafed the gunboat. The British denied this, and, considering the records of the two sides for truth in such matters, you can hardly doubt them. But it didn't make any difference. China said no more about the incident, and there was nothing Britain could do. China does what she wants to now, and declines to appear in court to explain. "We British can't find out what Chinese policy is," a businessman told me the other day. "We can only grope our way along by trial and error. Perhaps the Chinese *have* no policy, except to get strong and put their neighbors in their places."

Hong Kong's time to be put in its place apparently hasn't come yet. Marxist dogma can hardly countenance British rule over Hong Kong, which is Chinese soil taken at gun point. But there are no Chinese troop concentrations nearby, no blasting at Hong Kong on the Peking radio, no big pressure of any sort—just an incident now and then. The truth seems to be that Hong Kong is a hostage. So long as Britain has a stake here, and wants to keep it, she isn't likely to participate in any drastically anti-Communist actions; if she were to do so, the Chinese would feel they might as well take Hong Kong, and Britain knows it. Conversely, if the Chinese should take Hong Kong, Britain might feel there was no longer cause for restraint, and the Chinese know that. The equation hangs over Hong Kong, and life goes on, and now and then the Chinese show, by something like the shelling of the launch, that they have the last word.

The Reds seem to be strengthening China by building up a Party-run bureaucracy. This bureaucratic strength hurts business here because it has resulted in a state monopoly that gives China bargaining power in the rest of the world and enables her on occasion to bypass Hong Kong in her trade. Hong Kong grew up as a department store with an infinite range of goods for the Chinese markets. The Reds, who don't like the store anyway, don't need it as much as the earlier Chinese did. By planning ahead, they can have whole shiploads of the goods they need as-

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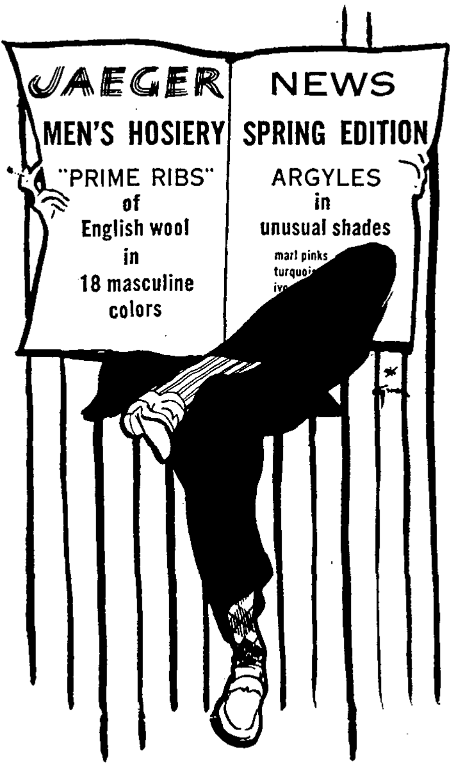

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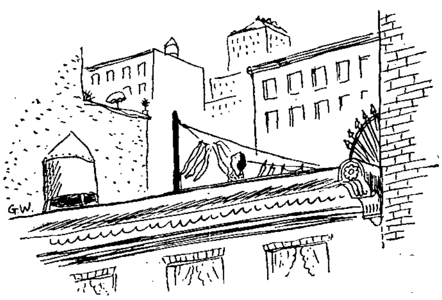
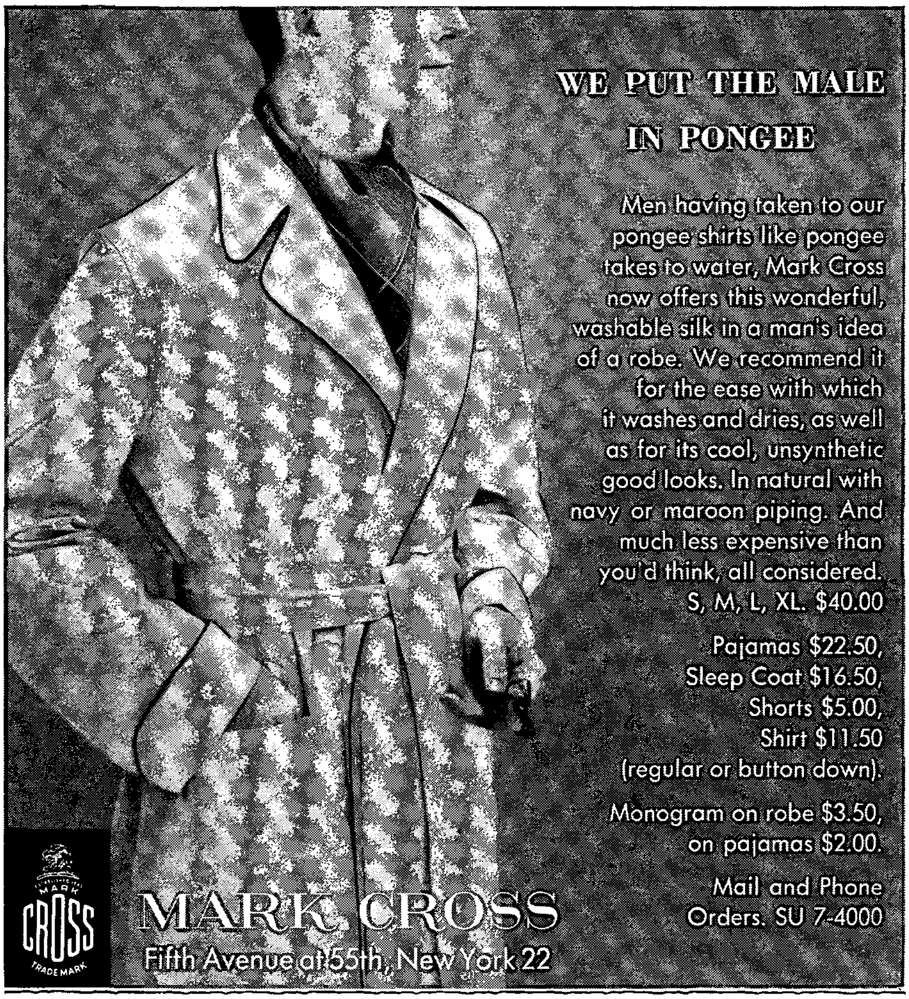
sembled at a Communist port—Gdynia, in Poland, say. The ship can sail around the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal and enter the shallow Pearl River just west of here. If it is too low in the water for the river, it can unload part of its cargo at Lapsapmei, a green Chinese island between here and Macao, on which the Reds have built warehouses. The state monopoly also makes it possible for the Reds to drive hard bargains. They have bought much rubber from Ceylon of late, and they have returned at least one big batch, complaining that it was full of twigs and other impurities. The Ceylonese privately disagreed but bowed their heads. The Chinese attitude goes against the grain in Hong Kong, which was set up to operate in accordance with Victorian rules of free trade and international law, and still tries to do so.

Another problem with which Hong Kong's business has to contend is the American-inspired embargo. This forbids the sale of strategic goods to China, and the British here, in view of the position taken by their country in the United Nations, loyally do what they can to enforce it. The embargo also involves the purely American ban on the importing of Chinese goods to the United States, with the object of withholding foreign exchange from the Reds; the British don't help enforce this but merely endure it. In both ways, the embargo hurts Hong Kong, just as any slackening of Chinese-Western trade does. British and Chinese businessmen here keep grumbling about Washington's policies, which occasionally get totally snarled in red tape. Whenever this happens, Hong Kong is amused. The colony's governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, provided a dignified sample of the amusement in a speech the other day before the Hong Kong Engineering Society. A local newspaper quoted him as follows: "I had almost forgotten one matter which is good news, and that concerns the duck and the egg. As no doubt you are aware, the United States imposed an embargo in reverse, as it were, on trade with China; that is to say, it will not permit the import into the United States of goods of

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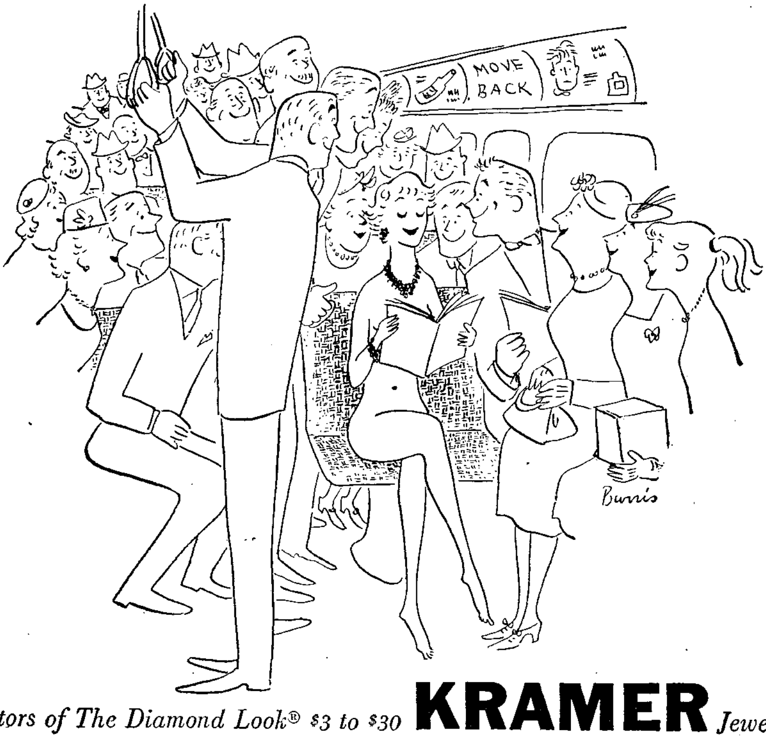

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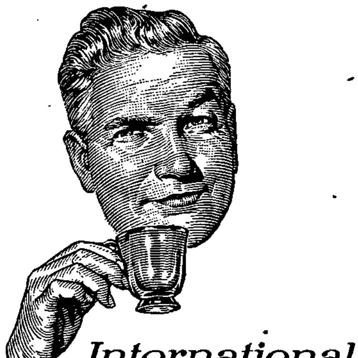

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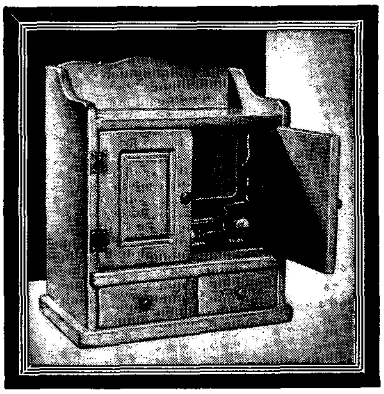
Chinese origin. This affects Hong Kong adversely, because we are an entrepôt, and normally much of the trade between China and America passes through Hong Kong. That is now stopped—at any rate, for the time being. The United States authorities will, however, permit the import of goods from Hong Kong, provided they are not of Mainland origin. Among these articles of export are these pressed ducks that you see in the shops. These ducks are bred in Hong Kong, but in many cases the eggs from which the ducks are hatched come from China. A problem that worried Washington for months was this: Were the ducks that were hatched from Chinese eggs but developed in Hong Kong Chinese ducks or Hong Kong ducks? They looked the same whatever the origin of the eggs. It wasn't as though the duck from the Chinese egg had red feathers. They were exactly the same color as the feathers of the duck from the Hong Kong egg. After the matter had been considered, or so I understand, at the highest level for many months, it was decided that common sense should prevail, and the position was taken that the ducks, regardless of where the eggs came from, should be given the benefit of Hong Kong nationality. (Applause and laughter.)"

The grumbling over the state of business is nearly universal in Hong Kong. Nearly everyone says it is bad; a few, though, say it "can pass," an enigmatic phrase that may denote either big profits or a cheerful nature. But despite the grumbling, Hong Kong is still here. The old buildings are in place and new ones are going up. People sit in offices and plan the same sort of weekends as before. One financial expert says that for the big Hong Kong firms, business is really bad only in comparison to the boom years of 1947, '48, and '49, when refugee capital was pouring in here from China, and that it is good in comparison to "normal" times—the nineteen-thirties. However that may be, the big firms are still paying dividends and keeping their shares up. Business can hardly be good forever, though, if trade with China stays at its present low level. As one businessman said the other day, "The China trade built the big houses on the Peak." It made Hong Kong, and without it the place must become something else.

BUSINESS is bad for sure among the refugees. Chinese refugees doubled the colony's population in 1949



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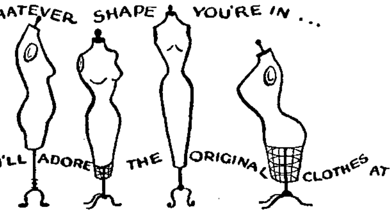

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and '50—sent it up from one million to two. Some of them took up trading, some speculating. Some settled down as paupers, and some paid their way with hoarded wealth, hoping to go back soon. By now, most, except the paupers, have been squeezed pretty dry, among them the traders, who, lacking the resources of the established Hong Kong firms, were more vulnerable to the embargo. Hong Kong's five residential districts are sometimes spoken of as a ladder, the lowest rung being Rennie's Mill, a refugee camp for the destitute, and the top rung the Peak. Once prosperous refugees have been steadily descending this ladder, one hears. I have a Chinese friend who has lived here for many years and has a steady job and a steady income, and he has been climbing the ladder as more and more refugees have relinquished their hold on the upper rungs. Two years ago, he was living in Diamond Hill, a refined shantytown inconveniently far from the city, where he, his wife, and their two children were jammed into a two-room flat with no running water. Now, though he is making no more money, he has a spacious house in Kowloon Tong, a quiet, shady suburb once peopled by the rich. He says airily that he may move to the Peak in a year or two, if the refugees' descent keeps on. I asked him one day what refugees did when they could no longer cling to Rennie's Mill. "They go back to the mainland," he said. "More Chinese are leaving Hong Kong now than are coming in. It has been that way for months."

"But what can they do back there?" I asked. "Can they get work after running with the imperialists for so long?"

"No, they can't," my friend replied. "But if they stay here they will starve. They prefer to starve back home, near their ancestors."

Among the refugees, I have friends in various walks of life. Several are out of work now, and they have asked me if I know of jobs. I have looked around, but with no luck at all, which is something new here; in former years, one could almost always find a job for a friend, whether clerk or servant. The refugees are up against a blank wall now, stagnating. In their stagnation, they have grown more bitter toward the Reds. Every October there is a flag contest here. October 1st is the Reds' big holiday and October 10th is the Nationalists'. Adherents of each side put out flags on the appropriate day—scarlet flags with five gold stars for the Communists, flags of a duller red with a white sun and a blue sky for the Na-

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tionalists. In the first years of the Peking government, far more Communist than Nationalist flags were displayed, but now it is the other way round. On the first of October last year, the Red banks and trading firms in downtown Hong Kong dutifully fixed up their façades, but few Communist flags were flown by individuals; on the tenth, Nationalist flags flew everywhere. One shouldn't take the flying of flags by Chinese too seriously, since they don't take it seriously themselves. Nevertheless, there must be reasons for the switch. I suspect that organization has a lot to do with it; the Nationalists are busy in this respect now, and the Reds subdued. In any event, the flags prove that there is something to organize. When Vice-President Nixon came here a while ago, he drew big crowds and much cheering, which was interpreted by some observers as spontaneous anti-Communism. Actually, no one who knows the Nationalists could rule out the possibility that the demonstration was all rigged, but at least the manpower was on hand for the rigging, as it might not have been a few years ago. The trend shows in other ways, too—in a steady fall in the circulation of Red newspapers, for instance. Many Chinese here are proud of what the Reds did in Korea, but they are growing more and more fed up with what they hear of Red methods in their own country. These Chinese can do little about their disgust but fly their flags, though, for the police are firmly against anti-Red scheming. When the Reds came to power, Hong Kong filled up with Nationalist and Third Force cloak-and-dagger people. The police tracked them down and made it clear that they must behave; now they are quiet and giving Peking no grounds for complaint. The Reds, too, are quiet in Hong Kong, after indulging in some bumptiousness of their own. At the close of 1949, the Leftist tram unions staged a strike; it died when its leaders were banished for holding an illegal meeting. Early last year, some students and young laborers tried to start a pro-Communist riot over refugee troubles; they, too, were quickly dealt with, and a newspaper that outspokenly took their side was fined for sedition. In these crises, the police kept calm and didn't act until the Reds had overplayed their hand. They showed restraint, a sense of timing, and a readiness to crack down when they had to—police qualities that have made Hong Kong one of the most orderly cities in the world, despite all the reasons that it shouldn't be. The orderliness is British at heart, but this does not show

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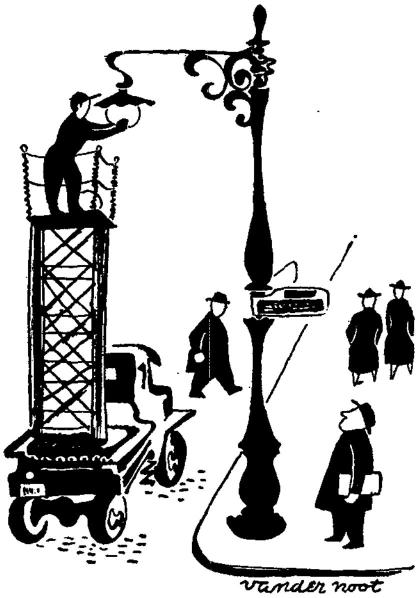
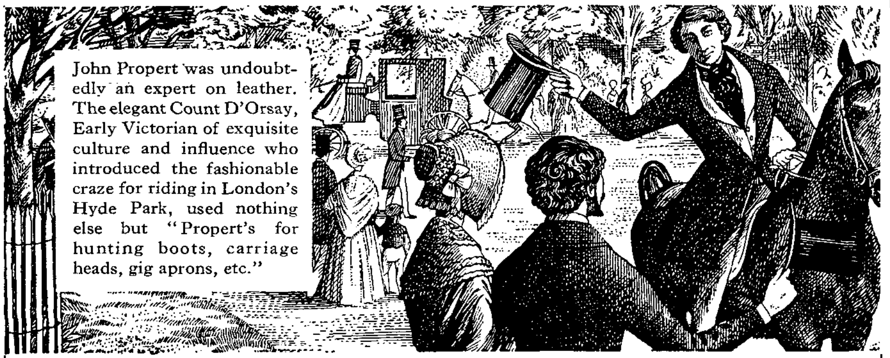
blatantly. If someone here gets into trouble, it will almost certainly be a Chinese patrolman who takes him in tow. The patrolman's British superiors will be out of sight, in the district station.

In external matters, Hong Kong has reached a modus vivendi with China. Internally, the colony has demonstrated that it means to run its own show. This eases the tension and gives people a chance to worry over nonessentials. The hottest debate in Hong Kong's English-language press in recent months was over a proposed new city hall—whether it should have a big music auditorium or should slight this in favor of a theatre stage, and so forth. The editors received letter after letter, smoking at the edges, and Mao Tse-tung seemed far away. Lesser debates have been held over the treatment of animals, a point on which British and Chinese can always disagree. One of these arose when a Chinese hawker was fined a thousand Hong Kong dollars (about a hundred and seventy-five American dollars) for mistreating a sparrow, another when four Chinese were fined a quarter of that amount for possessing a dog's carcass that they meant to eat. Still another was started by a complaint to the South China *Morning Post* that there were too many dogs around and a suggestion that they be discouraged by taxation. "Who ever heard of such a ridiculous and cruel suggestion?" one of several correspondents wrote. "Are my six harmless, pretty poodles to be taxed just because they make my life happy? I think this nasty person is just making trouble for dog lovers like myself." Thus life is lived. Uproar about the torturing of a sparrow dims the thought that some here would torture their mothers should politics demand. The

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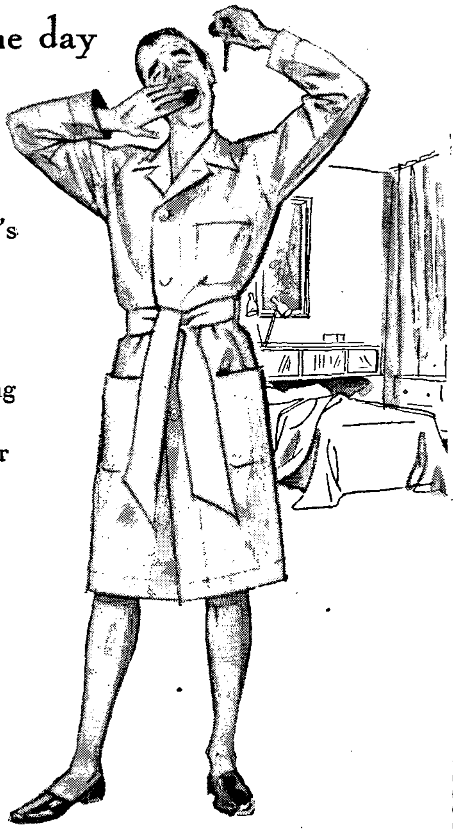
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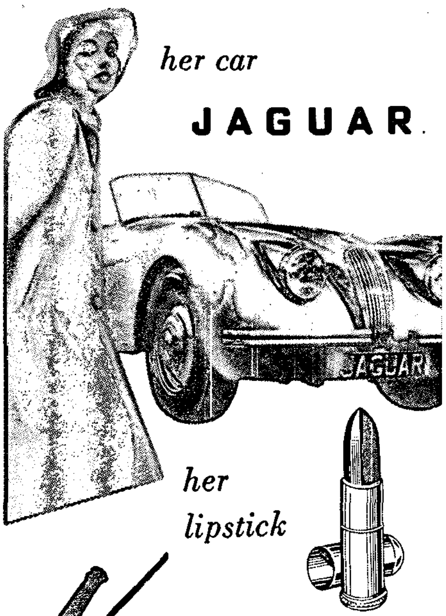
A WHILE ago, I accompanied some British policemen on a drive along the Chinese border, which cuts across the base of the peninsula, some twenty miles north of the city. It was a typical South China winter's day—chilly, overcast, and leaden. In our Land-Rover—a British-style jeep—we drove there through the intervening rustic region, known as the New Territories, along a road that ran between bare gray rice paddies whose mud reflected the gray sky. We passed gray water buffaloes and small, white-plastered farmhouses, and now and then a boy herding brown-and-white ducks with a bamboo pole. The peasants looked contented and warm in their padded winter clothes, and one of the policemen said that the last rice crop had been the best in years. Then it must have been good in all South China, I thought, for Hong Kong is of a piece with that region. I wondered if South China still looked like the landscape before me; it certainly had a few years back.

We reached the border at Shataukok, a village where the line runs right down a street, splitting it in two. The line itself was informal—just some old barbed wire with wash hanging on it, and a few uniformed Chinese guards standing about. The guards didn't look impressive, and their part of the village was no different from ours, but I did see what might be called a patch of the bamboo curtain—an expanse of soggy matting rigged up on poles to screen a space the size of a one-car garage. "They're building something they don't want us to see," one of the policemen said. Whatever it was, it didn't look menacing in terms of the atomic age.

When we left the village to continue on our way along the border, we were convoyed by two Land-Rovers, one fore and one aft. "We usually go in convoy for this next bit, because the border is close to the road and sometimes they shoot at us," the policeman sitting next to me explained. "We don't want to have to stop if we can help it. That would be bad for face." We drove at a fair clip along a narrow road through wild green hills covered with ferns and sword grass. Down at our right, a small, clear stream ran over tan gravel. That was the border, and on the other side of it rose green hills exactly like our own. The only difference between the sides lay in their military



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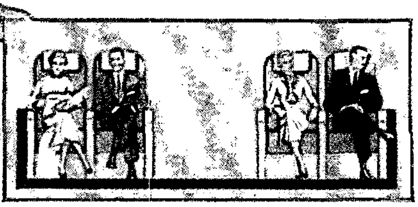

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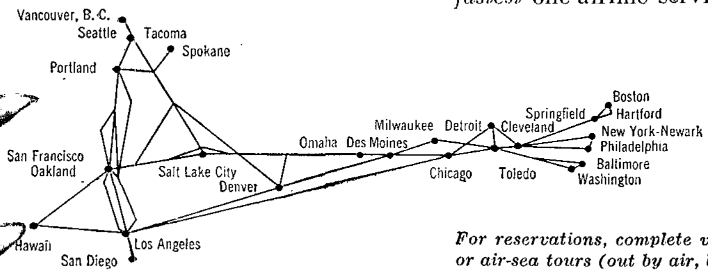
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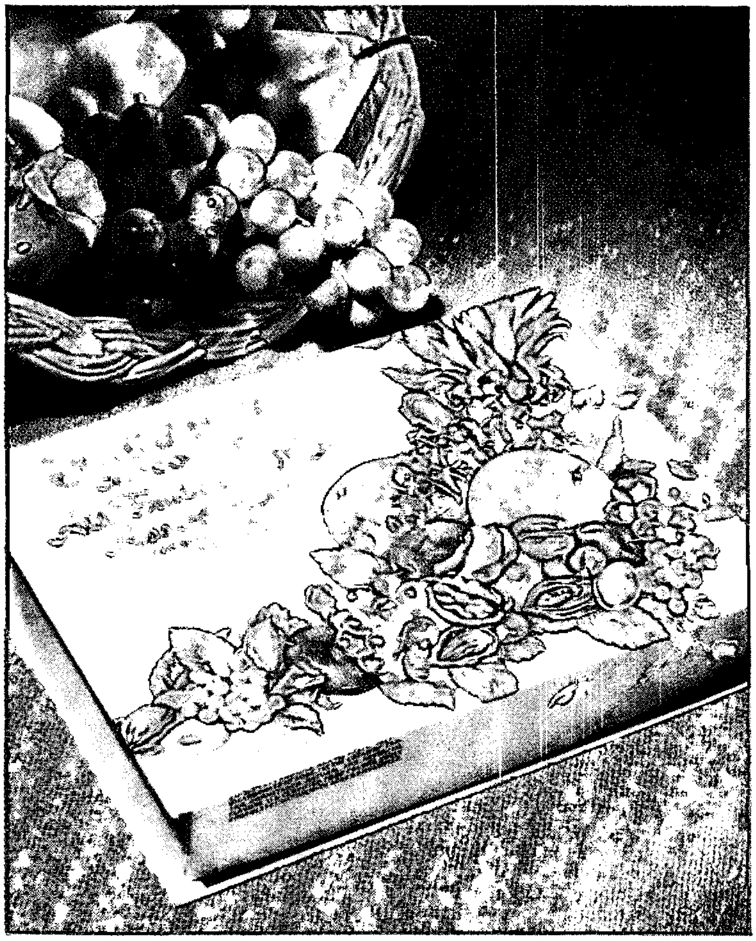

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style. The Land-Rovers and their policemen were trim—all spit and polish—but the Chinese sentries we saw here and there on the other side wore ratty cotton uniforms that didn't fit. Neat telephone wire had been strung on small iron poles along the British side, but the Chinese wire was helter-skelter and zigzag, and the poles were tilted at crazy angles. The British had built strong little forts within sight of each other on the hills, but the Chinese had matched them only halfheartedly with pillboxes by the stream. My companion pointed to one. "That looks good, but it's just bricks and clay," he said. "It's no bloody use. You could tear it apart with a Bren gun." We spun along briskly, and I reflected that face is as much a British institution as a Chinese one. I reflected, too, that Hong Kong seemed far more intent on the border than China did. China appeared to be looking the other way.

The border is twenty-three miles long. We covered less than half of it, for we stopped when we reached the railway coming down from China that bisects it. We got out and walked to the station. There are two stations, in fact—one on the British side and one on the Chinese, with a bridge over the stream between them. British and Chinese trains stop on their respective sides, and the passengers have to walk across the bridge. Passengers were doing this now, in both directions. More were going north than south, as my Chinese friend had said, and one of my guides remarked that Hong Kong's population was dropping at the rate of a hundred a day. The northbound passengers looked more citified than the southbound ones. I noticed some young people, whom I took to be students, among those entering China, and recalled hearing that many young Chinese natives of Hong Kong were going to China because they believed that they could get a better education there. One of the northbound passengers was turned back while we stood there—a pretty girl with a rather good figure, who was wearing a heavy yellow sweater over a lighter red one. I asked the police what was wrong, and they said she had tried to take a watch and a fountain pen with her, which was not permitted. I thought of the man near the Yangtze who had got his visa on the promise of a watch and a pen, and I wondered if turning the girl back was part of an anti-bribery campaign on the part of the Reds.

The people coming south were mostly rustic-looking and were a bit mussed,

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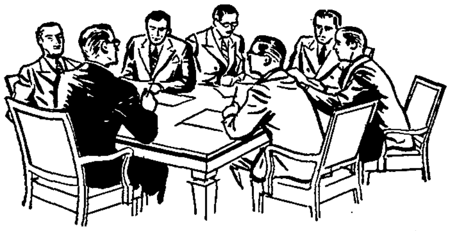

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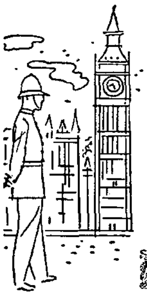

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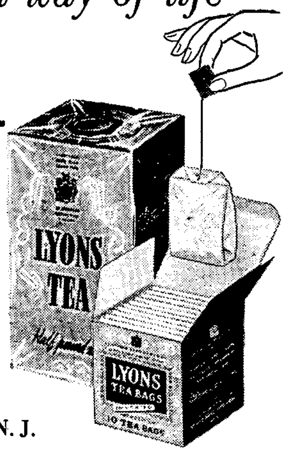

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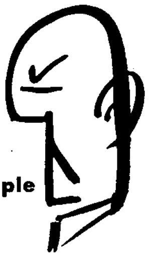

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as travellers in China always used to be. They were wearing padded clothing against the cold and carrying gifts for their friends or relatives on our side—papayas, pomelos, oranges, lotus root, pineapples. Whenever they were confronted by an official—Hong Kong policeman or Communist border clerk—they assumed a deadpan look. As soon as they were free of the red tape, they chattered among themselves. They acted as Chinese have acted forever—putting up with the authorities when they had to, getting away and being themselves when they didn't have to. As they crossed the little bridge, they were crossing one of the most publicized chasms of our day, yet I found I had to make a conscious effort to feel the significance of the occasion. On paper, the travellers were part of a momentous issue, but in the flesh they simply looked like people going from one place to another.

The policemen and I climbed into the Land-Rover and drove toward town. I supposed that when I got back to Hong Kong I would spend a good evening with pleasant company. Time proved me right, and after that I slept and rose and spent another good evening, too, and I have been doing the same ever since. Hong Kong's plight is desperate when you add it up, but adding things up is not the only pastime here. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

The winner of Saturday night's competition was unheralded veterinary student from Ohio State, Jerry Welbourn. And he missed by a whiskey becoming the fourth man in history to vault 15 feet. —*Rochester* (*N. Y.*) *Times-Union.*

That's what he gets for breaking training.

•

Harold Vanderbilt, 52, has been continuously on the Central's executive committee longer than any other committee member. He has been a director of the road since 1914 and was listed in the Central's 1953 proxy statement for the annual meeting last May as the holder of 10,000 shares of stock.—*The Times.*

He sounds precocious.

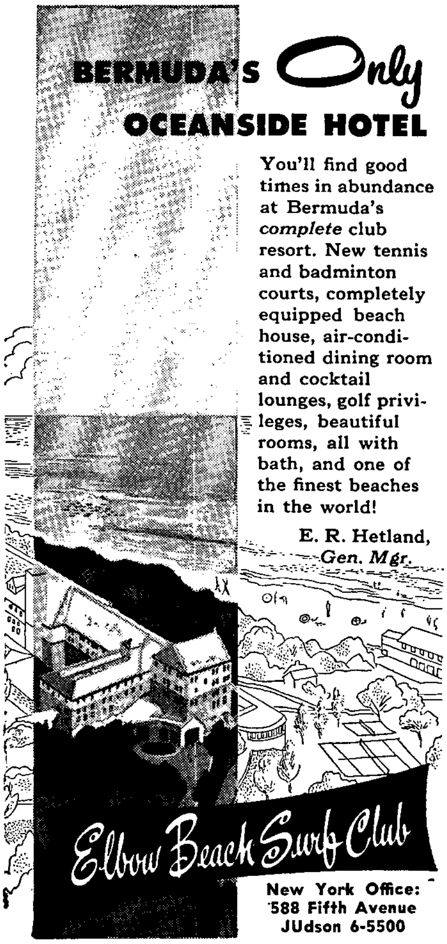
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Hear and Forgive," by Emyr Humphreys*]

Roger gave me his telephone number and I promised to ring. I gave him mine. —*Page 19.*

Roger waved up at me. . . . He had given me his telephone number, but there hadn't been time, the other night, for me to give him mine. —*Page 52.*



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A String for the Bouquet

FOLK songs are something like wild flowers. They are often very pretty. They grow more or less spontaneously. They are not the result of the thought and skill of an individual artist. They are simple in structure and make very little appeal to the intellect. They can be understood by people who haven't the remotest interest in the art of music as it is practiced in concert halls and opera houses. They have, in fact, very little to do with this art, which is, by comparison, a hothouse phenomenon, requiring extraordinary talent and ingenuity, and the application of brains. Composers sometimes use folk songs for local color—actually, it would be difficult to find a composer, from Johann Sebastian Bach down to the present, who has not made use of a few of them somewhere in his work. But important composers use them sparingly, and never rely on them as a substitute for their own inventive powers. A composer who uses them as a substitute is simply abdicating his creative function. The result may be pleasing, but it is merely a bouquet that he has gathered and for which he has provided the string.

If I seem to be a little didactic on this point, it is because such bouquets are frequently presented on symphonic programs as if they were original compositions, and, more specifically, because at the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday, Eugene Ormandy displayed one in the form of an "Armenian Suite" by the Philadelphia composer Richard Yardumian. There was, in this case, no misrepresentation involved. The program notes explained in some detail that the tunes, which constituted the work's only interesting feature, were not Mr. Yardumian's tunes. As a matter of fact, though some of them were rather pretty, none of them were intellectually absorbing enough to warrant the elaborate orchestral trimmings Mr. Yardumian gave them, or to engage the serious attention of a large symphonic audience.

The rest of Mr. Ormandy's program also seemed to me remarkably dull, consisting as it did of a fair-to-middling performance of the awfully familiar

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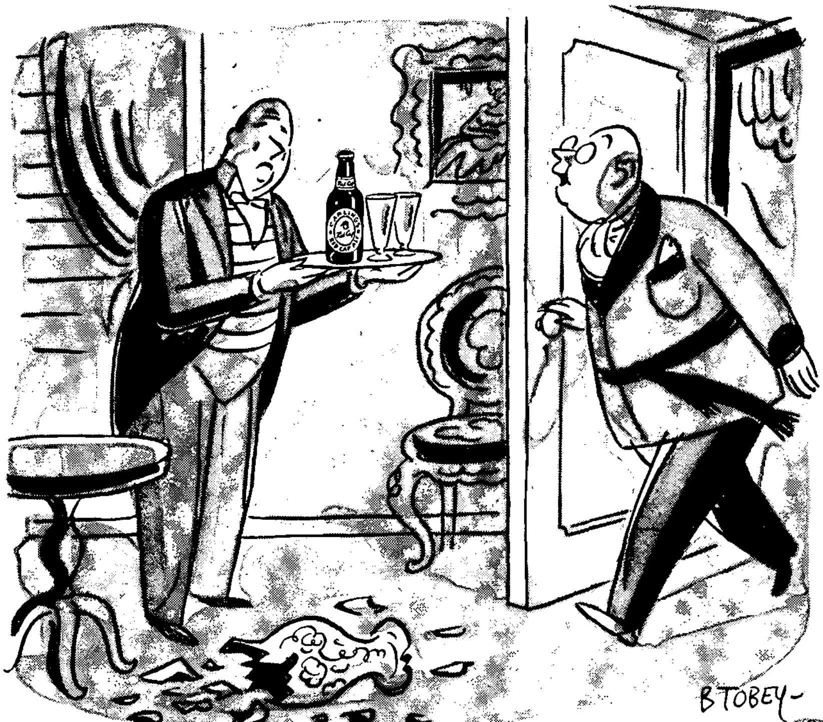

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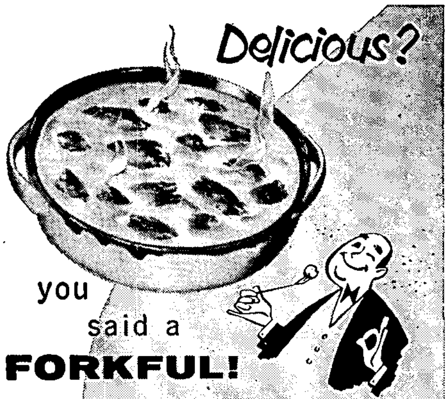

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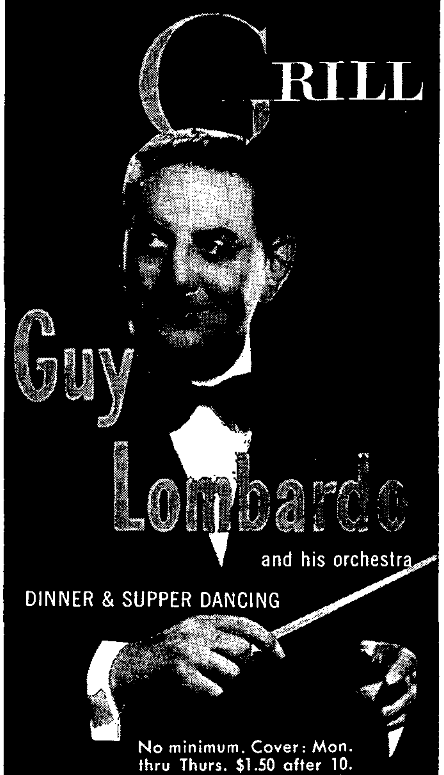
César Franck symphony and a somewhat routine performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. Rudolf Firkusny, the pianist who played the solo in the concerto, is obviously an artist with a clean, lucid, and incisive technique, but I did not feel that either he or Mr. Ormandy managed to convey much of the poetry and dramatic fire that the work contains.

ON Saturday afternoon, I attended a concert at Town Hall that was given by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors and was devoted almost entirely to first New York performances of music by contemporary Americans. Folk tunes were, I am pleased to say, conspicuously absent, and all the compositions performed showed serious intentions. I liked best a First Symphony by Holon Matthews, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, which had some shreds of mood and emotion (particularly in its neat, graceful scherzo) and was written in an idiom neither doctrinaire nor old-fashioned. A "Southwestern Overture," by Clifton Williams, of Austin, Texas, seemed a little on the noisy side—conceivably this is what was "southwestern" about it—but had a certain amount of elementary vigor. Elizabeth Gould's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, in which Mrs. Gould, who is from Toledo, Ohio, played the solo part herself, struck me as a somewhat detached essay in technique. It had patches of musical rhetoric that sounded like Scriabin, patches of complicated rhythm that sounded like Aaron Copland, a great deal of atonal filling that sounded like everybody from Schönberg to one of the more tonally ambivalent French Impressionists, and a few moments in the slow movement that sounded, possibly, like something definable as Mrs. Gould. It was all very well put together, but, having observed this fact, I am at a loss for a more compelling reason for anyone to want to listen to it. Lukas Foss's "Song of Songs," for soprano and orchestra, has been done here before, and I had heard it. As before, I found its orchestration sometimes individual and striking, but the composition seemed so lacking in the passion its text calls for and so loaded down with ingenuity that it left me wondering what all the technical fuss was really about. In the few moments when Ellabelle Davis, the soprano soloist, was not completely obscured by Mr. Foss's display of cleverness, she appeared to be a singer of some warmth and power. The orchestra that per-



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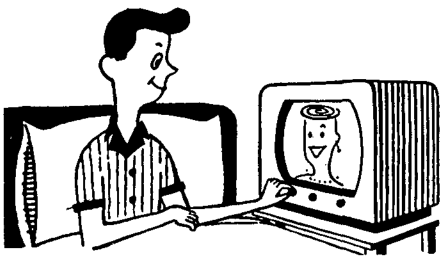

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formed these works was that of the Little Orchestra Society, and it was conducted by Thomas Scherman with such care and moderate enthusiasm as the occasion demanded.

IN contrast to all this, it is a pleasure to take up "Pagliacci," which was given a not overwhelmingly brilliant performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening. The admirable thing about the simpler Italian operas is that they always seem to have enough dramatic and emotional substance to cover their technique decently. In "Pagliacci," which, for all its obvious sentimentality, is an almost perfect opera, the technique is virtually unnoticeable, and the entire effort of the composer is applied to the important task of making you feel the tragic and otherwise human emotions of his characters. The opera was, of course, preceded by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," which I have always found comparatively undramatic and boring and which I suspect survives largely because it makes such a convenient companion piece to "Pagliacci." The outstanding performance of the evening was that of Leonard Warren, who sang the role of Tonio in "Pagliacci" with a really affecting combination of sincerity and restraint. Ramon Vinay, as Canio, seemed to be having a little trouble with his high notes, but except for that sang and acted acceptably. Lucine Amara's Nedda was excellently sung but somewhat deficient in temperament. The only notable element in "Cavalleria" was the singing of Zinka Milanov, as Santuzza, which was always lush and sometimes beautiful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

HONEY PUMPKIN PIE

Mash one and one-half cups steamed pumpkin and add three-fourths cup honey, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon ginger and one-fourth teaspoon cloves. Mix well. Add two eggs, beaten, one cup milk and one-half cup cream. Stir until well mixed. Pour into one pastry-lined pie shell (9-inch) and bake at 425 degrees F. for 45 to 55 minutes or until knife comes out clean when inserted. Yield.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

O.K., let us up!

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CONSIDER YOUR BABY'S STOMACH: At birth, it has a capacity of approximately one ounce and is about the size of a small hen's egg. Since most of the tot's food is in liquid form, though, and is speedily assimilated, it's possible to give a new baby more than an ounce at a feeding . . . Color pictures on luncheon meat packages have been banned in some states. Reason: The pictures look too much better than the product . . . You must have heard about the guy who never gives the girls a second thought—the first one covers everything . . . Life's Little Oddities: Hotel Dickinson in Iron Mountain, Mich., requests guests not to take skis to their rooms. A Duluth newspaper carried this want ad the other day: "For sale: five volumes on electrical engineering, also parts for an electric coffee maker." Minneapolis realtors appraised a house the other day owned by a bachelor. The bathroom had wall-to-wall carpeting.

★

A FUNERAL HOME has a fire extinguisher hanging in the basement hall and above it a sign reads: "For Sale: to those in doubt" . . . More girls than boys take music lessons as youngsters. Yet 95 per cent of the members of the great orchestras of the country are men. Exception, of course, is Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra . . . From John K. Sherman, the drama critic on our family gazette, comes this "What-was-that-you-said?" item from the University of California press: "Symbols in the form of the quadrated circle can be said now, after some decades of experience with them, to represent the self as the totality of the psyche, embracing both conscious and unconscious components and therefore superordinate to the ego; they depict a nuclear structure in the unconscious, acting as a directing center to the development processes of the psyche as a whole in its progress toward self-realization."

★

ON OCCASION AN "isolationist" tag has been hung on us midwesterners. I've always jumped at the charge and now I'm glad the facts back me up. Seventy-three per cent of the people of Minnesota prefer to have the United States continue to work through United Nations to settle our world problems. This is the same percentage that pollster Elmer Roper found holding this view over the entire nation. The Minnesota appraisal was revealed through the Minneapolis Tribune's Minnesota Poll—a public service opinion poll in which all of us at the Star and Tribune take particular pride. Sixty-four interviewers regularly determine, by scientific sampling, what Minnesotans think on leading issues of the day. The Poll, one of the oldest in the newspaper business, will celebrate its 10th anniversary this May. Over the years it has posed questions to nearly 100,000 Minnesotans. To me the Poll is just one more reason why, in this prosperous Upper Midwest area, the best-liked, most-respected newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

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MAYBE THIS WILL give you a better idea of just where on the map the Hawaiian islands are located—they're directly west of Mexico City . . . Revised definition: A woman's club—place where they knock after they get in . . . RCA is now selling advertising space on the envelopes put around their pop records . . . Do you want to know whether you have a boy parakeet or a girl parakeet? You can determine the sex by the color of the nostrils. In the adult male, the color is a deep blue or purple. In the adult female, the color is tan, light grey or deep brown . . . Crack of the week: The best way to keep a husband home at night is to ask him to take you someplace.

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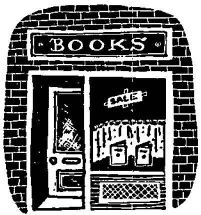
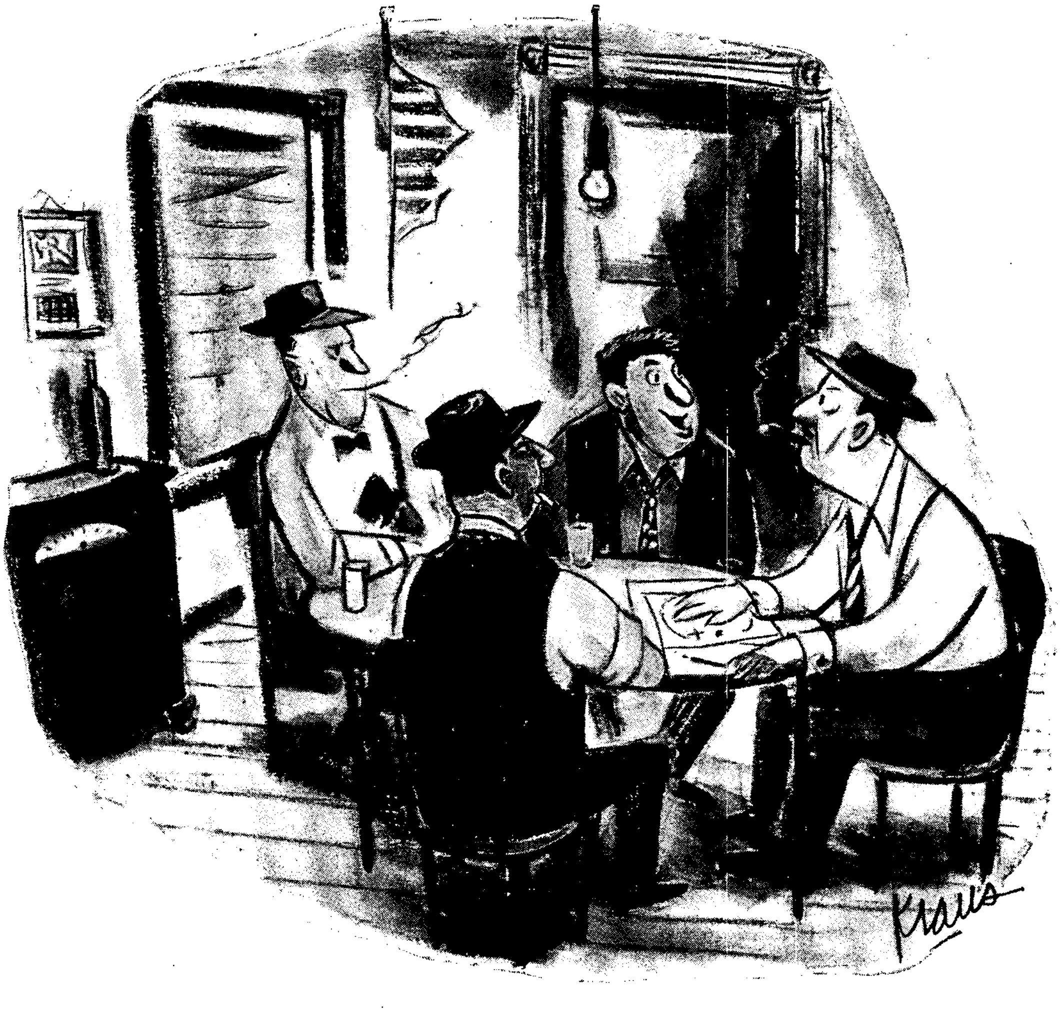


ONE of the great subjects for biography is that spunky, crotchety, illiterate, and wonderfully gifted maker of things, Henry Ford. Not to bring him to life, not to have the pages of a book about him crackle and spit with his ingenuities and perversities, is a writing feat of no mean proportions. This feat has just been accomplished by Allan Nevins, with the collaboration of Frank Ernest Hill. They have given their mound of baggage the baggagy title of "Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company" (Scribner). In it, they accumulate the story of Ford's life from 1863, the year he was born, to 1916, a year that found him the aloof but snoopy master of thirty thousand employees and of a fortune of uncounted scores of millions. A second volume, dealing with the years to 1947, when Ford died, is presumably to follow. Since Dr. Nevins and Mr. Hill have had access to what are known as the Ford Archives (Archives! If Henry called history bunk, what would he have called archives?) this book has been looked forward to as the definitive work not only on the company but on the wiry little so-and-so who practically *was* the company. In a preface, Dr. Nevins notes that the book "is the product of an arrangement between Columbia University and the Ford Motor Company in the interests of general business history. The book has been written under the auspices of Columbia University, in its offices, and with the advice of a special University committee; the research has been done by University employees, working under ordinary academic conditions and with the usual academic salaries; all royalties on the volume are paid to the University. For the contents of the book, however, Columbia University has no responsibility whatever. It has merely guaranteed the independence and disinterestedness of those engaged on the task, and facilitated their labors. For all the faults and shortcomings of the history, the author alone is responsible." This is a modest and promising statement. One feels sure that the Ford Motor Company has been generous in its backing (less ambitious projects have been known to cost a couple of hundred thousand dollars) and that the research has been brilliantly executed. Yet what is there to show for what must have been a lavish expenditure of money and brains but a big lump of a book that is frequently padded, repetitious, and pedestrian? The reader's disappointment is heightened by incredulity. Padded, an account of that cranky barebones of a mistress, the Model T? Repetitious and pedestrian, the adventures of the tinkerer who set his fellows tearing up and down the world on wheels?

The reader ends by suspecting that Dr. Nevins, one of the most distinguished and prolific of historians, has merely supervised this book, not written it. Again and again, he has failed to remove traces of many hands doing much dusty digging. Again and again, he has failed to turn into English the jottings of hired bookworms. (Roy D. Chapin is introduced as "later Secretary of Commerce under Herbert Hoover." Some pages farther on, he is spoken of as "Roy D. Chapin, later Secretary of Commerce under Hoover." And what is to be made of a sentence beginning "House, furnishings, and landscaping and down to Thanksgiving in 1916 cost $1,032,818, while the power plant . . ."?) Perhaps Dr. Nevins did not enjoy his task. Perhaps he found Henry Ford distasteful, though not distasteful enough to have strong feelings about. Or perhaps the sense that the Ford boys were glancing over his shoulder as he glanced over their foxy grandpa's archives led him to be dull when he intended to be lively. In any event, this book is a waste



"How about me being the brains on this job?"

all round, and the more to be regretted because it is high time that we had not a broadside like Harry Bennett's wild and funny "We Never Called Him Henry," not a graduate thesis on transportation and the American automobile industry, but a biography worthy of the old devil who loved to play crude practical jokes on people and would never let anyone play practical jokes on him.

THAT mild and wise and useful Jesuit, Father John LaFarge, has written his autobiography, which he calls "The Manner Is Ordinary" (Harcourt, Brace). The title comes from the statement of Saint Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, that "for good reasons, having always in view God's greater service, the manner of living as to external things is ordinary, and has no regular penances or corporal austerities obligatory on all." Father LaFarge points out that such a manner of life may be far from undemanding. "It adds up," he says, "to as great an offering to God of one's pride and egotism and sensuality as can be devised." This offering is not too much to ask of one who wishes to become a superb priest. It is probably too much to ask of one who wishes to become a superb autobiographer. Who from Cellini to Henry Adams—known to Father LaFarge as "Uncle Henry"—could move us by the story of his life if pride, egotism, and sensuality were not shown to be crucial and ineradicable elements of the story? In the case of Father LaFarge, the offering seems to have been a comparatively easy one to make. The evidence of "The Manner Is Ordinary" is that its author was in spirit an infant Hercules and strangled vexatious passions in the cradle. The youngest of nine children, loving son of a devout Catholic mother and of a father famous, talented, wayward, and remote, he found his vocation early. Indeed, he could scarcely wait to be allowed to take the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. In the course of a long life spent serving God, not the least whisper of a "*non serviam*" appears to have crossed his mind. Another Jesuit, Father Hopkins, once wrote, "Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend with Thee." Father LaFarge has never contended with the Lord. He has contended with the world, not so much to make it fitter for men as to make men fitter for God. We read in "The Manner Is Ordinary" of his arduous missions among the Negroes and Slavs in Maryland, of his work with the Catholic Rural Life Movement, of

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his editorship of the Jesuit magazine *America* during the difficult war years, and of his latest interest, the Catholic Interracial Council. This is the stuff of an edifying Christian chronicle; luckily, it is more. We could reject the religious premises on which Father LaFarge's career has been based, we could turn with something like dismay from Father LaFarge's God ("He is totally free, subject to nobody's question, accountable to none but His own infinitely exalted self. Yet He is not an arbitrary God, capricious, unpredictable. Throughout His historical dealings with mankind, He has bound Himself by rules and covenants. He has sworn and will not repent. The priest is a priest forever. Israel, whatever justified quarrel the Lord may have with it, is still His people. He is a juridical God, a God of law"), and find the man himself no less admirable, every moment of his labors no less our gain.

FATHER LAFARGE has waited until his middle seventies to compose his autobiography. Oliver St. John Gogarty, who is also in his middle seventies, has been giving us his autobiography for a good many years now—not a series of excerpts from a single carefully planned life story but different versions of the same story. As with an artist who is his own favorite sitter, the subject never changes, yet each portrait is a fresh start and often has its surprises. The current Gogarty likeness, published by Doubleday, is entitled "It Isn't This Time of Year At All!" and is subtitled "An Unpremeditated Autobiography." "Unpremeditated" is as adroit a word for it as any. Dr. Gogarty is impatient of dates and facts; he glances into his memory, discovers there precisely what he wishes to discover, then sets it down with slapdash elegance. Let the pettifogging sciolists who may have heard things to the contrary from him or others go hang. Dr. Gogarty has no desire to instruct, much less to edify. If Father LaFarge's life has been sacred, Dr. Gogarty's has been, in the strict sense, profane. He was born lucky. He has sought only to be happy. ("'Only'!" we can imagine him exclaiming. "Now, it's not so damned easy as all that!") In his day a leading sportsman, physician, and poet, he can afford to dedicate this book "To Myself for a Lifelong Attachment." He can afford even to be preposterous, and he often is. Joyce he sees as "the greatest schizophrene who ever wrote this side of a mental hospital." Freud is "that enemy of the human race." He has dined out

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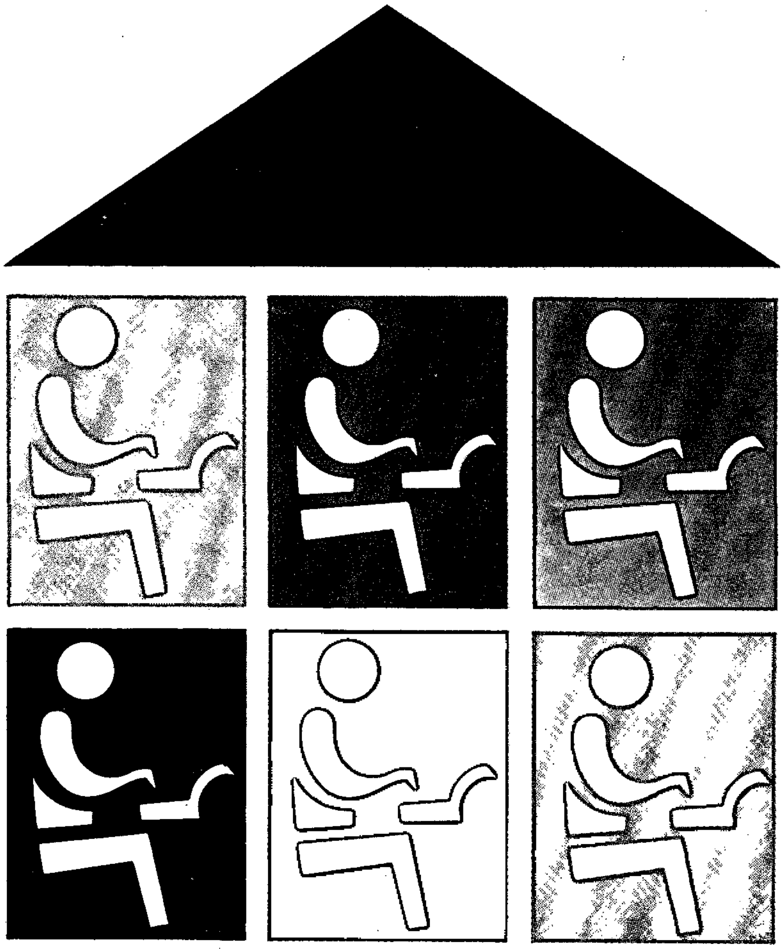

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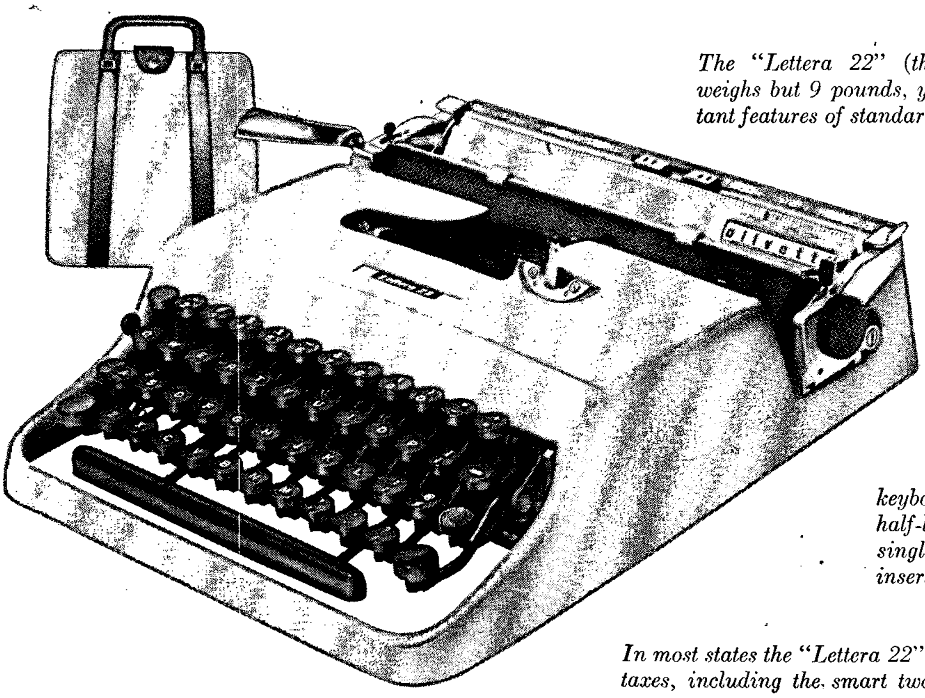

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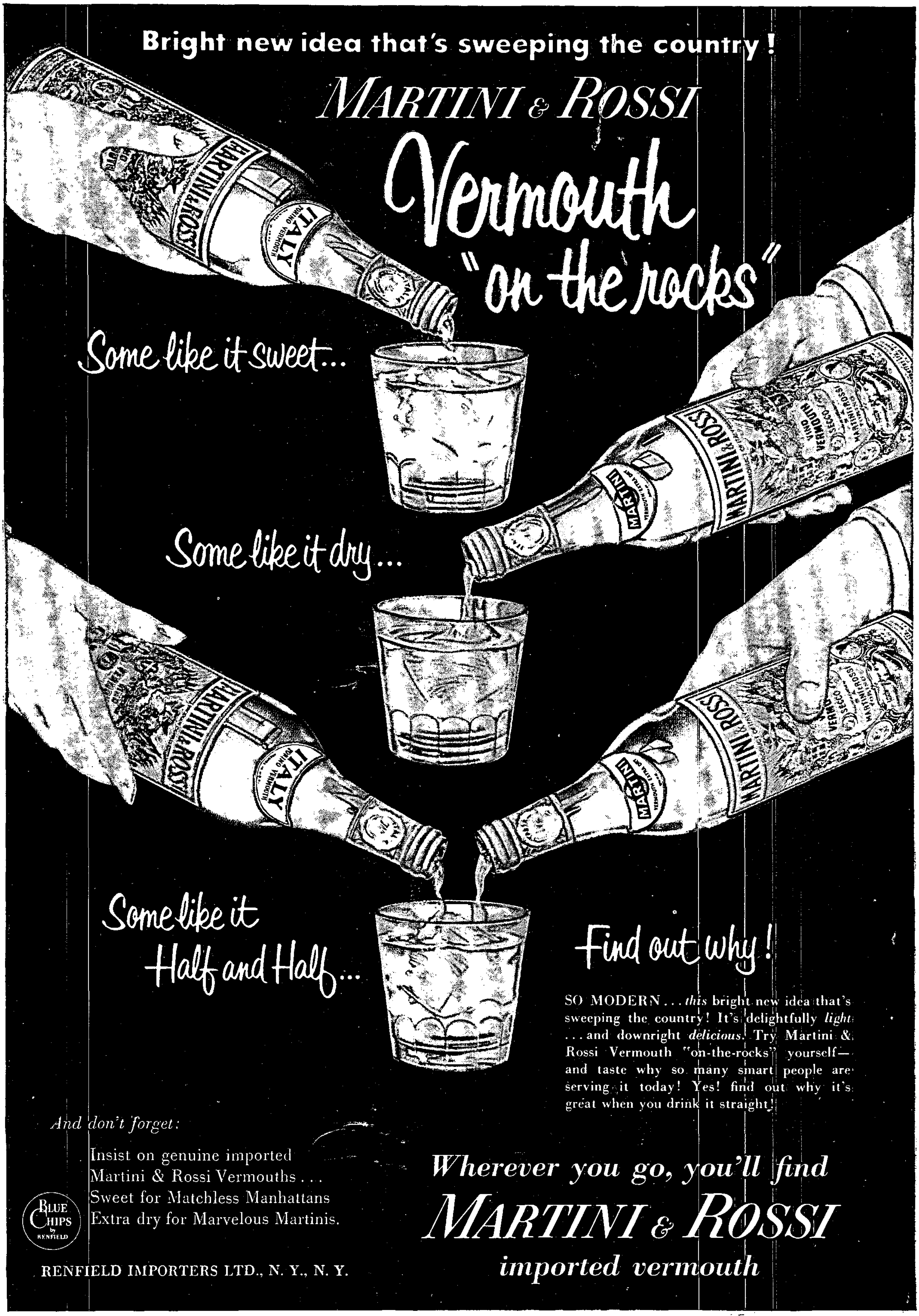

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on these quips and quiddities be they were worth tossing off once, they are worth tossing off again; truth is whatever gives the most pleas to the greatest number. We accept thi singular rule for the sake of the glimpses it gives us of Gogarty as the ringmaster of a whole cageful of prancing lions—Joyce, Yeats, George Moore, Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde, Æ, Dunsany, Augustus John. He has had a fine time with them and with so many others, and he will be sorry when he has to leave. But he won't complain. "You cannot appease Death, not even by dressing up in black." Enough of that—another anecdote! Have we heard, he wonders, about Larkey Waldron, who weighed four hundred pounds and invested money for the Little Sisters of the Poor? No? Well, "Larkey is a great fellow in every sense. He sits in his office in Anglesea Street with two telephones and four mantelpieces by Bossi in the room. He wears a skullcap of black silk topped by a large pink rhododendron. He hasn't seen his feet for years." Larkey will carry us through coffee and brandy and maybe a bit beyond; give the Doctor his head.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Bhowani Junction, by John Masters (Viking). Victoria Jones, a gorgeous twenty-eight-year-old girl of English and Indian blood, exchanges mating calls with a good many men, among them Ranjit, a Sikh; Colonel Savage, an Englishman; and Patrick Taylor, who is, like Victoria, of mixed blood. Mr. Masters shuttles fast and expertly between Victoria's indecision and her country's unrest, and maintains at all times the atmosphere of an elaborate, nervous, out-door-and-indoor bedroom farce. The year is 1946. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

The Blind Man, by Walter Jens (Macmillan). The brave despondency of the hero of this short novel, who is a newly blind man struggling to find a place for himself in the world, proves more depressing, and perhaps more destructive, than outright despair or even bitterness would. The scene is Germany in the year 1950, and the victim-hero is a schoolteacher.

GENERAL

Our Wildlife Legacy, by Durward L. Allen (Funk & Wagnalls). An

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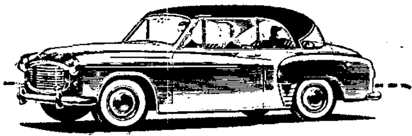

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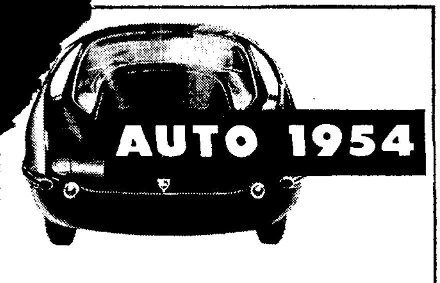
introduction to ecology for spo men, weekenders in the country, others who prefer nature to neon beauty to blight. The author biologist in the Fish and Wild Service of the Department of t Interior, reviews the intricately ba anced bonanza that confronted our forefathers, the three-hundred-year spree of their descendants that reduced it almost to ruin, and the recent efforts of a small body of overworked conservationists to salvage, despite the continued sniping of the self-centered and the shortsighted, the little that remains of our heritage. A first-rate book, written with candor, clarity, and conviction, and one that once again reminds us that "as the bathtub is an artifact of higher civilization, so also are the accumulating beer cans a sign of developing squalor." Photographs.

MAHARANI, by Brinda, Maharani of Kapurthala (Holt). This is an unusual autobiography, not because of any particular quality in the writing but because the author is an Indian princess, born in one of the smaller states, who was betrothed in early childhood to the son of one of India's richest and most powerful (and most profligate) maharajahs. Their wedding, just before the First World War, was a wonderfully lavish affair; her prospective father-in-law chartered a steamer to bring several hundred of his European guests from Marseille and erected a tent city to house the thousands of guests who could not be put up in his palaces. Princess Brinda is not typical of her kind—she was educated in Europe, has travelled widely, and has been engaged all her life in rebellion against purdah, the Indian institution that orders the seclusion of women—and she is probably more objective about this fantastic and anachronistic kind of life than most Indian princesses would be. In tone, the book is at times painfully naïve, but it can hardly fail to hold your interest. Photographs.

PRELUDE TO WORLD WAR II, by Gaetano Salvemini (Doubleday). A study of European diplomacy between, roughly, 1923 and 1936, by one of Italy's most distinguished and most untrammelled historians, who has been for many years at Harvard. The author centers his book on Italy, because he believes that it was Mussolini who, by his seizure of Corfu, first tested the new League of Nations and showed how shaky it was. In Dr. Salvemini's opinion, the cyni-



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cal sellout of the League's p by all concerned was the morta to the peace. He has little goo say of any of the men who were positions of power and influence i European politics between the wars; as a matter of fact, he thinks that most of the statesmen who lined up against the two European dictators were either fools or "disreputable," and his book is full of phrases like "if European affairs had been in the hands of men of common sense . . ." He is adept at distilling from the sonorous official speeches the three or four words that contain the meaning the speechmakers sought to conceal, and he is a deadly ironist, with a penetrating eye for hypocrisy. (Mr. Eden, in this last respect, gets particularly rough handling.)

POWER OF WORDS, by Stuart Chase (Harcourt, Brace). Sixteen years ago, Mr. Chase wrote a book called "The Tyranny of Words," in which he called popular attention to the fledgling science of semantics for the first time and explained its tenets and application. This book brings the reader up to date on new developments in the science and on the use and misuse of words in radio and television, public relations and propaganda, education, the press, and even the United Nations, which the author defines as "an experiment in communication." Government logorrhea is closely examined (and some entertaining examples of it are given), a chapter called "Moscow Talk" demonstrates how the Kremlin wordmongers are making a reality of George Orwell's "1984," and a chapter on our own Congressional investigating committees, called "Guilt by Association," throws a bright light into some of the murkier recesses of the inquisitorial mind. A comprehensive, plainly written book.

CHURCHILL—BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES, edited by Charles Eade (Simon & Schuster). A collection of essays on Churchill by nearly forty men and women who have crossed his path in the last fifty years and who discuss him, variously, as a soldier, a journalist, a parliamentarian, a Liberal, a Conservative, a humorist, an orator, a philologist, an aviator, a novelist, a conversationalist, and a race-horse owner. The pieces are mostly brief, and they range in critical tone from high praise through more or less friendly censure to violent abuse (a compendium taken

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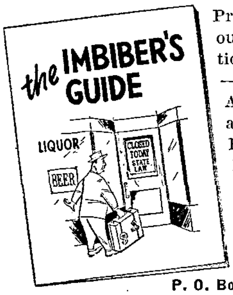

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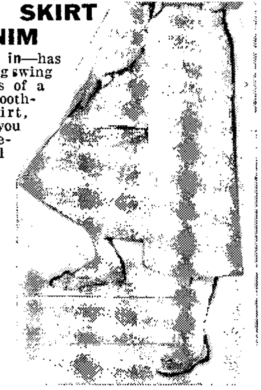

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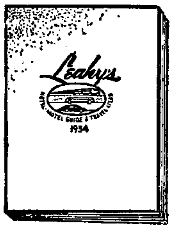

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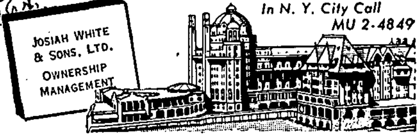

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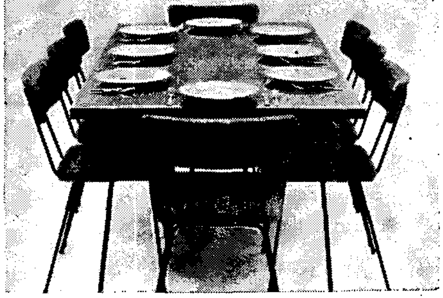

from Hitler's speeches). Among t authors are Dwight D. Eisenho er, Compton MacKenzie, Geo Bernard Shaw, A. L. Rowse, A. Herbert, Mrs. Franklin D. Roos velt, and Malcolm Muggeridge. Even those who feel familiar with the Churchill story will find much that is new and revealing. Photographs.

THE TEST OF FREEDOM, by Norman Thomas (Norton). After observing that "there is no such thing as absolute objectivity where human relations are concerned," Mr. Thomas proceeds to examine civil liberties in contemporary America—and succeeds in doing an objective job of it. A defender of these liberties for longer than many people can remember, the author reviews the progress of "the Jeffersonian ideal" since the drafting of the Bill of Rights, and then takes up the forces currently threatening the ideal. These include Communism (Mr. Thomas is a Socialist who does not belittle the menace of Communism in an effort to magnify the menace of its more fanatical foes), the abuse of Congress's power of investigation, racial discrimination, and so on. His general conclusion is that the outlook for liberty in America is clouded but by no means hopeless.

FRIEND OR FOE?, by Oreste Pinto (Putnam). Seven cases from the files of a Dutch counterintelligence expert who helped establish, and for a time was a high official of, the Royal Victoria Patriotic School, in London, which screened refugees from the Continent during the last war. Each case is designed to illustrate one or another of the several varieties of secret agentry—the woman spy, for example, and the double agent and the plain self-seeker—on which Colonel Pinto holds strong opinions, and although one could wish that his powers as a writer were as firm as his convictions, it cannot be denied that most of his stories make very entertaining reading.

SHARK!, by Patrick Fitzgerald O'Connor (Norton). More about the basking shark, a toothless leviathan that summers in the plankton meadows off the Hebrides and possesses, among other things, nearly a ton of oil-rich liver. Like Gavin Maxwell, who opened the subject a couple of years ago with a report called "Harpoon Venture," Mr. O'Connor, an English novelist of nautical bent, is a pioneer in the commercial pursuit of

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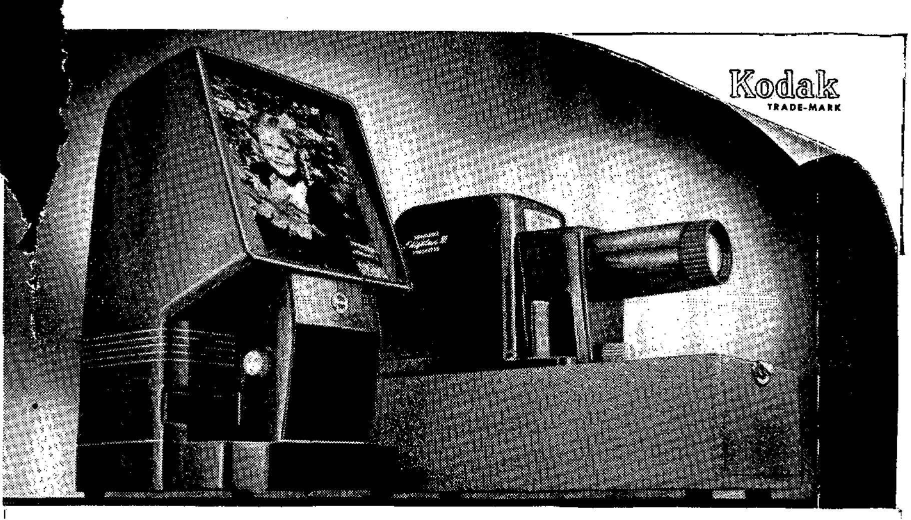
THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, edited by Elting E. Morison (Harvard). Volumes VII and VIII, bringing to an end this monumental collection, which is, in sum, one of the great autobiographies. The letters in these volumes were written during the years 1909-19 and are in many respects quite different from those in the preceding volumes, because by 1909 Roosevelt was out of public office for good, even though he didn't think so. His correspondence becomes more personal, and he is free to digress on a wider number of subjects. Of course, his role as a sort of statesman-at-large is reflected in many of the letters—especially those reporting to friends on his tour of Europe after his last big-game safari in Africa. Then there are letters on the Bull Moose campaign and on the rising threat of war in Europe, and, as leitmotiv of the whole of Volume VIII, those in which he carries on a one-man crusade against President Wilson—"a timid man physically . . . shifty . . . rather unscrupulous . . . entirely cold-blooded and selfish." (Roosevelt accorded Wilson no virtues—not even personal sensibility. When Wilson remarried, he wrote, "The worthy gentleman's motto seems to be 'My wife is dead! Long live my wife!' ") The editing and the editorial comment that elucidates some of the now almost forgotten issues that Roosevelt tangled with are



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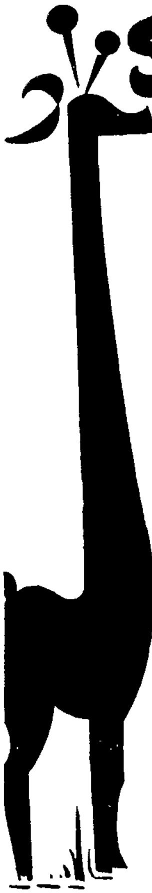
consistent with the high standards in the earlier volumes. Photograp

THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP, W. G. Constable (Oxford). To layman, the materials and method painter uses have a certain mysterio fascination, and Mr. Constable' great triumph in this book is that he has done away with a good deal of the mystery while, if anything, accentuating the fascination. Long connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, as Curator of Paintings, he is well equipped to write of his subject, and he manages throughout to keep his treatment of it informal, and his whole account, which ranges from descriptions of life in a medieval studio, the formation and functioning of the guilds, and so on, down through the development of the various mediums and the manner of their employment by artists ancient and modern, is as engrossing as it is informative. There are twenty-four halftone plates, carefully chosen to illustrate the text.

HELLENISM AND THE MODERN WORLD, by Gilbert Murray (Beacon). These six talks, given over Radiodiffusion Française in 1952 and over the B.B.C. in 1953, put the problems of our world in the perspective of the ancient Hellenistic age, seeing Europe as Greece, Russia as the Asiatic barbarians, and the United States as the Roman semi-barbarians. Professor Murray, now eighty-eight, has attained a ripeness and serenity granted few men, and his account of the Greek ideal of a world "*eleutherios*, fit for a Free Man," is both touching and inspiring. One can only hope that there are enough Hellenes like him today to justify his optimistic faith in our present chances of realizing this vision through the United Nations.

LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND, edited and with an introduction by T. S. Eliot (New Directions). A selection of Pound's criticism, most of it taken from four of Pound's books, plus a dozen previously uncollected brief essays from periodicals. Mr. Eliot's introduction assures us that Pound's criticism constitutes "the *least dispensible* body of critical writing in our time," but a surprising amount of it fails to hold up—is now, indeed, visibly half-baked (Shaw is "a ninth-rate coward"), rhetorically irresponsible ("Milton is the worst sort of poison"), or hopelessly limited (Jane Austen's books are about "a dull, stupid, hemmed-in sort of life,



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by a person who has lived it" [illegible] has not improved the record b[illegible] ing footnotes in which, for exam[illegible] he backs down on some of his hars[illegible] er judgments—in Arnold Bennett' case because he "finally got round to reading 'An Old Wives' Tale' many years later." There are flashes of true merit, though, and the reiterated insistence that "the work of maximum excellence" is the only standard and that "one should weigh Theocritus and one's neighbour in one balance" seems as vital now as it ever was.

NOTE: "A Bowl of Bishop: Museum Thoughts and Other Verses," by Morris Bishop, has been published by Dial. Most of the poems first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A POCKET FULL OF RYE, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). The formula of a murder carried out in accordance with the terms laid down in a nursery rhyme is a familiar one, but Miss Christie's style and ingenuity are enough to make anything she does seem fresh and entertaining. Her heroine this time is Miss Jane Marple, who, though less bizarre than Poirot, is probably just as bright, and it doesn't take her very long to identify the malignant humorist who is whittling down the Fortescue family. This is not one of the author's best books, but it is still a model of complex skulduggery in genteel surroundings.

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN, by Martha Albrand (Random House). If the Russians ever get hold of the secret explosive that a Danish fisherman has recovered from a wrecked German submarine, they will, of course, blow everybody up, and, as it happens, nothing stands in their way except a young American scientist. In addition to bringing in all these nationalities, Miss Albrand's book has quite a lot to say about love, kidnapping, Communism, and various brands of scenery and manners. As you can see, it is a fairly crowded work, but the author is very skillful at this kind of thing, and she handles her material with commendable vivacity.

THE LONG GOODBYE, by Raymond Chandler (Houghton Mifflin). In this long book (316 pages), Mr. Chandler has practically abandoned anything resembling a coherent plot to devote himself to an exhaustive study of manners and morals in Cali-

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fornia, the status of both of w[illegible] appears to be grotesque. The[illegible] tective, Philip Marlowe, has a[illegible] tive time with lovely and acquie[illegible] ladies, alcoholics, dope fiends, g[illegible] sters, sinister Mexicans, and all [illegible] other phenomena common to t[illegible]e locale, and the author's mannerisms have seldom been more pronounced; the story, which has to do with nymphomania in exalted circles as much as anything else, hardly seems worth all the bother.

A Shilling for Candles, by Josephine Tey (Macmillan). This is the second of the late Miss Tey's books to be resurrected for American consumption (the first was called "The Man in the Queue"), and its reissue may easily have been a mistake. Inspector Grant still has a great deal to learn about his profession, and the case itself seems a little perfunctory and shapeless. While some of the author's gifts are apparent in the book, it will probably be something of a disappointment to her admirers.

Three Men Out, by Rex Stout (Viking). The three stories in this collection first appeared in a magazine, and perhaps for that reason Archie Goodwin and his employer, Nero Wolfe, don't seem to have quite enough elbow room in any of them. They deal with three murders—in order, of a man who imprudently imagines that he can outwit three women; of a mathematician who is much too ingenious for his own good; and of a baseball player who gets mixed up in the fixing of a World Series. Each has some of Mr. Stout's characteristic touches, but none of the problems is really worth Wolfe's attention.

•

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•

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[*Janet Kern in the Chicago American*]

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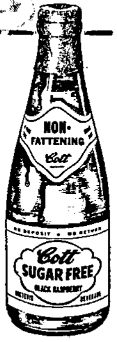

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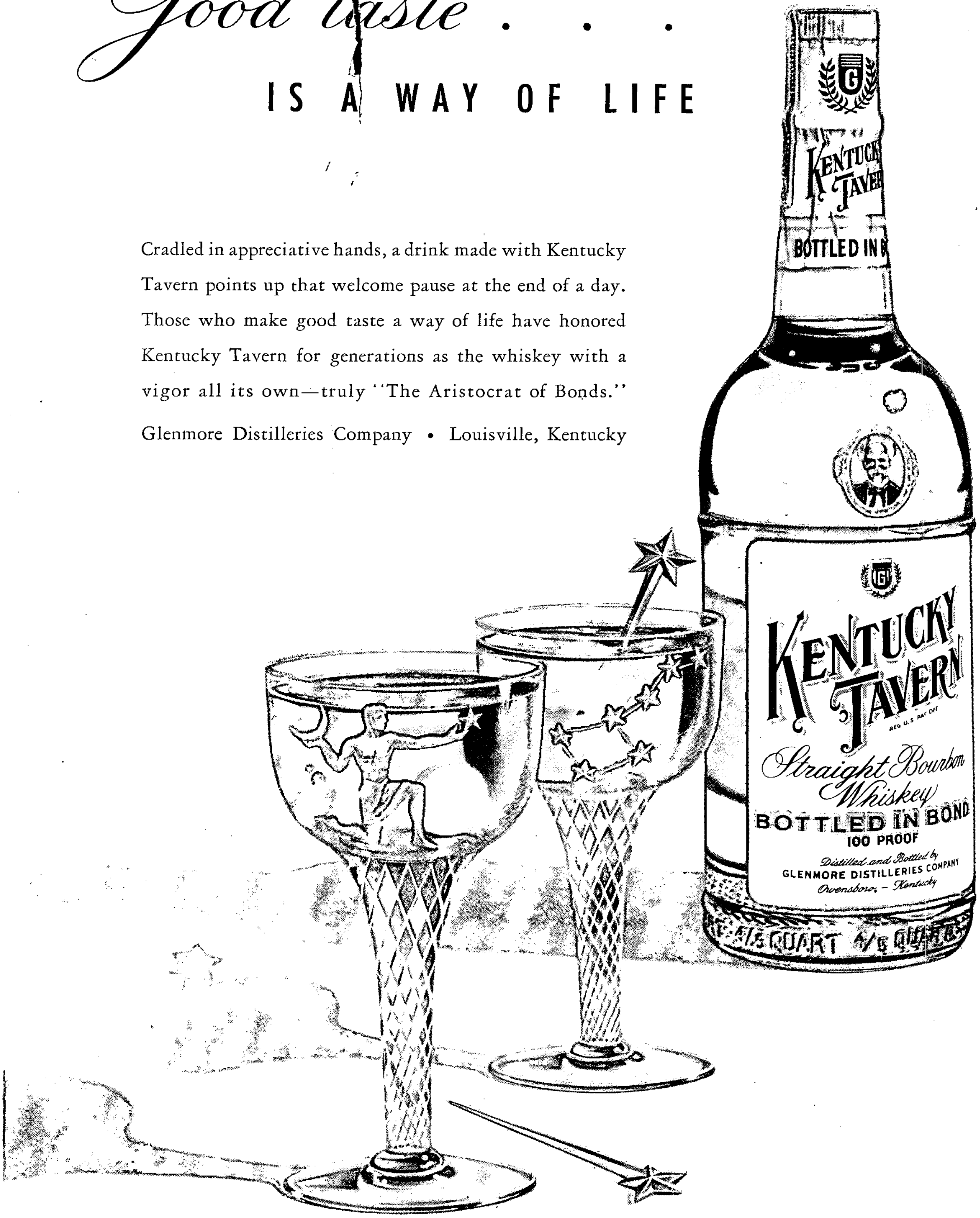
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—for those whose tastes go [illegible]nd the ordina[illegible]...

o Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a *custom-made* combination of Park & Tilford's finest straight whiskies... carefully selected, then skillfully wedded together for *better* flavor, *finer* bouquet, *gentler* taste and *richer* body. It is *all* whiskey—every drop.

o Park & Til[illegible] has never been more [illegible] a whiskey ... nor mo[illegible]in that once you savor it you'll join the growing number of gentlemen of good taste who order and re-order Park & Tilford *Private Stock*...

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*
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